

# COSMOPOLITAN



MARCH 1954 • 35¢

## **The Terror of a Water-front Wife**

By Budd Schulberg

## **Romance Can Ruin Your Marriage**

## **"The Butcher"**

A Complete Murder

Mystery Novel

**AUDREY MEADOWS**

Redhead from

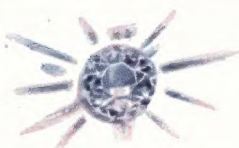
Wuchang, China



Shampoo this diamond sparkle  
into your hair with new  
**DIAL SHAMPOO**



© ARMOUR  
AND COMPANY



Only Dial Shampoo with  
Hexachlorophene gives this  
complete cleanliness



Now a *new* kind of shampoo! This wonderful new shampoo with Hexachlorophene gives your hair clean-smelling freshness and a diamond sparkle!

You've never been able to get such *complete cleanliness* with ordinary shampoos. You'll like the new squeeze bottle, too—it's unbreakable and so easy to use!

*No other shampoo gives this  
glorious Dial beauty—yet leaves your  
hair so easy to manage!*

New beauty comes *naturally* with Dial Shampoo because it leaves your hair dazzling clean, dancing with light. Wouldn't you love to try it—today?

*For fun and laughs watch Pride of the Family  
and Your Show of Shows on TV every week.*



# Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste!



**No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine's lasting protection**

Before you go any place where you might offend . . . on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement . . . remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria . . . to get at the major cause of bad breath.

That's a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

**No tooth paste kills odor  
bacteria like this . . . instantly**

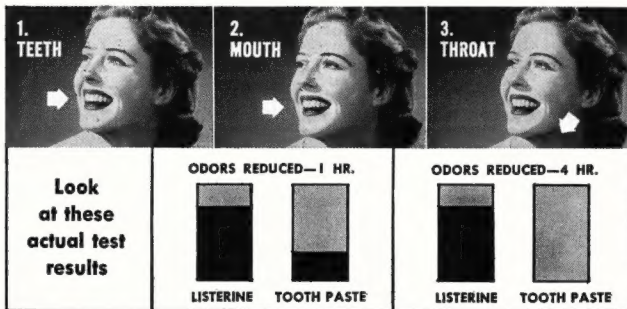
Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn't kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—gargle with Listerine, the most widely-used antiseptic in the world.

## **Stops Bad Breath up to 3-4 times longer!**

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous, independent research laboratory against leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than the tooth pastes!

## **LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START**



**and for COLDS and SORE THROAT  
(DUE TO COLDS)**



**A Product of The Lambert Company**

## **GARGLE LISTERINE... Quick and Often**

This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That's because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.



# PICTURE of the Month

In a wonderfully gay and giddy Valentine's gift from the studios of M-G-M, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, America's favorite couple of television, come to us in a full length feature film "The Long, Long Trailer".

It's a real delight to see the stars of TV's top-ranking "I Love Lucy" program, appearing together for the first time on a motion picture screen bigger than life-size and twice as natural, all filmed in beautiful color. And their story of a happy, scrappy honeymoon on wheels is every bit as original and refreshing as you'd expect.



Here we see Desi as Nickie, a young construction engineer about to marry an impulsive and exuberant redhead named Tacy. She has the idea that with a cottage on wheels she could make a home for him wherever his work takes him.

In her own irrepressible, irresistible way she maneuvers him into a trailer show, where he finds himself signing up for a king-sized mobile mansion. The real fun begins when they wheel "The Whale" out into traffic, never quite sure whether they are pulling it or being pushed.

There are wonderful sequences where Nickie takes a bath in a stall shower built for midgets — or when the bright-eyed bride undertakes her first meal out of cooking school in a kitchenette that's jolting over a bumpy back road to a wild, weird symphony of pots and pans cascading about her.

Their honeymoon trip, through the majestic scenery of our great national parks, the Arizona desert, the Redwood forests and the lake country of the Northwest, is shown in glowing color photography that will thrill you, despite the way Nick and Tacy blunder through this wonderland in their smile-a-minute safari.

There are nice comic assists from Marjorie Main as a too-friendly trailerite; and from Keenan Wynn as a too-courteous cop.

All in all, "The Long, Long Trailer" is the picture you would expect from director Vincente Minnelli of "Father Of The Bride" fame and producer Pandro S. Berman who did "Knights of the Round Table". Consider it a "must" on your movie calendar!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents LUCILLE BALL, DESI ARNAZ in "THE LONG, LONG TRAILER" with MARJORIE MAIN, KEENAN WYNN. Screen Play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Based on the novel by Clinton Twiss. Photographed in Ansco Color, Print by Technicolor. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by Pandro S. Berman.

An M-G-M 30th Anniversary Jubilee Picture!

# COSMOPOLITAN

JOHN J. O'CONNELL  
Editor

RICHARD E. BERLIN  
President

ROBERT C. ATHERTON  
Executive Editor—Art

LEWIS W. GILLENSON  
Managing Editor

KATHRYN BOURNE  
Fiction Editor

SHIRLEY BARDEN  
Copy Editor

ANTHONY C. LA SALA  
Layout

ANTHONY D. GUZZARDO, JR.  
Production

HARRIET LA BARRE  
Associate Editors

NOEL CLAD  
Associate Editors

DAVID PORTER  
Advertising Manager

MARCH, 1954

Vol. 136, No. 3

## STORIES

WHAT HAPPENED TO OLGA? Robert Standish 40

FAN LETTER Stanley Ellin 48

A HAPPY "THIRTY" William Naney 64

BEST MAN Eleanor DeLamater 92

THE UNMARRIED KISS Harriet Frank, Jr. 98

## ARTICLES

HOW TO START A CRUSADE James Poling 10

THE MEADOWS SISTERS AND HOW THEY GREW Joe McCarthy 24

ROMANCE CAN RUIN YOUR MARRIAGE John Kord Lagemann 60

CEDRIC ADAMS—HOMESPUN KING OF THE MIDWEST Isabella Taves 72

DOCKER'S WIFE Budd Schulberg 82

## SERVICE

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE Lawrence Galton 6

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE Edward R. Dooling 22

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND CAMPS 131

## FEATURES

WHAT GOES ON AT COSMOPOLITAN 4

LOOKING INTO PEOPLE Amram Scheinfeld 8

THE CHAMP Robert L. Schwartz 16

MOVIE CITATIONS Louella O. Parsons 18

EIGHT WONDERS OF SPRING Alice Richardson 32

JON WHITCOMB'S PAGE 54

THE LAST WORD 136

LOOKING INTO APRIL 136

## COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

THE BUTCHER Owen Cameron 106

**COVER** The name is Meadows, and the effect is devastating. A pair of restless youngsters, Audrey and Jayne descended on TV like two bunnies invading a cabbage patch. Audrey now glamorizes CBS's "I'll Buy That" panel and nags bus driver Jackie Gleason on Saturday nights. Jayne gets her cabbage from panel "I've Got a Secret." Cover photo, Erwin Blumenfeld; dress, Ceil Chapman; jewels, Harry Winston.



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IN UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA, \$4.20. RE-ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, MARCH 25, 1952, AT THE POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N.Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. AUTHORIZED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL, POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA. COPYRIGHT 1954, BY THE HEARST CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED UNDER TERMS OF THE FOURTH AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF ARTISTIC AND LITERARY COPYRIGHT. NOTICE TO POSTMASTER: PLEASE SEND NOTIFICATIONS REGARDING UNDELIVERABLE MAGAZINES TO COSMOPOLITAN, 250 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK.





Lilli Ann  
san francisco

MORE THAN A SUIT...MORE THAN A DRESS...A LILLI ANN COSTUME OF IMPORTANCE TO WEAR WITH IMPORTANCE ANYWHERE. FABRIC IS FROM ITALY, THE MOST DIVINE 100% VIRGIN WOOL SHARKSKIN WITH INTRIGUING INLAIS OF BLENDING COLORS...GREY, BEIGE...ABOUT NINETY-FIVE DOLLARS AT FINE STORES OR WRITE LILLI ANN, 16TH AND HARRISON, SAN FRANCISCO OR 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

*more than a suit... more than a dress... a Lilli Ann*



## Planning help for *Western Vacations*



Enjoy the Super Dome

OLYMPIAN  
*Hiawatha*



There's extra pleasure without extra cost in viewing mountain wonderlands from the Super Dome—the *only* dome car to the Pacific Northwest. Private-room cars with Skytop Lounge, Touralux sleepers that save on rail fare and berth cost, leg rest coaches, diner and Cafe Lounge on the fast Olympian **HIAWATHA**.

- ① **PACIFIC NORTHWEST**—Coulee Dam; Seattle-Tacoma with Puget Sound, Mt. Rainier, Olympic Peninsula, Victoria and Vancouver, B. C.
- ② **YELLOWSTONE PARK**—via Gallatin Gateway. Old Faithful, Grand Canyon. Also Montana Rockies.
- ③ **DUDE RANCHES.**
- ④ **PACIFIC NORTHWEST**—Yellowstone.
- ⑤ **COLORADO ROCKIES**—Salt Lake City-Yellowstone.
- ⑥ **CALIFORNIA**—Oregon-Washington-Idaho-Montana.
- ⑦ **CANADIAN ROCKIES**—Victoria, Vancouver-Pacific Northwest.
- ⑧ **ALASKA.**
- ⑨ **ESCORTED TOURS.**

H. Sengstacken, The Milwaukee Road, 803 Union Station, Chicago 6, Ill.

I am interested in vacations 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 (circle choices). Please send free literature and Super Dome folder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**THE MILWAUKEE ROAD**

# What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

A STAGE-STRUCK YOUNG MAN, A STUBBORN WOMAN

**T**he other night at a party we found ourselves involved in a serious little game called "What Would You Most Like to Be?" It reaped a lot of serious little answers like "a taster at Maxim's in Paris," and "the owner of Native Dancer," and "the man who broke

Evans, Ingrid Bergman, Hermione . . . who doesn't understand?

### Housewife on a Crusade

When a Greenwich, Connecticut, housewife realized one morning that her fifteen-year-old daughter didn't even have the strength to pull up a Venetian blind, she started a medical exploration that uncovered the astounding fact that thousands of people were suffering, sometimes dying, from a little-known illness called myasthenia gravis—many of them simply because their puzzled families thought they were hypochondriacs.

This is something the housewife, Mrs. Ellsworth, wasn't having, as James Poling makes clear in his article (see page 10). We're somewhat stunned by Mrs. Ellsworth's naively direct attack and her enlistment of everyone from Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Otto Loewi, of New York University, to Walt Framer, producer of TV's "Strike It Rich."

Framer, an energetic gentleman who talks with the speed of light, says he didn't have a chance to talk at *any* speed to Jane Ellsworth. Framer once was a premed student at the University of Pittsburgh and had dreams



Mike Wallace and Hermione Gingold

the bank at Monte Carlo." This frustrating situation makes us happy to report that there were two people who claimed they would stay who they were, thank you.

Jon Whitcomb, for instance, is delighted to be Jon Whitcomb and live in Connecticut and travel to Europe, and meet actresses like Hermione Gingold, about whom he writes on page 56.

And a man named Mike Wallace is happy to be Mike Wallace and live in New York and be married to a pretty girl named Buff (who is by way of being Irvin S. Cobb's granddaughter) and also meet actresses like Hermione Gingold.

For a guy who has had greasypaintitis ever since his days at the University of Michigan, when he acted in a play by fellow undergraduate Arthur "Death of a Salesman" Miller, Wallace has a job that is sweeter than heaven. He's host on CBS radio's "Stage Struck." Anyone needing Wallace in a hurry might find him broadcasting from Maurice Evans' dressing room or maybe interviewing Ingrid Bergman on an open wire to Rome. And when he can't be found at all, he's usually out collecting playbills with the enthusiasm of an earnest college sophomore.

"There's a feeling about it all of having special privilege—*being theatre*," Wallace explained. "You have to be stage-struck to understand."



Walt Framer and Jane Ellsworth

of becoming a psychiatrist, but he ran out of money and finished college by driving a taxi. Psychiatrist or no, people and their lives still fascinate him. What he wants to know about contestants on "Strike It Rich" is *why* the winner wants the money, what he is like, what his problems are. The story he heard from Mrs. Ellsworth wasn't just that of a teenage girl who might have been shamming illness. It's a story we think you'll want to read.

**H. La B.**



A Wonderful Bargain Offer to Introduce You to  
the American Garden Guild Book Club!

**ANY TWO** \$2.89  
when you join  
OF THESE VALUABLE NEW GARDEN BOOKS for only

Choose ANY TWO of these beautiful and authoritative books on gardening for only \$2.89—actually less than the price of one! With this big money-saving offer is included membership in the American Garden Guild Book Club—the Club that brings you the books you need to help you achieve a glorious home garden! Send no money—just coupon below!

**AUDUBON GUIDES**—Richard Pough. Most complete and fully illustrated guide to land and water birds of Eastern and Central North America ever published. Complete text and illustrations of *Audubon Bird Guide* and *Audubon Water Bird Guide*—in one 732 page volume! 1,000 illustrations of 533 species, 885 in full color. Pub. ed. \$5.95

**THE COMPLETE BOOK OF BULBS**—F. F. Rockwell & Esther Grayson. Every fact on the uses, cultivation and propagation of more than 100 species, hardy and tender, for enjoyment outdoors and in the home! 334 pages, 118 photographs, 31 in full color, 19 drawings. Pub. ed. \$5.95

**COLOR AND DESIGN FOR EVERY GARDEN**—H. S. Orloff and H. B. Raymore. Exactly the help you need for laying out and planting a colorful garden—for a backyard or an acre! Specific plans and designs for color in the spring, summer, and fall. Illustrated. Pub. ed. \$3.50

**THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FAVORITE FLOWERS**—Compiled by M. P. Johnson, ed. by Montague Free. A comprehensive guide to 106 basic kinds of flowering plants. Uses, growth habits, cultural facts, pests and diseases, etc. 106 illustrations—8 full color pages. Pub. \$3.95

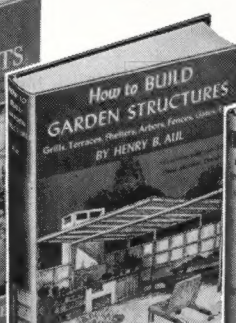
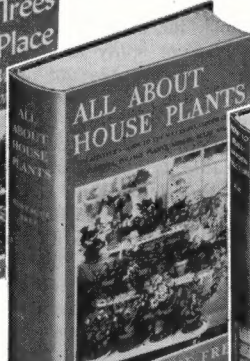
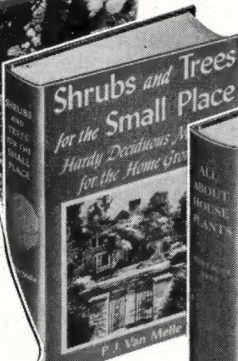
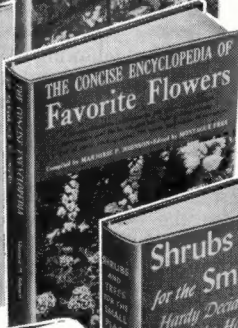
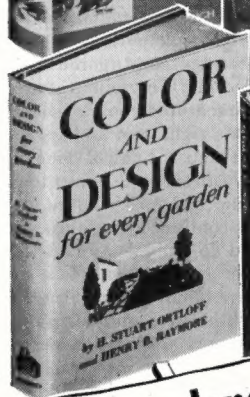
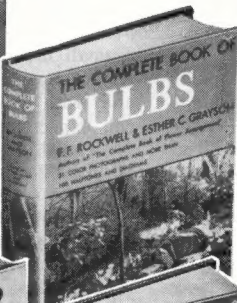
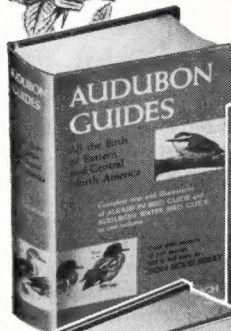
**SHRUBS AND TREES FOR THE SMALL PLACE**—P. J. Van Melle. This practical book describes and evaluates 363 shrubs and trees for every locality and climate. Tells how to choose, plant and care for them to achieve well-balanced, lasting beauty all year long. Pub. ed. \$3.00

**ALL ABOUT HOUSE PLANTS**—Montague Free. The most authoritative and lavishly illustrated book on indoor gardening! All about selection, care and cultivation of over 1,000 species of house plants, including Orchids, Ferns, Cactus, Aquatic Plants, 400 pages, 160 pictures, 27 in full color. Pub. ed. \$3.95

**HOW TO BUILD GARDEN STRUCTURES**—Henry B. Aul. Step-by-step illustrated directions show the amateur how to build grills, fireplaces, walls, garden walks, curbing, pools, terraces, benches, arbors, fences, gateways, fountains, etc. Over 200 designs, plans, etc. Pub. ed. \$3.50

**IRIS FOR EVERY GARDEN**—Sydney B. Mitchell. Now enjoy lovely Iris for 3 or more months every year! This book tells and shows—by drawings and charts—how to extend the blooming season, how to plant, breed and care for them, etc., how to use with companion flowers. 25 full-color Iris "portraits." Pub. ed. \$3.50

WORTH UP TO  
**\$11.90**  
IN PUB. EDITIONS



**the Gardener's  
Own Book Club**  
brings you the best new  
garden books published  
—at big savings!

THE American Garden Guild Book Club offers you the best newly-published books in all fields of gardening—selected by an editorial panel of famous experts including Montague Free, former Horticulturist for the Brooklyn Botanical Garden and Fred F. Rockwell, well-known gardening authority.

Club books are beautifully printed and bound, profusely illustrated, often with full-color photos and paintings by famous horticultural artists. Yet they come to you at a saving of more than 20% from the price of publishers' editions! Selections are of permanent value and cover the entire range of gardeners' interest—flowers, fruits, trees, vegetables, shrubs, house plants, birds, wild flowers, landscaping, garden planning, building and care. But you buy only the books you want!

Membership in the American Garden Guild Book Club requires no dues of any kind: You do not even have to take a book every month. As few as 4 books in 24 months—yes,

only 4 books during your first two years as a member—are all you agree to purchase!

#### FREE BONUS BOOKS

One for Every Fourth Selection You Buy! With every fourth book you select, the Club sends you—absolutely FREE—a brand-new, full-size garden book of special value and interest. Usually worth \$3.00 each or more, these Free Bonus Books represent a big additional saving on your total purchases.

#### SEND NO MONEY Accept This Offer Now!

Send no money—just mail the coupon. We will send you any two books you choose from this page—value up to \$11.90 in publishers' editions—and you will be billed only \$2.89. (we pay postage). Thereafter, you will receive regularly the Club's illustrated "Garden Bulletin," which describes the forthcoming book selections. Take only the books you want, when you want them. Mail coupon now. American Garden Guild Book Club, Garden City, New York.

#### MAIL THIS COUPON

AMERICAN GARDEN GUILD BOOK CLUB,  
Dept. 3C, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a member. Send me at once, postpaid, the two books checked below—and bill me ONLY \$2.89 FOR BOTH.

- ☐ All About House Plants  
☐ Audubon Guides  
☐ The Complete Book of Bulbs  
☐ The Concise Encyclopedia of Favorite Flowers

- ☐ Color and Design for Every Garden  
☐ How to Build Garden Structures  
☐ Iris for Every Garden  
☐ Shrubs and Trees for the Small Place

Also send me my first issue of the *Garden Bulletin*, telling me about the new forthcoming Club selections.

I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selection. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I am not obligated to accept more than 4 books in 24 months of membership. I pay nothing except the price of each selection I accept (club pays postage)—and, with every fourth selection, I am to receive FREE your current Bonus Book.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Please Print  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

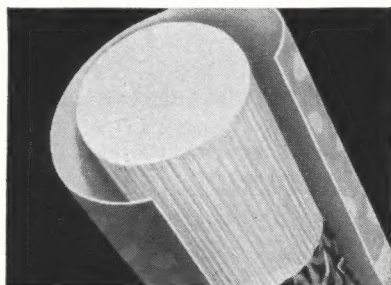
Selection price slightly higher in Canada. Address American Garden Guild (Canada), 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Offer good only in U.S. and Canada.

**NO-RISK  
GUARANTEE**  
If not delighted  
return both books  
in 7 days and  
this membership  
will be canceled.



# NOW-VICEROY

has Double the  
**FILTERING ACTION**  
to Double your  
**SMOKING PLEASURE**



## 1. NEW FILTER OF MIRACLE ESTRON!

It's 100% filter! Pure! Snow-white!  
Supplies 20,000 tiny filter traps!  
Yet VICEROYS draw so *smo-o-o-th*...

## 2. PLUS KING-SIZE LENGTH!

The smoke is filtered through this extra length of rich, costly tobaccos, then through VICEROY'S exclusive filter tip, to give you an extra-filtering action found in no other cigarette—yes, double the filtering action to double your smoking pleasure! No wonder VICEROY outsells all other filter cigarettes combined!



**KING-SIZE  
FILTER TIP  
VICEROY**

—only a penny or two more  
than cigarettes without filters!

## WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

# The Rehabilitation of Stroke Victims

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

**O**ne and a half million Americans have had a stroke, the popular term for apoplexy. A stroke is the result of damage to the brain—either a hemorrhage or a plugging of a blood vessel. The hemorrhage frequently is the result of a hardened artery, strained by high blood pressure, rupturing—an accident that usually occurs after middle age. A blood vessel may become plugged at any age as the result of a fracture, neck injury, or disease (such as typhoid) that tends to make blood clot more easily.

Many stroke victims, after experiencing sudden paralysis of one side of the body and, frequently, speech impairment, too, are left disabled and burdened with the fear of future, perhaps fatal strokes. Now recent developments brighten the outlook for many of these people.

A recent study at Bellevue Hospital, New York, proves not only that stroke victims are not doomed to inevitable further attacks but also that they need not become invalids. Effective techniques are available to rehabilitate them so they can resume useful lives. Of 1,000 patients given modern rehabilitation training, 900 are now able to walk and are living comfortably at home. Four hundred have thus far been able to return to work. Rehabilitation in most cases took about two months. Half the patients required

a small brace on the leg. There is only one chance in forty of a second stroke and, with care, most recovered persons can expect to live a normally long life.

Meanwhile, at Philadelphia General Hospital, injections of local anesthetic solutions into the nerves of the neck proved helpful, in many cases, in speeding recovery. One man, admitted to the hospital with complete right-side paralysis, had become semistuporous by the following morning. Ten minutes after an injection, he recovered consciousness and could move his right arm and leg. After several weeks and a total of nine injections, he was discharged—able to walk without a cane and speak a few words. Improvement continued, and three weeks later he could do limited work. A woman with left-side paralysis and loss of all feeling in arms and legs received three injections. Within five minutes after the third, she had normal sensation and could perform any movement with the left side of her body. Five days after admission, she left the hospital, able to resume her normal life without further treatment. In a test series of 58 patients, 43 of whom had been ill for less than a month and 15 for more than a month, more than 60 per cent improved after the injections. In most of these cases, there was striking increase in muscle power and control.

**Chronic middle-ear inflammation** (chronic otitis media) has been helped by cortisone. In 3 of 14 cases, the hormones completely dried the ears. In 9 other patients, cortisone diminished inflammation enough to permit antibiotics to act directly on the infecting organisms.

**Ulcer patients** who have had portions of the stomach removed may be helped by potassium pills taken before meals. After their operation, some patients become weak and dizzy, suffer from nausea and cramps after meals. At the Veterans Administration Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona, the potassium pills freed 11 patients of the aftermeal symptoms.

**Poor bladder control**, which occurs most often in women over forty, is embarrassing, often humiliating, sometimes incapacitating. Known medically as stress incontinence, it is in part the result of weakening of the muscles that provide urinary control—muscles that apparently are not particularly strong in women. While tumors or other disorders contribute to the problem in some cases, three women out of four can be cured or improved by simple muscle-tightening exercises. Readily explained by the doctor, easy for any woman to perform, the exercises are done 15 times in the morning, noon, and night and as many additional times as desired. **THE END**

For more information about these items, consult your physician.



*Richer in protective oil than any other leading hand lotion—*  
**Trushay guards your hands better—**  
**9 ways!**

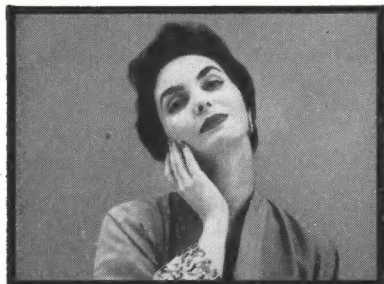
**Y**ES, it's true! Trushay Lotion contains more protective beautifying ingredients for those precious hands of yours—promises you these 9 benefits!



**1.** Counteracts drying chemical action of detergents!



**2.** Rubs right in—supplements natural skin oils.



**3.** Softens, smooths and beautifies!



**4.** Softens rough cuticle and hangnails.



**5.** Soothes and comforts dry, cracked hands!



**6.** Soothes soap and detergent irritation!



**7.** Helps chapped, cracked, red skin!



**8.** Applied *beforehand*, guards hands even in hot, sudsy water—helps *prevent* drying damage.



**9.** Pleasant to use—no stickiness!

**N**O OTHER leading hand lotion can do so much for your skin—for no other is so rich in protective ingredients!

And Trushay does more than just *guard* your hands! It smooths into the upper layers of your skin—softening, smoothing and beautifying. Trushay's wonderful, too, for rough elbows, knees, heels—for luxurious

body rubs—as a flattering powder base. *Begin today to use Trushay—you'll be lovelier!*



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



# Snobs, Teen-age Weddings, and the Woman Who "Has Nothing to Wear"



Drawings by McKie

## LOOKING INTO PEOPLE BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

**Good-bye hired girl.** The sleep-in, full-time maid-of-all-work, once a fixture in many American homes, is becoming a rarity. Part-time servants, too, are rapidly dwindling. From twenty domestics per thousand Americans a half century



ago, we've gone to less than nine, report sociologists C. Arnold Anderson and Mary J. Bowman (University of Kentucky). With economic and cultural advancement, fewer Negro and white girls are going into domestic service, and immigration bars have cut to a trickle the imports of Olgas, Gretas, Bridgets, and Marias from Europe. Hardest hit has been the traditional gracious living of the Southerners. Not even a depression would restore the old situation, experts say, so you'd better train your daughter to do her own housework.

**Snobbery in schools.** A child's family plays a big part in how he's treated in school, Dr. Stephen Abrahamson (Yale) regretfully reports. In junior high schools, he found, children whose

families rate highest socially are favored both by teachers and classmates. They get many more competitive awards, hold most of the class offices, and are more often teacher's pet. Children from humbler homes, on the other hand, are punished oftener and more severely.

**Teen-age weddings.** Young lovers get encouragement from sociologist Thomas P. Monahan's findings that the break-up risk in marriages between adolescents isn't nearly as great as has been believed. After tracing thousands of youthful marriages in Iowa, he reports that even when brides married at sixteen or under and grooms at sixteen to eighteen, the marriages remained firm in from 65 per cent to, at worst, 50 per cent of the cases, and the average duration of those that did end in divorce was close to ten years. However, such marriages are often handicapped by bitter parental opposition or a "shotgun" send-off, money worries, and other problems. For a young boy and girl truly in love, with their families' blessings and the help ordinarily extended to newlyweds, Dr. Monahan believes, marriage need be little riskier than a mature alliance.

**Phew!** When you say you "can't stand the smell" of something that doesn't offend other people, chances are you're being swayed not by your nose but by some unpleasant thought or long-forgotten bad experience associated with that odor. Dr. Jules H. Masserman and Dr. Curtis Pechtel (Northwestern University), studied monkeys and found that ordinarily pleasant odors (fruits, flowers, vanilla) could be made abhorrent by causing something disagreeable or frightening to happen—such as having a toy snake pop out—whenever food scented with that particular odor was offered.

**Dress and sex.** Women with bulging wardrobes who continually complain, "I haven't a thing to wear," probably have a secret longing to be men, according to analyst Theodor Reik. He sees the dress as, psychologically, an extension of the woman's body, and says a woman's incessant desire to change her dress really means a desire to change her sex. Also, a man who is unduly interested in details of a woman's attire probably has little interest in her body and is low in masculinity. So don't complain, lady, when your husband ignores your new hat!

**Art—or ain't it?** Do you hoot at a modern painting of a three-eyed woman with green hair and corkscrew legs but drool over a realistic picture of a cherub on a pink cloud? It's neither the picture nor your true feelings that decides your



response. Instead, it's your mental conditioning. So says Dr. Raymond E. Bernberg (Los Angeles State College). He found that most untrained people could be made to say they liked or disliked almost any picture by what they were told about it before seeing it. **THE END**



**Around-the-World Shoppers Club OFFERS YOU AN OPPORTUNITY TO**

# WIN

**A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD by**  
**PAN AMERICAN Clipper**

**FOR 2 PEOPLE**  
 ON THE WORLD'S  
 MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE



**(1st Prize)**

**OR A 1954 STUDEBAKER RANCH WAGON (2nd Prize)**

**STUDEBAKER CHAMPION  
 DELUXE CONESTOGA  
 STATION WAGON**



The ultimate in luxurious beauty and utility. An entirely new concept in sleek design and color! Rides smooth as a cloud! Seats 6. Striking interior in 2-color durable vinyl. Rear seat folds away to give huge 64 cu. ft. of cargo space!

**OR ANY ONE OF THESE  
 475 MAGNIFICENT PRIZES**



**25 POLAROID LAND  
 CAMERAS!**

Develops its own pictures in one minute. Snap in 60 seconds later you lift an incredibly fine snapshot out of the back of the camera!



**75 RCA VICTOR  
 "STRATO-WORLD" RADIOS!**

The sensational new 7-band portable radio. Lets you "hear the world" — London, Paris, Tokyo, Buenos Aires—at the twist of a dial!



**25 VULCAIN "CRICKET"  
 ALARM WATCHES!**

Unsurpassed for accuracy! Worn and recommended by prominent men everywhere. Equally fine VULCAIN lady's watch will be substituted if desired.

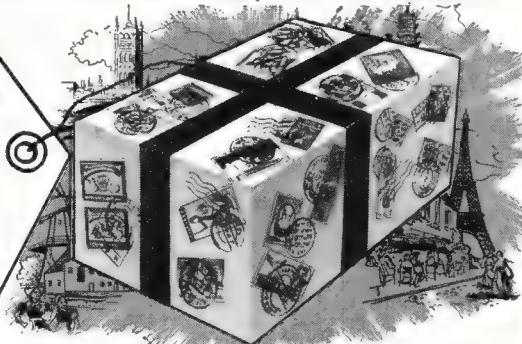
It's easy! It's fun! Simply finish the statement "I would like to take a trip around the world because . . ." in 25 words or less, and you may win any of 477 breathtaking prizes—topped by a three-week around-the-world trip for you and a companion of your choice! With a Pan Am Clipper as your magic carpet you'll be wafted from one exciting country to another—all around the world! You'll be guided to all the famous sights, sleep at the best hotels, eat at the finest restaurants—with all expenses paid! You'll shop in the world's fabulous marketplaces, with "spending money"—\$100 if you hold a 3-month subscription, \$500 if a 6-month subscription, and \$1,000 if you are a 12-month subscriber—as part of your reward! And you pick your own travel date, up to one year from the time prizes are awarded. Join the Around-the-World Shoppers Club now and an Official Contest Entry Blank will be sent to you immediately. Note: This offer is extended to all residents of the United States and Canada. All current members will be sent official entry blanks.

➔ **Contest Ends May 31, 1954** ➔

**plus . . . 350 MEMBERSHIPS IN THE AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB.**  
 Winners will receive a 3, 6, or 12 month membership, equal to their subscription.

# FREE

**TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE  
 AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB**



## THIS SURPRISE GIFT MAILED TO YOU FROM A FOREIGN LAND

To demonstrate the beautiful gifts you will receive from all over the world for about \$2 each, postpaid, duty free!



To introduce you to the thrills and enjoyment of shopping abroad from your easy chair we will gladly send you a beautiful SURPRISE GIFT FREE when you join the Around-the-World Shoppers Club (and if you join now you can win two paid-in-full tickets for a real three-week flying trip around the world, plus up to \$1,000 of spending money—or a beautiful 1954 Studebaker Ranch Wagon, or any one of 475 other wonderful prizes!) Your SURPRISE GIFT, if obtainable in the United States, would undoubtedly be priced as high as \$5.00 retail. It is typical of the values and quality of the gifts members receive every month for about \$2.00 each, postpaid, duty free.

### The Thrill of the Treasure Hunter!

Imagine yourself shopping in the tiny villages and the big cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, the Near East and the Far East! Imagine yourself examining the hundreds of unusual articles peculiar to each land, many of them hand-made—then selecting for yourself the very choicest in interest, usefulness, beauty and value! That's the thrill of Around-the-World Shoppers Club membership—shopping for the world's most fabulous gifts without leaving your home!

### Conversation Pieces From Abroad!

Our representatives abroad are constantly searching for the best items and the biggest bargains available. They not only attend the great international fairs and exhibitions, but they travel the



highways and byways of foreign lands to discover the unique, the unusual, the beautiful articles destined to become conversation pieces in America. With each package will come the fascinating story of the origin and significance of the article you receive—adding even more glamour to each shipment.

How, you may wonder, can members receive such valuable gifts for so little cost? Foreign nations are in urgent need of American dollars to support native industry. They are glad to offer tremendous merchandise values in exchange. Thus you get more for your money—and at the same time you are doing your bit to improve world conditions by lending a helping hand to our friends throughout the world.

**Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 510, 71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.**

**Around-the-World Shoppers Club  
 Dept. 510  
 71 Concord St., Newark 5, N. J.**

Please enroll me as a member, and send me my SURPRISE GIFT from abroad FREE for joining. Also send me my OFFICIAL CONTEST ENTRY BLANK on which I can submit my entry for your Around-the-World Prize Contest. Start regular monthly shipments of the Club's selection of foreign merchandise direct to me from countries of origin and continue through the following term of membership:

- ☐ 3 Months . . . \$ 7.00
- ☐ 6 Months . . . \$12.00 (Save \$2.00)
- ☐ 12 Months . . . \$22.00 (Save \$6.00)

I enclose remittance

for \$.....

Name .....

Address .....

City & Zone .....

State .....

☐ Check here if this is a request for a renewal or reinstatement of your membership so we can avoid duplicating countries.

(NOTE: All shipments come postpaid and duty-free. However, the U. S. Post Office charges a service fee of 15c for delivering foreign packages which is collected by your postman and cannot be prepaid.)  
**IN CANADA, three months, \$7.95; six months, \$14.00; twelve months, \$26.00. Delivered to your home without payment of additional duty or postage. Address: 432 W. Ontario St., Montreal 2, Que.**





**SINCE HER MOTHER BEGAN** the Myasthenia Gravis Foundation, Pat Ellsworth has faced the future with hope.

# How to Start a Crusade

**BY JAMES POLING**

**T**he pretty teen-ager playing Queen Elizabeth faltered as she spoke her lines; "I am Elizabeth, daughter of a king, the queen of England. . . ." Her voice grew shrill, then eerily nasal. And then her voice again changed; now it sounded as if it were delivered through a cleft palate. Finally the girl lost her voice. Her lips moved frantically, silently. Then, as though the volume of a radio set were being slowly turned up, sounds came out, muffled at first, then clearer and louder, and finally normal.

In that Greenwich, Connecticut, high-school audience eight years ago, Mrs. Jane Ellsworth, the child's mother, watched and trembled with a chilling fear.

## Tests Showed Nothing Wrong

Next morning a doctor gave Pat all the standard tests and found nothing wrong. Pat grew steadily weaker. The second doctor removed her tonsils; still her schoolbooks and cafeteria trays kept slipping from her hands. She began stum-

bling when climbing stairs. The third doctor thought it was just nerves. The fourth, allergy. Pat was now so enfeebled she had to quit school.

Swallowing became a terrible effort. Her eyelids had begun to droop heavily. Her speech difficulty was growing more pronounced. Neither the throat specialist nor the oculist could find anything wrong. The sixth doctor, a psychiatrist, insisted Pat was suffering from hysteria and needed psychotherapy. A few friends agreed; others urged her to quit faking.



*Year after year, charitable Americans pour billions of dollars into campaigns dedicated to the destruction of "incurable" diseases. This is the story of one mother who, armed with a faith in America's response, is closing in on yet another killer*

Seven more doctors had seven more opinions. Then, some eight months and \$10,000 later, the fourteenth doctor ended her odyssey. As Pat says, "Finally comes the day you'll never forget—when a doctor looks across his desk at you and tells you you have myasthenia gravis. It's ironic. All your life you'll be grateful to this man for giving you the worst news you can hear. For although he tells you you have a rare, incurable disease, there's triumph in the knowledge that you're quite sane, as you'd all along thought you were."

In a way, Pat was lucky in her delayed diagnosis. Because there is no specific pain connected with it and because of its confusing symptoms, which include double vision as well as those Pat experienced, doctors for years have been calling myasthenia gravis anything but what it really is. Myasthenics have been subjected to useless brain surgery; eye, leg, or arm operations; neurological treatment; and even psychiatric treatment. Many have gotten no treatment, on the theory that they were malingerers or hypochondriacs—even in cases where they became totally immobile.

### Neostigmine Pills Helped

When her condition was diagnosed, Pat was put on neostigmine (Prostigmin) pills, which serve the myasthenic much as insulin serves the diabetic. After the first dose had taken effect, she turned to her mother and exclaimed, "Yippee!" Her elation was short-lived. The drug worked for just three hours; then another dose was required. For neostigmine is a crutch and not a cure, even though it has reduced the myasthenia mortality rate from ninety per cent to ten per cent. It took eight to ten pills a day for Pat to function fairly well. Some myasthenics need up to two hundred pills a day and are still barely able to move about.

With the drug's aid, Pat returned to high school. Then Jane Ellsworth "settled back in a world in which the words

*myasthenia gravis—incurable mystery disease* constantly hung before my eyes."

For Mrs. Ellsworth, a handsome, vivacious brunette of forty-three, settling back meant abandoning the Garden Club and the League of Women Voters and scouring every library she could reach for material on myasthenia gravis. She didn't find much.

About all she could learn was that it is a neurological disease that can strike anyone, from an hours-old infant to a man in his seventies. It was thought to be due to a chemical deficiency that causes the end-plate, which lies between the end of a nerve and the muscle it services, to malfunction. Because of this, the body reacts much as if something had gone wrong in the black box that connects the incoming telephone wire with the telephone instrument. Sometimes messages from the nerves can get through, and sometimes they cannot. When they can't, the muscles refuse to work or grow excessively weak. Neither the cause nor the cure is known. And equally discouraging, there was no organized study of myasthenia under way.

"Under the circumstances," she says, "I sort of had to do something."

She found out that myasthenia gravis and multiple sclerosis had two symptoms in common, double vision and a speech impairment, which made it appear they might be related.

So the "something" turned out to be years of dedicated work with the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, from 1948 through 1953, during which she became vice-president of the society's Connecticut chapter.

Meanwhile, Pat was completing her senior year of high school, her program made possible by continual dosage with neostigmine pills. Mornings, when Jane went into her daughter's bedroom, Pat would be lying limply in her bed, her eyes open, looking beseechingly at her mother. Jane would immediately rush for the neostigmine pills. After taking

one, Pat would emerge from her terrible lethargy. Her drooping eyelids would retract, her face muscles tauten.

Pat's parents began worrying about how their daughter would ever be able to attend college and live away from home. Then her father, Whitney Ellsworth, a publishing and television executive, hit on a partial but timely answer. He conceived the idea of having her pills given a delayed-action coating. Pat could take neostigmine at night and be strong enough to get up and take another when she awakened.

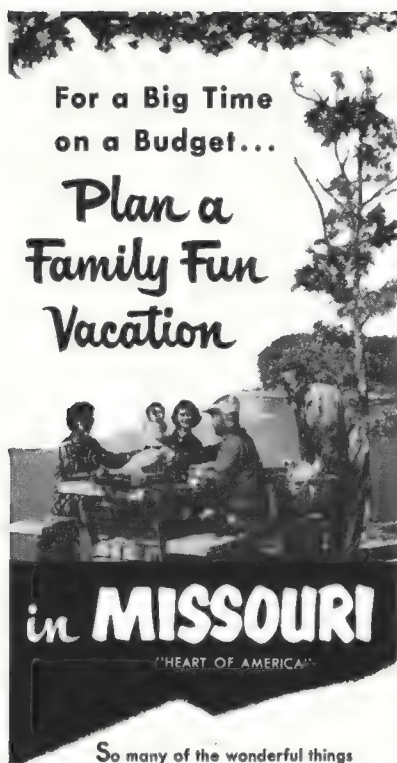
### How Pat Got Through College

Even so, Pat had a rough time of it. At Radcliffe College, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, she had to take a taxi to get from class to class, she was forced to ask strangers to help her up and down stairs, and she sometimes had to stand helplessly by a door until someone came along to open it for her. During one particularly bad period, her parents had to spend a week in Cambridge practically carrying her to the classes she was determined not to miss.

In a letter to her mother, she mentioned the psychological burden she carried. "No cure. Those words mean more than you can ever know by reading them or saying them or thinking them. They mean you are sick and will not get well; not tomorrow, not next week—and not next year, or in the years that follow after. Before you can know its meaning, you have to take the word *incurable* through time with you and live with it day in, day out—Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, birthdays, Christmases, and Easter Sundays. You have to take it to work with you and stay at home alone with it when it so demands. Then you will know the meaning of the word *incurable*. And no one else can tell you."

Once, while her mother was visiting her, Pat broke down. "Oh, I only wish I could meet just one other person with myasthenia gravis. Just one. Just to see



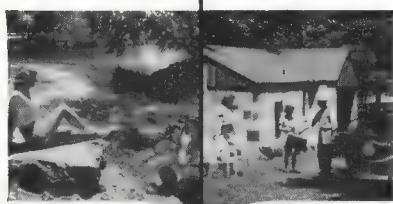


So many of the wonderful things about Missouri are free... the thrill of glorious scenery, the fragrant coolness of the woodlands, the challenge of good fishing lakes and streams and the inspiration of sights of natural wonder and historical significance. Mom, Dad and the kids... every member of the family will find day after day of fun, adventure and wholesome relaxation, here in the "Heart of America."

The cost of a Missouri vacation is just about up to you. You'll find a wide choice of clean, comfortable accommodations in every price range.

### SEND FOR YOUR FREE Colorful Vacation Literature!

It's filled with gorgeous color pictures to help you plan the best vacation ever.



Please send me FREE copy of  
COLORFUL VACATION LITERATURE

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

FREE color movies of Missouri vacation lands are available to organized groups. Write for information.

R-65-C

MISSOURI DIVISION OF RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT

Dept. C-453

Jefferson City, Missouri

## How to Start a Crusade (continued)



**JANE PICKENS**, star of NBC's "Jane Pickens Show," devotes all of her spare moments to cerebral-palsy victims, which include her daughter Marcella, twenty.

how he copes with it. I can't seem to make anyone here at school understand it. They think I'm just lazy, or gold-bricking, or a psycho. I feel so very, very alone."

These two tragic outbreaks got Jane Ellsworth thinking of all the uncounted myasthenia gravis sufferers who were probably thinking and feeling as Pat felt, and what could be done for them.

### A Great Display of Courage

Then Jane was hospitalized for what she thought was a minor operation. After the surgery the doctor broke the news: he'd have to operate again the next day. This time for cancer.

A friend who was there says, "You should have seen how Jane took it. I hope I'm never called on to display the courage she did that day."

Jane just says, "Cancer sort of reacquainted me with God. And I got out of it—I think. I'll know definitely in another couple of years."

During her convalescence, Jane wrote. Once on her feet, she returned to her work with multiple sclerosis. She had recalled that its national society had been started through the efforts of one woman, Sylvia Lawry, and she wanted to study Miss Lawry's organization procedure. Jane didn't think that her sole experience outside the field of matrimony—three walk-ons in Broadway shows and eighteen months on the Paramount lot as a starlet—wholly qualified her for the task she had chosen.

Finally, on April 22, 1952, she sat down at her typewriter and pounded

out a letter which she sent to ten doctors. Pat's physician had told her might be interested in her plan. It read, in part:

Dear Dr. —:

I am interested in the organization of a society to raise funds for research into the cause and cure of myasthenia gravis. It is my hope that you might see your way clear to tell your myasthenia gravis patients—or their families—of me and my formative plans. . . .

No letter ever generated a quicker reaction. All ten doctors responded enthusiastically, volunteering their help. Five later became members of the advisory Medical Board of the Myasthenia Gravis Foundation.

From their letters, Jane also learned about and corresponded with the small myasthenia gravis clinics located in four hospitals around the country and the two other hospitals that had research programs on this disease. Surprisingly, even doctors knew little about them. When the first meeting of interested physicians was held, Dr. J. E. Tether, of the Indiana University Medical Center, exclaimed, "Why we thought we were going it all alone out there!"

Through a suddenly sprouting grapevine, thousands of letters began pouring into Jane Ellsworth's mailbox.

A husband asked if it was true that he had to keep his myasthenic wife isolated, like a leper. A woman wrote that she had spent ten years on her back before her doctor ever thought to try an injection of neostigmine, after which she



could almost "leap out of bed." A man in Chicago thought it was interesting that after an accidental electric shock, he'd experienced remission of the disease for a few years. There were cases where injections of the male hormone were more helpful than neostigmine. Two women testified that they experienced relief only after transfusions of blood taken from a mother within forty-eight hours after the birth of her child. And a couple of people wrote that they suffered from eyes that froze open and couldn't shut, rather than the classic drooping eyelid.

An immense, invaluable body of information on myasthenia gravis began forming. More and more it demonstrated the eccentricity of this disease. All of the letters echoed one common idea—everybody wanted to help.

Jane entered into a correspondence schedule, answering everyone who wrote, visiting the myasthenics in her region, meeting with interested doctors, touring clinics, and cajoling people into joining her crusade. She also found time to suffer while Pat underwent a thymectomy operation (the removal of the thymus can kill as well as help a myasthenic). The surgery greatly improved Pat's condition. Jane even managed to familiarize herself with books like Robert's *Rules of Order* and *The Art of Board Membership*, so she would be prepared when the day of formal organization came.

She also wrote and published a newsletter for her mailing list of three thousand names, recounting all that was taking place in the world of myasthenia gravis.

Furniture manufacturer Hy Dvorkin, whose wife is a myasthenic, says, "That newsletter was like a hand reaching down from heaven. To give you an idea. The doctor told Selma a myasthenic couldn't expect to live longer than ten years. Think what it means, then, when a newsletter comes in and you read they've found people who've had it for twenty-five or forty years. I tell you, we lived in darkness until Jane turned on the light."

Jane's neighbors were lured away from bridge games to assist with addressing and stamping envelopes. Busy executives suddenly found themselves promising to become administrative officers of her foundation. Doctors who had never heard of her a month earlier were surprised to find how much precious time they were devoting to her affairs.

### "She Deserves Your Respect"

Dr. Kermit E. Osserman, head of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital Myasthenia Gravis Clinic, says, "When she calls up, I know enough to answer. You don't put Jane Ellsworth off under any circumstances. Probably, I suppose, because

(continued)



## Many Big Moments begin with a Familiar Ring

Often it's a call you've hoped for and waited for. From someone dear or about something especially important to you. Then suddenly there's a familiar ring. And everything's just wonderful!

Many's the time you would have paid the telephone bill for a whole month—and more—for that one call.

Whenever the telephone rings, it's a reminder of its double value. It keeps you in touch with others. Helps others keep in touch with you. Some days the calls you get are even more important than those you make.

Yet the cost of this two-way service is small. It amounts to less than a penny an hour for the average family.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



"Jack phoned to ask me to the dance"



"A prospect telephoned to give me a big order"



"Bob, Jr., called to tell me it's a boy"



Charles E. ... St., New York City.  
**MULTIPLE sclerosis. Will anyone recovered from it please communicate with patient. T272 Times.**  
**WILL not be responsible for any debts incurred by wife.**

**HER BROTHER'S AFFLICTION** moved Sylvia Lawry to found the Multiple Sclerosis Society. A tiny ad was the start.

you really don't want to. Lots of people have personality, but she's got sincerity, drive, and a real warmth, too. She deserves your respect and co-operation."

The Myasthenia Gravis Foundation, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York, was incorporated on November 10, 1952, less than seven months after Jane first typed a letter beginning, "Dear Dr. —." Its Medical Board now consists of distinguished doctors from all sections of the country, including a Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Otto Loewi, of the College of Medicine of New York University. During its first year, the

foundation raised only \$5,000—mostly in \$5 to \$25 contributions from patients or their families—but it is allotting money to a couple of new research projects.

This small beginning doesn't discourage Jane. She's convinced more research money will become available as news of the foundation spreads—and she intends to see that it does spread. Just a few weeks ago she was watching CBS-TV's "Strike It Rich," and the thought came to her that here was a program ideal for her purpose. The next day she sought out the producer of the program, Walt Framer, and told him the story of

the neglected disease. As it happened, she found a sympathetic listener. His first wife died of cancer three years ago. As a result of her visit to the producer, Jane had a date to appear on "Strike It Rich," on February twenty-fourth to tell its vast television audience the myasthenia gravis story.

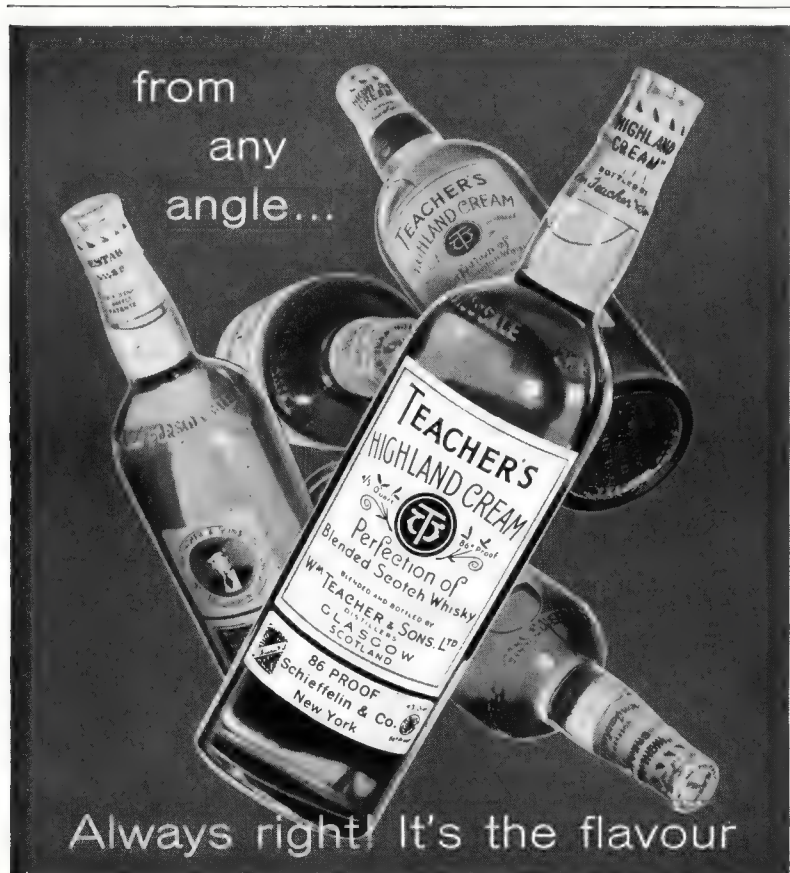
Jane is now looking forward to the day when her infant project will achieve the maturity of the organization from which she drew her inspiration, the National Multiple Sclerosis Society. She looks at the annual report of that group—thirty-four chapters, 27,000 members, and over \$500,000 spent in financing thirty-one research projects—and says she can never relax until her foundation has accomplished at least that much.

## The Multiple Sclerosis Society

The National Multiple Sclerosis Society all began out of a personal tragedy not unlike that of Jane Ellsworth. Sylvia Lawry, the taut, thirty-eight-year-old founder, has a brother, Bernie, who at twenty was hit with multiple sclerosis. By 1945, eight years later, he was so crippled he persistently thought of killing himself. In frantic desperation, his sister placed a tiny ad in the New York Times of May 5, 1945. It simply stated "Multiple sclerosis. Will anyone recovered from it please communicate with patient."

That began it. Today, the Multiple Sclerosis Society has reached the maturity that Jane Ellsworth hopes for her organization. Its chapters in most of the states and independent sister societies in Canada, England, Sweden, Germany, France, and Switzerland endow extensive research programs. A panel of top-level neurologists disseminates timely information to research workers in thirty-four countries and to the medical and nursing professions. Social and recreational programs and vocational guidance are offered. Muscle-training methods are provided that frequently mean the difference between immobility and self-sufficiency. And, of immeasurable importance, the society's investigations now show that many sclerotics, like Bernie Lawry, can look forward to an almost normal life expectancy. No longer do doctors follow up their diagnosis with the grim words, "Don't make plans."

To the tragedies that befell such women as Sylvia Lawry and Jane Ellsworth, they responded as they knew best—simply, with heart and their own great reservoirs of energy. Businessmen such as Arthur Larschan and Jack Hausman, whose children were smitten with cerebral palsy, and Paul Cohen, who himself is a muscular dystrophy victim, reacted in the way they knew best—as businessmen. They employed a public-relations





firm, the Roy Bernard Company, to sound the call, and in short order saw their crusades organized on a national basis.

#### Their Ultimate Goal: No Job

Unfortunately, the cause and cure of all these diseases are still unknown, but the organizational programs now make it possible for researchers to investigate new clues as they develop. In all, they have significant records, and all the devoted founders could regard their work with pride—were they so easily satisfied. Actually, all are dissatisfied and will always be until the day when their organizations stand in the position occupied today by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

For here is a voluntary health organization, born of the labors of a dedicated layman, that seems to be on the verge of the ultimate goal of all such groups. It may have worked itself out of a job.

The concept of this foundation was born in the mind of Franklin D. Roosevelt, in 1938. He placed the mammoth task of executing his idea in the hands of a lawyer, Basil O'Connor, who, as its volunteer president, has guided the foundation through the sixteen years of its existence with single-minded devotion.

And today, the battle against polio may be entering its final phase. By the beginning of this June, up to one million second-grade school children will have been vaccinated with a new polio vaccine, in the largest field study of its kind ever undertaken. The results of this study will not be known until after another polio season has passed, but there is good reason to believe that its evaluation will make possible an announcement in 1955, that polio has been conquered.

Basil O'Connor, figuratively speaking, may soon be unemployed. He hopes so. And Jane Ellsworth and Sylvia Lawry dream longingly of the day when they, too, will be out of a job—as do the equally dedicated laymen who established the United Cerebral Palsy Association, the Muscular Dystrophy Associations of America, the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund, the National Nephrosis Foundation, and the many other volunteer health groups now waging war against our common enemy, disease.

In the final analysis, of course, only medical science can truly conquer a disease, but the weapons of medicine sometimes prove inadequate—without logistic support from those whose hearts are involved.

Emerson once said that an organization is only the lengthened shadow of one man. It is our good fortune that we are able to walk in the protective shadows cast by Jane Ellsworth, Sylvia Lawry, and others like them. THE END

Here is proof of the greatest scientific discovery  
in toothpaste history—proof that Colgate Dental Cream  
with Gardol,\* Colgate's exclusive, new, miracle ingredient,  
gives lasting protection against tooth-decay enzymes!

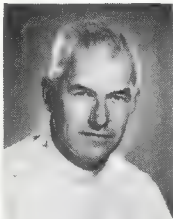


**ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM  
HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF  
that brings new hope to millions for**

***Lifetime Protection  
Against Tooth Decay!***



**Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of  
New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental  
authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off,  
won't wear off! Proved just daily morning and night use guards against  
decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!**



\*Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate

**A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE!** Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

**No Other Toothpaste Offers  
Proof of Such Results!**



**Cleans Your Breath  
While It  
Cleans Your Teeth!**

**LARGE 27¢ GIANT 47¢ ECONOMY 63¢**

**For LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES**



# Vacation Ideas

*Where to go. How to enjoy yourself when you get there. The following vacation folders and maps will be sent free, on request (unless otherwise noted). Check those you want and fill out coupon below.*

**1** Family Vacationland — Missouri. Pocket-size map-folder with separate maps showing State Parks, recreation facilities and camping sites for visitors; the Ozarks, Golf Courses open to visitors; fishing streams and lakes. Packed with historical and scenic information.

**2** Variety Vacationland—North Carolina. 100-page "where and how" booklet with 200 illustrations. Complete information on scenic and sports vacation areas and visitors' accommodations from the Atlantic Coast's Outer Banks to the Great Smokies. Chapters on Festivals, Handicrafts, History, Camping.

**3** For the vacationing motorist . . . Index and Travel Guide . . . A 62-page rating of good inns, motels, resorts, guest ranches, and their facilities, along U.S. highways and byways. Investigated and approved by American Travel Association. Plus side-trip information and tips on travel. Prepaid: 25¢.

**4** Travel Reservation Guide . . . for the traveler who wants to make reservations in advance. An 80-page booklet quoting the rates of motels, resorts, and city hotels approved by American Travel Association, and describing facilities, recreations, nearby points of interest. Postpaid: \$1.00.

**5** Atlantic City Centennial—illustrated booklet containing the complete schedule of Atlantic City's 1954 gala Centennial celebration events: parades, fireworks, Miss America contest, fishing and golfing contests, swimming and sailing races, historical events. Includes dining and accommodations information.

**FREE VACATION IDEAS—ROOM 407  
COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE  
959 Eighth Avenue  
New York 19, New York**

*Please send me the "Free Vacation Ideas" which I have checked in the boxes below.*

☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5

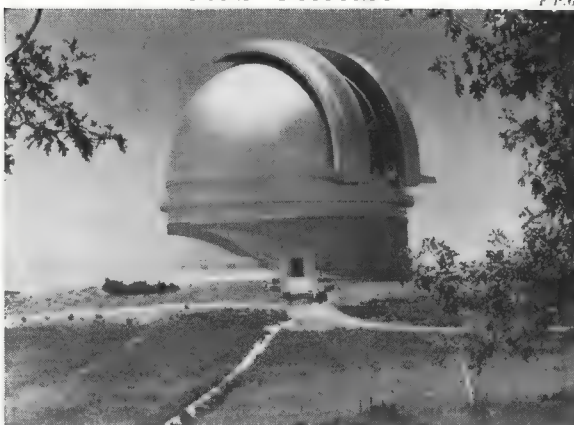
Name.....I enclose \$....

Address.....

City.....State.....

## THE CHAMP

F.P.G.



At Mount Palomar, men probe the secrets of the universe.

# The World's Biggest Telescope

BY ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ

**T**he world's largest telescope, the Hale telescope on California's Mount Palomar, is as big as a five-story building and weighs a million pounds, but is so exquisitely balanced it requires an electric motor no bigger than an orange to turn it.

Building the telescope took twenty-five painstaking years. The 200-inch mirror alone required over eleven years of polishing, all of it done in a temperature-controlled room where visitors took off their shoes lest a grain of sand spoil the work. The final finish is a millionth of an inch thick. When the exacting job of polishing the mirror was finally completed, the whole country held its breath while the mirror was trucked twenty-four tense miles from Pasadena to the top of Mount Palomar.

So that the telescope can point steadily at distant, moving stars, it turns at precisely the same rate as the earth. It can "see" 12,000 billion billion miles, four times as far as any earlier telescope. Its primary purpose, however, is to make stars appear brighter, not bigger. You can get an idea of its ability to catch dim light if you imagine it being in Paris. From there, if the earth were flat, the telescope could easily pick up the light of a small candle in Shanghai. With it, an observer on the moon could see the Empire State Building clearly.

Newspapermen who looked through it on opening night, in 1948, blinked with astonishment to see Saturn's rings shining brighter, nearer, and clearer than a full moon.

But views of close-at-hand planets have little meaning for astronomers. They use the big eye mostly as a camera to focus on distant stars. A time exposure of a distant star raises its faint, far light to

great intensity. Then they can use special devices to get information. The spectrometer, for example, can, by breaking down the light rays of a star, reveal its chemical make-up.

By means of such research, astronomers hope to find the answers to the great questions of our universe. How was the universe created? Is there an edge to the universe? Or is space infinite? And most of all, is the whole universe really exploding apart? Astronomer Edwin P. Hubble made this startling diagnosis after studies with Mount Wilson's 100-inch telescope nearly thirty years ago. To explore his theory, it was necessary to develop the 200-inch Hale telescope.

## Outer Stars Are Speeding Away

Hubble discovered, alarmingly, that the spectra of all the outer stars showed a mysterious "red shift." This meant that their light waves were longer—because they were moving rapidly away. And, he found, the more distant stars, the faster they were going. Some were moving at 30,000 miles a second.

So far no final word has come from Palomar about the red shift, though recent reports seem to support Hubble's theory. A final decision will take more time: Mount Wilson's 100-inch telescope took ten years of adjusting before it turned in a satisfactory performance every time. Also, there are only twenty ideally clear nights a year when critical, long-range observations can be made.

Meantime, the Hale telescope probes the heavens, trying to gather new clues to help man understand the universe. In this effort, the Hale telescope is the premier instrument, the finest device ever built to answer mankind's eternal curiosity about the heavens.

THE END





Avalon Bay, Catalina Is. See 17 mi. of undersea gardens.



Good roads to "back country," a new world to explore.



Antelope Valley: miles of wild flowers stretch to the horizon.



In High Sierra, see Palisade, southernmost glacier in U.S.



Wake to views like this while it's still winter elsewhere.



World's biggest regatta—kid skippers in "snowbirds."



Sierra Madre: world's largest wisteria vine, an acre big!



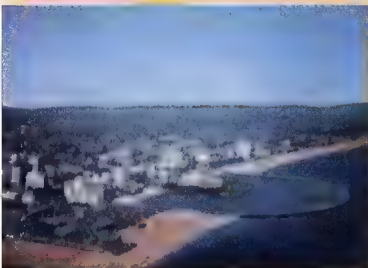
Fascinating Pacific shores: pelicans, seals, abalones.



Sequoia Nat'l. Park: trees 230-ft. high, 20-ft. thick.



For rest or fun, enjoy our many miles of seaside parks.



Long Beach: 32 acres of sea within Rainbow Pier lagoon.



See stars at gala premieres on famed Hollywood Blvd.



Information: All-Year Club Free Visitors' Bureau, 517 West 6th St., Los Angeles.

WHEN YOU PLAN YOUR VACATION TRIP...

# Allow Enough Time for SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

You'll enjoy even a brief stay in Southern California tremendously, of course. But these pictures show why it's worth while to spend every vacation day you can here.

Nowhere else are so many thrilling things concentrated in one place.

Elsewhere, these scenes could be separated by thousands of miles...yet 11 of them are within a half-day drive of downtown Los Angeles. And the farthest is just a day's drive away.

You've wanted to see Southern California. Why not take this *different* vacation this year? Come any time: this is America's 4-Season Vacationland.

**FREE—OFFICIAL SIGHTSEEING MAP.** This big color map traces routes for sightseeing throughout Los Angeles County and all Southern California. Shows locations of 645 sights visitors want to see—including homes of 80 film, TV and radio stars. Full explanatory text. Indispensable while you're here and for making advance plans. Mail coupon today!

**ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, LTD.** This advertisement sponsored by Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors for the citizens of Glendale, Hollywood, Inglewood, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Monica and 182 other communities.

All-Year Club of Southern California, Div. E-3  
629 So. Hill St., Los Angeles 14, California  
Please send me free Color Sightseeing Map.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS





**BRODERICK CRAWFORD** earned an Oscar for his vivid portrayal of a Southern demagogue in "All the King's Men," then, typically, went into an abrupt decline. Why?

# What Happens to Academy Award Winners

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

**F**ormer Academy Award winner Broderick Crawford is back in stride again with a top performance in "Night People," the best production of the month.

In this tense, vivid film, Brod plays a belligerent American businessman whose GI son is kidnaped by the East German Reds. Hastily he flies off to Berlin, where he throws about his money and political influence in a brash effort to get his boy back.

He roars and snarls, principally at Gregory Peck, as a colonel in the Intelligence Corps, who knows you can't bluster your way out of a situation like this. Brod fights—but in the end must submit to an authority he can't conquer. It's a demanding role, and Crawford lives up to it and then some. He's great, and this is the first time since 1949 that I can say that about his work.

He was great in 1949. He was so good

he won the highest accolade of his profession, the Academy Award, for "All the King's Men." And ever since, he has been in an artistic decline.

Why? Why do so many actors seem to slump after winning an Oscar? Why has Luise Rainer, who won the Award twice, never been able to get back into films—let alone be a winner? What has become of Katina Paxinou, who walked away with this honor for her first screen role in "For Whom the Bell Tolls"? Why has Mercedes McCambridge been virtually unheard of since winning, along with Brod, for "All the King's Men"? And what happened to Ronald Colman after his Award-winning role in "A Double Life"? His only picture since was a terrific flop.

A couple of years ago, on a luxury liner headed for Italy, word was sent to all first-class passengers that Paul Muni had requested that no one speak to him

while he was aboard. The pathos of this was that few passengers had even recognized him and no one had attempted to approach him. Just recently I saw the advertisement for one of the films he had made in Italy. It was a B-minus picture. Yet Muni was an Award winner.

## No Actor Wins Without Help

My hunch is that it is the role that wins the Academy Award, not the performance, and that really smart actors recognize this fact. The egotists don't. I know of one winner, Oscar in hand, who went around boasting after the ceremonies that he had virtually directed himself.

The truth was he had been directed by one of the finest. This director stayed quiet, however, until the star appeared in a long row of subsequent failures. Then he asked quietly, "Tell me, chum, who's been directing you lately?"

Even Olivia de Havilland, basically a very gentle girl, became terribly, terribly arty after her recent Academy win, her second. She had lost out on "The Snake Pit," and when she won for "The Heiress," her acceptance speech reflected more disapproval than gratitude—disapproval that she hadn't won for "The Snake Pit."

But there are actors who can wait for another great role to come along. There was many a long year's span between Gary Cooper's first for "Sergeant York" and his second for "High Noon." After playing Scarlett O'Hara, Vivien Leigh said, "I shall probably never again get such a part." But Blanche Dubois, in "A Streetcar Named Desire," rode her to a second Oscar. Bette Davis gives a top performance, regardless of material. The odds favor her winning again, and the same is true of Bing Crosby, Jimmy Stewart, and Spencer Tracy.

I am not predicting that Broderick Crawford will necessarily win for his work in "Night People"—but he may. He's had superb direction, by Nunnally Johnson, who also wrote and produced this film against a Berlin background. The excellent work of Peck, opposite him, has challenged Brod to his highest standard—and that's very high, indeed. As a dynamic businessman who has yet to learn you can't bulldoze your way against the Russians, he is at once commanding, pitiable, very human.

"Night People" has been given everything in the way of superproduction—CinemaScope, Technicolor, the city of Berlin, the legs of Rita Gam, the offbeat charm of Anita Bjork, and two tremendous top male performances. Every foot of it is tense, holding, adult. It is sometimes ironic, sometimes nerve-racking, always satisfactory.

And it puts Brod Crawford in the distinguished class of Academy winners who have known how to wait for another great role to come along.



GAY GO-EVERYWHEREABLES



SEPARATES BY TONI OWEN



You've never known such smart  
comfort afoot. You've never seen such  
flattering styles . . . such glove-soft leathers.  
Connie Lo-Heelers pair off perfectly with  
everything for Spring . . . for everywhere you go  
from super-market to country club. You'll love  
the air-borne comfort of the foam insoles . . .  
the fashion rightness of the sprightly  
colors . . . the superlative value.  
There's a pair for every relaxing  
way of life at only

5<sup>95</sup> and 6<sup>95</sup>



WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company



# Movie Citations

For March movie-goers, Louella Parsons finds a full selection of entertaining films—from dark drama to light comedy



**BEST PRODUCTION**—"Night People," a Technicolor film in CinemaScope by Twentieth Century-Fox, is a tense story of escape from the Russians. Gregory Peck and Brod Crawford star.



**BEST COMEDY**—Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis zanily cavort at the race track in Paramount's rollicking "Money from Home," a 3-D Technicolor frolic for the whole family.




**BEST DRAMA**—Fredric March, William Holden, and Walter Pidgeon struggle for power behind the scenes of a big corporation in M-G-M's star-studded "Executive Suite."



**BEST ACTION**—Allied Artists captures the explosive drama of recent prison revolts in "Riot in Cell Block 11." It's jammed with suspense and violence—and social impact. Newcomer Neville Brand is outstanding as the convict leader.





Fresh as  
a sea-breeze  
... you'll slip  
into with ease! The  
Serbin Wraparound  
... a prize-catch for  
go-everywhere  
smartness!

Pretty  
polka-dotted  
ripplestone  
cotton that never  
requires the  
touch of an iron! A  
Milton G. Serbin  
fashion in six  
sunny, silky  
shades. 10-18.  
\$12.95

"Urban  
or Suburban,  
always wear a  
Serbin" For store  
nearest you, write  
Serbin, Inc.,  
1280 S.W. First  
St., Miami,  
Florida

Price slightly higher west of the Rockies

**S**erbin OF MIAMI



I.N.P.



For \$2 you get a day of bumpy riding on a camel—and a guide to keep him awake.

# Sheik for a Day

*Tourists are beating a path through the Sahara sands to feast Arab-fashion while watching dancing girls*

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

A camel-inspired tourist boom has produced a doubled population and unexpected prosperity in an unlikely Sahara Desert oasis called Bou Saada, 155 miles south of Algiers. This upsurge in tourist traffic began some seven years ago, when the innkeepers of Bou Saada decided to take the camel out of the desert caravan and put it under the vacationist.

And a crafty decision it was, too, for diversion-seeking tourists took happily to the exotic touch of camel-back riding among the sand dunes. The camels are for hire for only \$2 a day, a fee that includes a guide and instruction in the delicate techniques of mounting and dismounting a camel. The guides are essential for two reasons: to keep the tourists from getting lost among the endless dunes and to prod the camels into staying awake.

Evenings at Bou Saada are memorable, for they include a *diffa*, or Arab banquet,

and the undulating performances of Ouled Nails dancing girls. For the *diffa*, the tourists are usually brought to a tent, where they sit on thick carpets and dine from tables two feet high. The feast centers around barbecued lamb, which has been roasted on outdoor spits. It is eaten with the fingers and accompanied by *couscous*, a spicy vegetable dish topping a base of rolled wheat. For dessert, there are giant pomegranates or *zlabiaa*, honey-filled pretzels fried in fat.

Palm trees, truck gardens, and apple, almond, and pear orchards dot Bou Saada, which is set in a fertile four thousand acres reclaimed from the wastes of the Sahara.

**The Matterhorn**, situated between Switzerland and Italy, is one of the few places in the world to offer year-round skiing. A couple of American near-rivals are Oregon's Mount Hood, the scene of a ski meet held every year in mid-June,

and some of the Montana Rockies along the Red Lodge-Cooke City Highway.

**Lost Dutchman Mine**, in Arizona's Superstition Mountain, will be the object of the annual search sponsored by the Dons Club of Phoenix on March 6 and 7. Rodeo events, Indian dances, and chuck-wagon dinners will entertain the visitors.

Hopeful dudes from all over America descend upon Arizona for this annual horseback ride into the mysterious canyons and gullies of Superstition Mountain, where it is believed the fabled Dutchman, old Jacob Walz, had his mine. Old Jake lived in Phoenix for years and always paid his bills in pure-gold nuggets. Whenever the supply ran low, the old prospector would stock up on several days' rations of flour and bacon, load his pickax and sack aboard his ancient burro, and disappear into the hills. Certain sharp characters tried to follow him, but they never were seen again. Old Jake, however, always returned a few days later, his little burlap sack bulging, and once again began paying his obligations with gold. He finally died peacefully in bed, without ever having disclosed the location of his supposed gold mine.

But even if the visiting dudes don't find the elusive gold mine, they do find a lot of good healthy exercise and some hearty chow and entertainment.

**Tourist dates:** The annual tours of historic and cultural sites in Savannah, Georgia, will be conducted March 11 and 12. The Piyallup Valley (Washington) Daffodil Festival, a surprisingly big-time affair with parades and lots of color, takes place April 5 through 11.

## THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

The Deep South and Gulf Coast are at their best during the late winter and spring. Here is a ten-day tour that will take you from New York into the heart of the South for a total cost of \$230.

You go by train to Meridian, Mississippi, where you are met by a private motor coach, for some local sightseeing. Your first stop is Jackson, the state capital, and then you go on to Vicksburg and the National Military Park.

At Natchez you tour the most famous collection of pre-Civil War homes in America, which provide a marvelous glimpse of the opulence enjoyed long ago by the cotton barons. Next stop is Baton Rouge, with its Huey Long-built skyscraper. Then comes colorful and historic New Orleans, with its exciting French Quarter, where you'll visit little souvenir shops and listen to the famous swing bands along Bourbon Street.

Picturesque Spanish Trail Highway is the bus route through Alabama to the famous Bellingrath Gardens near Mobile. Next stop is Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and the train for home.

THE END



To make  
your vacation  
in Canada  
even more  
wonderful...



Our new lounge cars are designed for relaxation, for pleasant diversion.



At Jasper National Park you'll see the mighty Canadian Rockies in all their glory...towering peaks, crystal clear lakes, alpine meadows, great glaciers. And in the heart of this magnificent vacation area is Canadian National's world-famous Jasper Park Lodge.

## Canadian National makes **RECORD PURCHASE** of new passenger equipment!

A new era in Canadian train travel. These modern new passenger cars offer a complete choice of accommodations... are designed to provide the utmost in comfort, in convenience, in beauty. Every day more and more of these cars are joining Canadian National's fleet of famous "name" trains travelling the length and breadth of Canada. By midsummer, they will all be in service, helping to make your Canadian National vacation more wonderful than ever.



Canadian National's famous fresh-caught lake trout taste even more delicious when served aboard the beautiful new dining cars. Enjoy the restful decor and soft lighting.



Touring French Canada's Gaspé Peninsula in a private sedan with chauffeur-guide, you'll see bird sanctuaries, visit fishing villages, enjoy an ever-changing panorama of mountains, sea and sky. And after touring Gaspé, you can visit the nearby Provinces-by-the-Sea.



Noteworthy features of the new sleeping car bedrooms are the wide beds, bigger windows and individual controls for heating, air-conditioning and lighting.

**CANADIAN  
NATIONAL  
RAILWAYS**

THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL 10  
PROVINCES OF CANADA

### Choose one of Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations

1. The Scenic Route Across Canada
2. Alaska Cruise via the Inside Passage
3. Provinces-by-the-Sea
4. Eastern Cities and the Laurentians
5. Sub-Arctic Hudson Bay Tour
6. Romantic French Canada
7. Minaki (Lake of the Woods)
8. Highlands of Ontario
9. British Columbia "Triangle Tour"
10. Jasper in the Canadian Rockies



Ask about Canada's Top Maple Leaf Vacations or let CANADIAN NATIONAL package a tour for you to include side trips, stopovers, visits with friends.

Canadian National offices in principal U.S. cities. In Canada, Passenger Department, 360 McGill St., Montreal. Or see your Travel Agent.







# The Meadows Sisters and How They Grew

*The minister's young daughters had nothing to do in the sleepy Connecticut town. So Audrey and Jayne stormed radio, television, Hollywood, and Broadway—and managed to score in every medium*

BY JOE MCCARTHY

One evening recently in New York Audrey Meadows, the television actress, was chasing a runaway horse. After she cornered and caught the animal, a policeman and a crowd of curious children ventured upon the scene. A little boy offered the panting horse a bite of his ice-cream cone. Miss Meadows glared at the urchin.

"Don't you dare give this horse any ice cream!" she said. "Can't you see he's still sweating?"

The policeman forgot the horse and turned to Miss Meadows.

"That voice sounds familiar," he said. "Aren't you the girl on Jackie Gleason's television show? The one who plays Alice Cramden, the bus driver's wife?"

Another young woman loomed up at Audrey's side. The policeman noticed that she, too, was red-haired. The girls looked alike, but the newcomer was taller and more regal in her manner.

"You see, Audrey?" the newcomer said. "I said you wouldn't have any trouble catching this horse. Always remember you can do anything if you set your mind on it."

The policeman rubbed his eyes. "I must be going nuts," he said to Audrey. "Everybody I see tonight looks like somebody I seen on television. First you

look like the girl on the Jackie Gleason show. Now this other lady comes along and looks like the one on that Garry Moore quiz show, 'I've Got a Secret.'"

"You're right about both of us," Audrey said. "Meet my sister, Jayne."

## The Girls Are Inseparable

It was Jayne, of course, who first heard the hoofbeats, sized up the situation, and ordered Audrey, the more athletic and swift-footed of the two, to give chase. Anything that happens to one of the Meadows sisters, even if it is a runaway horse, usually involves the other one, too.

So it seems only natural, after an uncomfortable period of separation that saw Jayne in Hollywood and Audrey on the musical-comedy stage, that both of them are now firmly established, side by side, as rising television personalities. When she isn't uncovering secrets on "I've Got a Secret," Jayne appears in dramas and thrillers, like "Martin Kane" and "Danger." In addition to keeping house for Ralph Cramden in Jackie Gleason's skit "The Honeymooners," Audrey is a panelist on the weekly CBS-TV daytime quiz program "I'll Buy That." All that remains is for them to be costarred on a TV show of their own. And Jayne is working on that.

Unlike many other pairs of sisters in show business, the Meadows girls are inseparable. The night that Audrey opened on Broadway with Phil Silvers in "Top Banana," Jayne sat in her dressing room during the whole performance, nervously devouring a box of chocolates. Members of the cast, thinking she was Audrey, kept dropping in to tell her she was doing great. When Jayne was a movie actress, Audrey spent so much time visiting her on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot that the studio officials assumed that Audrey was on the payroll, too, and gave her an employee's gift at Christmas.

When she isn't with Jayne, Audrey tells endless stories about Jayne's adventures. They range from the one about Jayne paying a woman fifteen dollars to learn how to relax to the one about Jayne traveling from New York to Hollywood with a silver ring in her nose. The ring was supposed to protect Jayne from allergies. It was designed by her doctor's butler. She told a group of soldiers on the train it was the latest in costume jewelry. Impressed, they wanted to buy nose rings like it for their girlfriends.

"I was allergic to practically everything at the time," Jayne recalls. "I wore the ring in my nose for a while in

(continued)

**BLACK-EYED JAYNE, BLUE-EYED AUDREY**, rated a show-business phenomenon, get an eyeful of success.

COLOR PHOTO BY ERWIN BLUMENFELD     Dresses by Celi Chapman; jewelry by Harry Winston.





**JACKIE GLEASON GETS A SPECIAL KICK** out of "The Honeymooners" skits with Audrey, who loves comedy. At first he turned her down as "too pretty."

California. Then I stopped being allergic—probably because I had signed a contract with M-G-M."

Audrey also tells about the transportation that Jayne arranged for the two of them during a period when they were looking for work in the theatre and commuting daily to New York from their home in Sharon, Connecticut, where their father, the Reverend Francis Cotter, is pastor of the local Episcopal church. The round trip was made in a station wagon driven by two women in the flower business in New York who did rehabilitation work among Bowery alcoholics on the side. On the way to the city in the morning, Jayne and Audrey shared the extra space in the station wagon with a load of manure that was to be used as fertilizer at the flower market. On the evening run to Connecticut, the girls were accompanied by a freshly picked collection of bleary-eyed stew bums.

## **Alcoholics Made Good Listeners**

"Jayne would describe to the alcoholics her interviews that day at Chamberlain Brown's office or Brock Pemberton's office," Audrey says. "I don't think they knew what she was talking about, but they were good listeners."

One night a while ago, Audrey was

telling Jayne stories on a midnight disk-jockey broadcast conducted by Bill Williams in a Manhattan restaurant. Two men who were sitting nearby sent Williams a note that said, "Get her to tell the one about her sister in the Turkish bath." Neither of the men knew Audrey or Jayne. At another restaurant on a previous evening they had overheard Audrey telling a group of friends at the next table about Jayne at the Turkish bath, and they wanted to hear it again.

"Oh, I can't tell that one," Audrey said to Williams. "It takes a half hour, and it doesn't make much sense unless you know Jayne. Instead, I'll tell the one about Jayne and the man who claimed to be a radionic specialist."

After the broadcast, Audrey was sought out by Phil Foster, the comedian.

"Who wrote that stuff for you?" Foster asked. "I'd like to get him to do some material for me."

"Nobody wrote it," Audrey said. "I really have a sister named Jayne who does those things."

"I don't believe it," Foster said.

"Come and visit us Sunday afternoon," Audrey said, "and see for yourself."

The following Sunday, Foster and two friends, Val Irving, who later became the manager of the Meadows sisters, and

a young singer named Bob Carroll were sitting in the living room of the girls' apartment when Jayne arrived, breathless, from a TV rehearsal. In the foyer she dropped a suitcase containing the clothes she had worn at the rehearsal.

## **Jayne Ran True to Form**

During the hour of polite conversation that followed, Jayne sat quietly and said little. Foster stared at her impatiently and glanced at Audrey now and then with a questioning look. The girls persuaded Carroll to sing. When he was in the middle of a song, Jayne leaped from her chair screaming, "The blood is running all over my clothes!"

She ran to her suitcase and threw it open. Later, she explained she had carried home a large sirloin steak in the suitcase with her television clothes. While listening to the song in the living room, she had remembered the steak and wondered if it had leaked.

Foster turned to Audrey and said, "Now I believe you."

The Meadows sisters, and their two older brothers, Frank and Ed Cotter, both lawyers, were born in China while their parents were serving as missionaries at Wuchang, across the Yangtze River from Hankow. When Audrey was five years old and Jayne was seven, the family returned to this country. Later they settled at Sharon, where Mr. Cotter became the pastor of Christ Church. Mrs. Cotter makes most of the clothes her daughters wear on television and studiously follows their shows on the screen in the rectory.

Last year Jayne played a leading role in a TV melodrama in which Audrey appeared briefly as her twin sister, who was murdered in the opening scene. After the show, Jayne phoned her mother and asked how she liked the play.

"To tell you the truth, dear," Mrs. Cotter said, "I wasn't able to pay much attention to your performance. All I could think of was poor Audrey laying there dead during the whole hour."

Jayne should have been Margaret Louise Cotter, but the minister who baptized her decided she was not the Margaret Louise type. In her teens at St. Margaret's School in Waterbury, Connecticut, she suddenly decided to add the fancy y to her first name on an English examination. The teacher threatened to flunk her in the exam if she did not remove the extra letter.

"But I was so fed up with being just plain Jane that I took the failing mark in order to become Jayne," Jayne says.

In Hollywood, the film moguls felt that Jayne Cotter sounded drab so Jayne selected Meadows, her grandmother's name. Audrey also changed her name to Meadows because, as Audrey Cotter, she

*(continued)*





**JAYNE AND AUDREY** share a three-room Manhattan apartment. Born in Wuchang, China, where their parents were missionaries, the girls spoke only Chinese when they got to the U.S. Jayne's favorite dish is knau—water-lily roots.



**PHOTOGENIC JAYNE** was told not to smile for a screentest—her teeth were too white. On Garry Moore's "I've Got a Secret," she smiles all she wants. With Bill Cullen, Henry Morgan, and guest Faye Emerson, she keeps sponsor beaming.



**NOW AT LAST!**

# Hide Gray Hairs or Add New Color in 10 minutes with **COLORTINT**



No more gray hair grief when you use NESTLE COLORTINT. Adds rich, new, youthful color...also blends in gray, streaked, dyed or bleached hair. No ammonia—no peroxide—no dyed "paint-brush" look. Enriched with Processed Lanolin to condition dull, drab hair. *More than a rinse but not a permanent dye!* Adds triple strength color—lasts through 3 shampoos. 10 glamorous shades. 6 capsules 29c, 14 capsules 50c.



*It's a fact!*

## Soaping Robs Hair Color **COLORINSE** adds Color!

Scientific tests *prove* that repeated soapings actually rob color from your hair! That's why you *absolutely* need NESTLE COLORINSE after every shampoo...to add gleaming color-highlights—make your hair softer, silkier, tangle-free—remove dulling soap film. NESTLE COLORINSE comes in 11 flattering shades that *rinse in...shampoo out.*

6 rinses 25c,  
14 rinses 50c.



Professional applications available at your beauty shop

**Nestle**  
**COLORINSE • COLORTINT**

## The Meadows Sisters (continued)

*For relaxation, Audrey whistles through her teeth and Jayne bets on horses, which send her into fits of sneezing*



**AT HOME** Jayne paints sweeping canvases, designs clothes that last year brought an offer from a big designer; Audrey sings, sews, cooks exotic dishes.





**IN TV'S "DANGER,"** Jayne teamed so well with Steve Allen that Allen wrote a "Danger" play himself, got them teamed again.

was being confused with another actress, Audrey Totter.

Audrey was a studious youngster, and planned to enter Smith College. Jayne talked her out of it. "Why go to college and wear a fur coat and waste your time on skiing trips and Yale proms?" Jayne said. "I want to go to New York and get a job on the stage. Mother and Daddy will feel better about it if you come with me."

Jayne already considered herself an experienced actress because she'd played the role of an ingénue in a summer-stock company at Millbrook, New York, that also included Celeste Holm. She decided Audrey would be a singer and groomed her to appear at a public audition that Chamberlain and Lyman Brown, the theatrical producers, were to stage.

"Jayne figured that if I could get a job with the Browns, she might be able to get into their office and talk them into hiring her as an actress," Audrey says. "She bought me a horrible dark-brown theatrical make-up at the five-and-ten. When she got through with me, I looked like a Sioux Indian."

Audrey was to sing the "Italian Street Song" at the audition and she was to tell the Brown brothers that she had just returned from a concert tour in Europe. "If they ask to see your press clippings," Jayne instructed her, "tell them the ship sank coming back across the Atlantic and all your scrapbooks were lost."

On the day of the audition, the girls ate lunch at the Henry Hudson Hotel. After lunch, Jayne led Audrey to the ladies' room for one last rehearsal.

"She was serious about it, too," Audrey says. "There we stood in the ladies' room at the Henry Hudson Hotel, with me singing at the top of my lungs, Jayne directing me with sweeping gestures. The women who came in and out must have thought it was rather odd."

### Somebody Stole Their Song

Singers of all ages came to the audition. Audrey was to follow a large woman, about sixty-five years old, who was draped with gray foxes. The woman with the gray foxes announced from the stage that she had just returned from a concert tour in Europe, but that all her press clippings had gone down when her ship sank in the Atlantic. Then, to Audrey's dismay, she sang Audrey's "Italian Street Song."

"What do I do now?" Audrey asked Jayne. "I can't get up there and sing that same song."

"Don't worry," Jayne said. "I'll help you. We'll sing a duet together."

The only tune they could remember was their brothers' college song, "Farewell, Wesleyana." They climbed to the stage and sang it. Then Audrey sang the "Italian Street Song," but the Browns were too stunned by "Farewell, Wesleyana" to listen to her. Years later,



## No other deodorant now asks women to Shave First!

Actual skin tests prove

**YODORA SO "KIND" TO SENSITIVE SKIN**

we can make this bold statement

**FIRST** . . . shave under arms. (For faultless grooming — ask your druggist for Yodora shaving booklet.)

**THEN** . . . apply Yodora immediately with complete confidence\*

We guarantee Yodora soothing to apply after shaving . . . gives day-long protection . . . won't harm finest fabrics, or your money back.

\*If you suffer from skin irritations due to allergies or functional disorders, see your doctor.

A McKesson Product



# YODORA

*your really soothing cream deodorant*

(continued)



## The Meadows Sisters (continued)

when Audrey was playing the Nanette Fabray role in the road company of "High Button Shoes," she was introduced to Chamberlain Brown at a party.

"Didn't you audition for me once?" Brown asked her.

"Oh, no!" Audrey said, blushing furiously. "Not me. It must have been somebody else."

### Audrey Shifted to High Register

Audrey later discovered that she could reach an E above high C, and became a coloratura soprano in operettas at the Paper Mill Playhouse in Millburn, New Jersey. Then she sang in a lower register at night clubs and landed a leading role in the U.S.O. version of Mike Todd's "Mexican Hayride." The show toured the combat areas of the Pacific for a year during World War II.

"We had a ball," Audrey says. "I was in three plane crashes and never got a scratch. Being in a plane crash in New Guinea is much safer than saying hello to Toots Shor. When you say hello to Toots, you're lucky if you come out of it without crushed ribs."

In the meantime, Jayne was establishing herself in Hollywood after appearing on Broadway with Richard Widmark

in "Kiss Them for Me." She played in such movies as "Undercurrent," with Katharine Hepburn and Robert Taylor; Robert Montgomery's "Lady in the Lake"; and "Enchantment," with Teresa Wright and David Niven. For her performance in "Enchantment," Jayne won a COSMOPOLITAN Citation from Louella Parsons, and everybody in Beverly Hills assured her it would also win an Academy Award.

"But nobody ever saw the picture," Jayne explains. "It was a flop."

Then Jayne married Milton Krims, a screen writer, and gave up the movies to live with him in Rome. While in Rome, she attempted to write a book about her life. She showed the manuscript to a woman friend. After reading a few pages, the woman looked up at Jayne curiously.

"Have you ever been to a psychiatrist?" she asked.

In the Pacific during the war, Audrey contracted malaria and was ill with it for almost two years after she came back to the States. She stayed with Jayne in California, weak and depressed, wondering if she could ever work again.

Then one day Arthur Schwartz invited her to audition at the Beverly Hills

Hotel for a part in a musical revue he was planning. After hearing her sing, he asked her if she would come East to try for the role. Schwartz's encouragement was the shot in the arm Audrey needed. She boarded the train for New York full of new confidence, and although the Schwartz project did not materialize, she has been busy ever since.

Between her appearances in "High Button Shoes" and "Top Banana," Audrey took her first steady job in television, with Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding in their satiric "Bob and Ray Show," which was then on the NBC network in a fifteen-minute spasm of nonsense five nights a week. It was an experience Audrey is not likely to forget.

### Eight Changes in Fifteen Minutes

Nobody, including Bob and Ray, ever knew exactly what was going to happen next. Sometimes Audrey made eight changes of costume during the fifteen minutes without leaving the small stage. She wore one costume on top of another. In a few seconds, she would bend down below the range of the camera lens, peel off a blouse and a skirt, and stand up and play another character.

One night Bob and Ray asked Audrey if she knew how to stand on her head.

"Sure," Audrey said, thinking they were joking.

She found herself standing on her head for the whole quarter hour of the show that evening while Bob and Ray calmly ignored her presence and busied themselves with other things. Occasionally they would nod to her pleasantly. When Audrey came home after the show, Jayne was waiting for her.

"Honey," Jayne said seriously, "you never told me you could stand on your head. I'm going to see to it that you do it every morning from now on. It's awfully good for your complexion."

Jayne was then sharing an apartment with Audrey in New York. She was divorced from Krims, and having made a few more movies that did not satisfy her, such as "The Fat Man" and "David and Bathsheba," she was through with Hollywood. Audrey has never been married. "She's always getting romantic about somebody," Jayne says, "but the romances don't last long."

While she was appearing on the "Bob and Ray Show" from seven-fifteen to seven-thirty and singing and dancing in "Top Banana" the rest of the night, Audrey heard that Jackie Gleason was looking for somebody to take over the role of Alice in his "Honeymooners" skit. Pert Kelton, who originally played the part so successfully, had been forced to give up TV work because of illness. Audrey wanted to apply for the job, so Val Irving, her manager, arranged



WALLOWA LAKE, center of a vast mountain recreation area in Northeastern Oregon. Hundreds of other sparkling lakes, rivers and waterfalls await you at play-time in this friendly Pacific Northwest state.

## You'll Remember Oregon!

EVERYTHING IS HERE for perfectly grand vacation days. For those who seek seashore fun, Oregon offers 400 miles of refreshing and unrestricted coastline—and for Alpine enthusiasts, several ranges of shining mountains. There's open rangelands, too, and the nation's greatest evergreen stands. Easy-to-drive highways; more than 200 parks, and modern travel facilities all will help you and your family thoroughly enjoy your Oregon holidays. Mail the coupon now for free Oregon color booklet.

See ALL of OREGON by driving scenic highways



Travel Information, Room 134  
Highway Department,  
Salem, Oregon.

Please send free booklet to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



for her to have an interview with Gleason at his \$25,000-a-year suite in the Park Sheraton Hotel. Jackie looked at Audrey and shook his head.

"This girl is too pretty to be a bus driver's wife," he said.

When she was leaving the hotel with Irving, Audrey remembered a Bob and Ray sketch entitled "The Bad Housekeeping Seal of Disapproval." It was, of course, a ribbing of the Good Housekeeping Seal. Audrey had been a frowzy and disheveled housewife whose vacuum cleaner did not work.

"I wish I had a picture of myself in the costume and make-up that I used in the 'Bad Housekeeping' bit," she said to Irving. "If Gleason saw it, he might not think I was so pretty."

Irving snapped his fingers.

"What time in the morning can we have a photographer at your apartment?" Irving asked.

A few days later when Gleason saw the photographs of Audrey as a battered and weary cook and bottle washer, he was delighted. On the strength of those pictures alone, he signed her up as Alice Cramden. Although he had never seen Audrey on the stage or on television, Gleason never asked her to audition or even to read a script to him before she joined his cast.

Since then, Audrey has often wondered exactly what it was that Gleason saw in her that prompted him to make such a quick decision. Jackie once attempted to explain it to her. After Audrey had worked with him for several months, he asked her how she fried chicken. She described her method, which called for rubbing the bird with interesting spices.

"Sounds good," Jackie said. "I'm having a few people in tonight. Will you cook for me?"

Audrey agreed, expecting to fry chicken for three or four guests at the most. When she arrived at the Gleason headquarters in the Park Sheraton, it was jammed with people. In the kitchen, the chickens awaited her. She counted twenty of them.

#### Why Gleason Hired Audrey

When everybody had had his fill, Gleason went to the kitchen and surveyed Audrey with approval.

"Have you ever wondered why I hired you so quickly last fall?" Jackie asked her.

"Yes," she said. "I have."

Gleason cocked his head to one side.

"Audrey, I very seldom make a mistake," he said. "I wasted no time hiring you because I *knew*, the minute I laid eyes on you, that you were a girl who could cook twenty chickens without getting excited."

THE END

# To glorify the natural charm of your beauty zone\*



Wear **Life Bras**  
by **FORMFIT**

**If you are one of the 47 out of every 100 women who are dissatisfied with the bra they're now wearing, know the thrill of wearing the right LIFE BRA! Because only Formfit makes bras for every figure need.**

No two women have exactly the same bust contours. This is the reason bras must be designed in so many styles, for the full bust, the small, the firm, the pendulous, the "A" through "D" cup.

Possibly you are one of the 47 out of every 100 women not now satisfied . . . possibly you are not aware that bras, whether bandeaux, longline, strapless or padded, are available to fit your individual requirements.

If so, know—as our fitters know, a bra must fit you—you must not be un-

comfortably molded to a bra! No other brand offers the precise fit made possible by LIFE Bras. LIFE by FORMFIT offers the largest selection in the world. Now, surely, you'll want to make your next bra a LIFE Bra! \$1.25 to \$6.50 at the better stores.

*Life Bra shown, #515, has hidden strips in quilted underbust for proper shaping of cup and firmer support. Elastic releases g-i-v-e for comfort, deep-hem sides hold bra in place. Nylon taffeta and nylon lace, A, B, C, \$4.00.*



# Eight Wonders of Spring

BY ALICE RICHARDSON

*Who knows better how to spend a fashion dollar than crack buyers in one of America's top stores? No one. That's why we've asked Lord & Taylor to choose eight wonder buys of spring. You'll find them all on the following pages. You'll meet new wonder fabrics, wonderful new lines. Here, for the American girl, is a wardrobe to assure a carefree spring with the male animal*

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL A. VACCARO

By Towncliff, Inc.; about \$65.



**Wonderful one.** Town suit in beige silk-and-Orlon, a nonstop fabric that's good for a dozen months a year. With it, tangerine gloves and a beige skimmer wound with tangerine chiffon.





**There are more possible combinations** with this trio than there are in a Scrabble game. Pink wool hop-sacking for the coat (with deep side slits) and skirt (with anti-"sit-out" lining); red crepe for the wrapped blouse, the coat's lining.

(continued) 33



## Eight Wonders of Spring *(continued)*

*By Lipman Bros.; about \$39.95; in beige, gray, or bright navy.*



**The direction is Directoire** in this beautiful sweep of dress. But the fabric is pure twentieth century. Known as Visa (55% Dacron, 45% worsted), it's the latest wrinkle in wrinkle-resistant fabrics.



By Goldberg-Weissman, Inc.; about \$75. Hat by Madcaps; about \$9.



**That Alice-in-Wonderland.** wide-eyed appeal, in a crisp gray coat. What makes the skirt so out-standing? It's backed with that wonder—Pellon. The trifle hat is topped with cherries.

(continued) 35





## Eight Wonders of Spring

(continued)

**Grand enough** for even a solid-gold Cadillac. The always-crisp lining of this widely swinging, wear-anyplace coat makes it stand out in any crowd. The flirt hat is a mass of white blossoms, headlighted by one perfect pink rose.

**Something that doesn't look like a raincoat** but is—for days when it looks like rain but doesn't. Made of denim, it's licorice-and-white striped, lined with black rayon. Wonderful no matter what the weatherman says.

(continued)



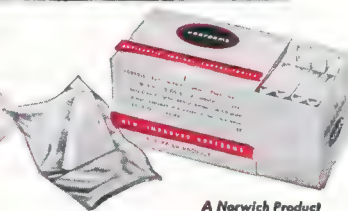
## Now! Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem



New Improved  
Vaginal Suppositories

**NORFORMS**

✓ TESTED by Doctors  
✓ TRUSTED by Women



A Norwich Product

### 1. *Antiseptic* (Protection from germs)

Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula combats germs *right in the vaginal tract*. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

### 2. *Deodorant* (Protection from odor)

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

### 3. *Convenient* (So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Mail this coupon today

### FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. CO-43  
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

By R & K Originals; about \$18.



By I. M. Bagdonow Inc.; about \$65.



**Tintype taffeta** for an old-fashioned checkered dress. It's wide-skirted and rustling, sweetened with a white gilet, and spiked with a sleek black-patent belt. Mysteriously feminine, it's—all in all—one of the very best buys for this spring.

**Three sheers** for this navy (it's triple-strength sheer rayon). You can't find a dress with more charm, more uses. We've filled its neckline with a bib of stark-white beads, and topped it with a come-hither, veiled-and-quilled pillbox.

THE END

All fashions shown on these pages are available at Lord & Taylor, New York, and stores listed on page 79. Gloves by Wear-Right; handbags by Coronet; jewelry by Castlecliff and Napie. Photographed at Sutton Terrace, New York.



BERMUDA TWEED,  
A FINE FABRIC BY

Orr

if  
you  
are  
5'4"  
or under  
you  
will  
look  
better  
in a  
Cuddle Coat.\*



\*AND SAVE A LOT OF MONEY ON ALTERATIONS . . . In our exclusive Bermuda Tweed by Orr in muted pastels. Milium lined for any-season comfort. Sizes 6 to 18. Each, about \$60. At the following fine stores or write Dept. C-3, Petite Miss Co., 500 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Albany, N. Y., W. M. Whitney & Co.  
Allentown, Pa., Hess Brothers  
Appleton, Wis., H. C. Prange Co.  
Binghamton, N. Y.,  
Fowler, Dick & Walker  
Boston, Mass., Conrad's  
Buffalo, N. Y.,  
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.  
Charleston, W. Va., Stone & Thomas  
Chicago, Ill., The Fair  
Cincinnati, Ohio, Mabey & Carew  
Cleveland, Ohio,  
Wm. Taylor Son & Co.  
Davenport, Iowa,  
Peterson Harned Von Maur, Inc.  
Detroit, Mich., Crowley's  
Dubuque, Iowa,  
Rohrer Brothers Company  
Erie, Pa., Boston Store  
Green Bay, Wis., H. C. Prange Co.  
Hagerstown, Md., Eyerly's

Hartford, Conn.,  
Brown Thomson, Inc.  
Indianapolis, Ind.,  
William H. Block & Co.  
Nashville, Tenn., Harvey's  
Newark, N. J.,  
Kreng-Newark, Inc.  
New Haven, Conn.,  
Edw. Malley Co.  
Oklahoma City, Okla.,  
John A. Brown Co.  
Philadelphia, Pa., Snellenburg's  
Portland, Me.,  
Forteous Mitchell & Braun  
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Wallace's  
Rochester, N. Y.,  
McCurdy & Co., Inc.  
Rockford, Ill.,  
The Chas. V. Weise Co.  
Salt Lake City, Utah, Z.C.M.I.  
Schenectady, N. Y., Wallace's

Seattle, Wash., Rhodes of Seattle  
Sheboygan, Wis.,  
H. C. Prange Co.  
South Bend, Ind.,  
Robertson's of South Bend  
Springfield, Mass.,  
Forbes & Wallace, Inc.  
Syracuse, N. Y., Chappell's  
Toledo, Ohio, Lamson's  
Trenton, N. J.,  
S. P. Dunham & Co.  
Tulsa, Okla., Brown-Dunkin  
Wheeling, W. Va.,  
Stone & Thomas  
Williamsport, Pa.,  
L. L. Stearns & Sons  
Worcester, Mass.,  
Denholm and McKay Company  
York, Pa., The Bon-Ton  
Youngstown, Ohio,  
The G. M. McKelvey Co.

Both Coats With

**MILIUM®**  
Insulated Lining for All-Weather Comfort

® "MILIUM" IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF DEERING, MILLIKEN & CO., INC. FOR METAL-INSULATED FABRICS.

# WHAT HAPPENED TO OLGA?

Her disappearance  
led to Tangier—  
and to a man who  
would do almost  
anything for her love

BY ROBERT STANDISH

It is a fascinating if unrewarding pastime to dwell on the queer chains of causation set up by apparently unrelated events, for nothing illustrates better the incalculable chances that seem to govern human destinies. The story I am about to relate could never have been written but for the incidence of a New York bus strike, while the story itself has one leg in prewar Central Europe and the other in postwar Morocco.

My name is George Morrison. I am by profession a kind of financial detective, which is to say that for the last seven years I have been engaged in tracing the true ownership of vast blocks of securities which were seized by the Nazis during the war and are constantly offered for sale in various parts of the world.

Last year, in the course of a cocktail party in New York, I mentioned to my hostess that I was sailing on the following day for Morocco. After the party, I stood for some minutes on the corner waiting for a cross-town bus, only to learn there was a strike. Returning to the apartment house I had just quitted, I asked the porter to get me a taxi. Just as the taxi drew up, a woman who had been a fellow guest at the party stepped out of the building. She wanted to go to Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, while I was going to Park and Fifty-second. We exchanged names in the taxi. Her name was Sonia Russell, but by her accent I judged her to have been born in Central Europe. In this I was right.

"I heard you tell someone," said my companion, "that you were sailing tomorrow for Morocco. Are you by any chance going to Tangier?"

I told her I should be spending a week or ten days there.

"Then I wonder if you would be so kind as to do a small thing for me," Mrs. Russell continued. "I have just learned that my brother-in-law, whom I believed dead years ago, is living in Tangier. I have cabled to him and written to him, without any reply. I will give you his address. I want you to see him and ask him a question for me. Will you do this?"

"If he won't reply to his sister-in-law," I replied, "is it likely he will be more cooperative with a complete stranger?"

"I don't know, but there is no harm trying, is there?"

"And the question?"

"I want you to ask him 'What happened to Olga?'"

I suppose my work has given me a suspicious mind, but I had the curious feeling this apparently simple question was in a kind of code. I hesitated before replying, and Mrs. Russell added hastily, "Olga is . . . was my sister. She married Karl Ladros. That is the man I want you to see. I have heard nothing from either



of them since before the war. For years I have assumed they were both dead, and then a few weeks ago, by pure chance, I heard that Karl was alive and in Tangier. So, of course, I cabled him and followed the cable with a letter."

"And they have both been ignored," I interposed. "Why do you suppose he has not replied?"

"I don't know. It's—it's inhuman, because Karl knows how close Olga and I were and what my anxiety has been and still is. If I could afford it, I would fly over there to see him, but I haven't got the money. That is why I've taken my courage in my hands and asked you to do this for me. Will you?"

In the course of my work I meet some very peculiar people and run into even more peculiar situations. These have made me cautious. "Give me some kind of letter," I said to Sonia Russell, "and immediately I arrive, I will write to him asking for an appointment. But if he ignores my letter, I won't promise to do anything further. Tell me, do you know what he is doing in Tangier?"

"No, only that he appears to be very rich, and he wasn't rich when I last knew him."

That made me think, because in Tangier there are not many ways to become rich, and nearly all are disreputable.

We parted on the understanding that if I could obtain any information for her I would do so. A week later, in Tangier, I wrote a letter to Karl Ladros, explaining that I had been requested to inquire about the whereabouts of Olga by her sister and would be happy to make an appointment with him.

My private intention when I dropped the letter into the mailbox was, in the absence of a reply, to pursue the matter no further. I don't like to have my own privacy invaded, and I try to remember that others feel the same way.

On the following day, one of Tangier's bankers was my guest at lunch. I had been in correspondence with him about certain bonds in his possession. These had been in a French bank in 1939. In 1940 they had been acquired by one of Hermann Goering's boyfriends. The bonds next appeared in Amsterdam in 1945, and in Zurich the following year. Their final reappearance, some weeks previously, was in Tangier, and my luncheon guest had acquired them in good faith from an associate of—Karl Ladros.

"Who is this man Ladros?" I asked.

"There is no secret about him," I was told. "He is deep in cigarette smuggling. He is a speculator—in anything. He came here, penniless, just before the war. Find a really dirty transaction in Tangier,



She was unreal, remote as  
a princess in a fairy tale, but  
I had to solve the riddle.



## WHAT HAPPENED TO OLGA? (continued)

and when you start digging into it, you will find a trail that leads you to Ladros. I tell you frankly that if I had known he was involved in these bonds, I wouldn't have touched them."

"Where is his office?" I asked.

"The first table on the left as you go into the Café Larache on the Boulevard Pasteur. He can be found there from ten in the morning until near midnight. But don't waste your time, for you'll get nothing out of him. Legally, you will find, nothing can be pinned on him."

"I was just curious," I replied lamely.

I was so curious that I went to the Café Larache that same evening and ordered an *apéritif*. It was not difficult to identify Karl Ladros. The first table on the left was littered with documents, while a bulging brief case served as a paperweight. Ladros was a man in the middle fifties, with iron-gray hair plastered tightly to his skull and fierce, shaggy eyebrows to match. Everything about him was big: broad shoulders, big features dominated by a hawklike predatory nose; a wide altogether mirthless smile revealing fine white teeth. The eyes, which seemed to see everything, were of such a pale blue that most people would have called them gray. He had the unhappiest face I had ever seen.

There was an arrogant disregard for the conventions in his manner when, pulling an electric razor out of his brief case, he plugged it in and began to shave.

As soon as Ladros began to shave, some tourists at a nearby table protested to the café owner, but to no avail. It was then apparent that the owner and his staff were frightened of this man who dominated their lives for some twelve hours daily. At least half the people in the café, I now realized, were waiting to speak to Ladros. Their eyes were all

turned toward him, waiting for the imperious jerk of his head without which they dared not approach his table.

Ladros was a polyglot. In my hearing he talked French, Spanish, Italian, English, and Arabic, all with apparent fluency and in rasping, metallic tones, devoid of all sympathy. He used words as a muleteer uses a whip. The men who went humbly to his table seemed to me to lose their human dignity.

I am not a violent man, but I found myself toying with the idea of picking a quarrel with this man and using violence on him, because I felt that only by violence could he be reached. And this was the man who had married Olga, whose sister was anxiously awaiting news on the other side of the Atlantic.

Ladros fascinated me. I found myself wondering why he was content to be the big frog in the little puddle of Tangier and why he had not used his overpowering personality, sharp claws, and undoubted intelligence to conquer a bigger puddle. He could have done so. I had no least doubt of that.

Several days later I learned why. Ladros had no valid passport. It had been valid when he came to Tangier, but when it expired, the issuing authority no longer existed. So he became a stateless person, unwanted anywhere.

I knew nobody socially in Tangier, so my evenings were quite free. I owe a debt to Ladros in that he saved me from boredom. There was no reply to my letter. Having seen the man, I did not expect one. I spent most of my evenings at the Café Larache, observing this strange, improbable man. Ladros obsessed me. I admit that now, although at the time I tried to conceal the fact from myself. I, too, wanted an answer to the question: What happened to Olga? She

was as remote and unreal to me as the princess in a fairy tale, but I still wanted to know the answer.

One morning I went into the Café Larache for coffee. Ladros was at his table. A gaunt, emaciated Spanish lad of about fifteen was polishing his shoes, feverishly, as though his life depended upon it. They were long, elegantly pointed black shoes with patent-leather toes. Then suddenly I saw one of them lifted from the stool on which the lad sat polishing. It toppled the boy over backward, spilling a bottle of shoe polish and all the apparatus of polishing. The foot took the lad in the chest, the sole flat against it. The push was swift and caught the lad unawares. He picked himself up, looked at the spilled bottle of shoe polish tearfully, and looked pitifully at Ladros for payment. The price for a shoeshine in Tangier is one peseta, and there are forty-three pesetas to the dollar. One by one, slowly, contemptuously, Ladros threw fifteen pesetas onto the tiled floor. To retrieve them the lad had to crawl on hands and knees under settees and tables, and all the while Ladros smiled mirthlessly as though he were extracting the last ounce of pleasure from the other's humiliation.

"One day," I heard a Frenchman at the next table to me say, "someone will kill that man."

"I hope I am there to laugh," replied the other.

Although Ladros was the magnet that drew me to the Café Larache each evening and, occasionally, during the day, I was careful not to give the appearance of being interested in him. And then, one day, we slipped into conversation.

It happened this way. I arrived somewhat later than usual at the café one evening to drink my after-dinner coffee. As





They were waiting for Ladros to  
summon them with an imperious gesture.



*Handwritten signature*



## WHAT HAPPENED TO OLGA? (continued)

I took my seat, the door opened, and an old man of indeterminate nationality entered. In his hand were two lottery tickets. He offered them to Ladros, who shook his head. The old man persisted. "Sell one of them," said Ladros, "and I will take the one that nobody wants."

The old man shuffled across to my table. I bought a ticket from him. True to his promise, Ladros bought the other.

Without speaking, Ladros nodded to a waiter, who brought him a bottle of liqueur brandy and a glass.

I ordered a liqueur brandy for myself. As I lifted my glass to my lips, Ladros did the same thing, and our eyes met like those of two men drinking a toast. "I am curious," I said to him, "to know why you prefer lottery tickets that other people do not want. Most people, I have noticed, want things because others want them."

"Most people," said Ladros in his harsh, grating voice, "die poor. I will buy anything, but only if the seller is more anxious to sell than I am to buy."

"You like one-sided bargains, it seems," I said not too politely.

"Only a fool or a hypocrite pretends otherwise," he snapped. "What do you want to sell?"

"Nothing."

"It is a long while since I have talked to someone who does not want to sell me something. Is there something you want to buy?"

"Nothing except a one-way ticket out of Tangier, and I shall be buying that in the morning."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ladros, putting a wealth of yearning into the monosyllable. "You are a fortunate man. Where are you going? Down to the French zone?"

"No, to Zurich and from there to Milan. Then, I expect, I shall take a short holiday, somewhere on the Italian lakes. I like the Italian lakes in the spring." I glanced sharply at Ladros. There was a shadow across his eyes. To me it looked like grief. So he was human after all.

"Go to Cernobbio!" said Ladros intensely. "It is—or was—the most beautiful, peaceful spot on earth."

There are many more lovely spots on the Italian lakes than Cernobbio, and I said so. Ladros did not seem to hear me. He put his hand into his brief case and pulled out some uncounted money. This he put onto my table, which adjoined his. "When you get there," he said, "buy me some pictures of the place, the hotel, the countryside, the lake, the mountains in the distance. Colored pictures, not the black and whites which convey nothing."

"All right, I will do so," I said. "Where and how shall I address it?"

"Karl Ladros, Café Larache, Tangier, will find me. Do not trouble to write anything. I never read letters. Put the pictures into an envelope. Perhaps they will bring back memories from the past."

"Memories," I said, "are only satisfactory up to a point. It is sometimes convenient to be able to remember what we wish to remember, allowing less pleasant things to fade. Better still is to live in the present, which is the only reality."

"The present is intolerable," said Ladros savagely, "and there is no future."

"Anyway," I said lightly, "in two or three weeks from now, I will send you your pictures. Let us hope they will make the present more tolerable."

"You do not want to know what happened at Cernobbio?" asked Ladros.

"Not particularly," I replied. "The essential part of the story is obvious. You were there with a woman, naturally. You were probably deeply in love, and that fact has colored your memories of the place until they bear very little relationship to reality. My advice to you is to keep your memories as they are."

Ladros followed me out into the street when I left. "You will send me the pictures?" he asked.

I nodded and walked away.

The following day I learned more about Karl Ladros.

The war caused a boom in Tangier, and he had anticipated it. Choice residential lots, which in 1930 were worth about five pesetas per square meter, sold for as high as two thousand pesetas in 1945. In 1939 Ladros had taken options on large tracts. Before prices began to fall in 1952, he had sold all his land. There were various estimates of his profits current, all quite fantastic.

When I entered the Café Larache late that evening, Karl Ladros came across to my table. "I was rude to you last night," he said, "but take no notice, for I am rude to everyone."

"You were not particularly rude," I replied indifferently, "but even if you were, I am not frightened of you. If the need arises, I can be excessively rude, too."

"You do not like me, I know that," said Ladros. "But it does me good to talk to you. That, I suppose, is because, as you say, you are not frightened of me. I am not a happy man, which must be evident."

"Don't misunderstand me," I said, "but it seems to me that if you were less interested in money and more interested in

"It makes me feel like a god," Ladros said, raising his glass, "to kick a man in the face and know he'll be back for more."





## WHAT HAPPENED TO OLGA? (continued)

the things it will buy, you might find life more palatable. Now," I added with a smile, "it is my turn to apologize. I have no right to talk to a stranger in that way."

Changing the subject, I said to him, "I learned today that you were one of the clever ones who foresaw the boom in Tangier land values."

"One did not have to be very clever," he replied. "There were not many places in the world open to those who escaped from Hitler, and this was one of them. I saw my opportunity and I took it."

"Most people do not recognize opportunity when they meet it."

"They attribute their failures to ill luck," said Ladros.

"But even failures," I said, "sometimes find compensations in their failure."

"That is true," observed Ladros sadly, "but one discovers it too late. May I sit at your table?"

"By all means," I replied. A question was hovering on my lips unasked: What happened to Olga? For this, I was convinced, was the key to Karl Ladros. He was what he was because of Olga. He had honeymooned with her at Como. All that he could remember of ecstasy was wrapped up in her personality. Then something had happened—but what? Perhaps she had betrayed him, left him for another man.

That was how I read the man whose trembling hand was pouring out a glass of brandy.

"I have always been an opportunist," he was saying. "Indeed, if I had not been, I would not be here now."

"Where would you be?" I asked.

"In one of Hitler's cemeteries, I expect, or if I had escaped that fate, in one of Stalin's by now. I was one of those indiscreet enough to raise my voice against both Nazism and Communism. I was a marked man, with enemies in both camps. The poison was obviously the same in either bottle, and only fools allowed the labels to influence them."

"On the day when word reached me, through reliable channels, that Hitler was marching in within the month, I realized all the liquid assets I could and made plans for escape. I had recognized opportunity, you see?"

"My informant was rather too optimistic, because Hitler marched three days later. There was very little time. I had to get two seats in a car to the frontier—"

"Two seats?"

"Yes, two seats," echoed Ladros, a shadow of pain crossing his eyes. "I was not the only man who wanted to reach

the frontier quickly. I secured the promise of two seats only just in time. The owner of the car was a high-ranking Nazi, but he liked money as well as the next man. He took the savings of years from me. I had always been, although you may find it hard to believe, a decent, industrious man. I worked hard, paid my debts honorably, and tried in a small way to make the world a better place to live in. But that, of course, was before fear and greed for money corrupted me. Today I have more money than I can ever spend, but you will laugh at me when I say the mainspring of my life is fear of poverty."

"I will not laugh," I said, "but having been a poor man yourself, I would think it would have made you kinder to the poor. Tell me why you take pleasure in kicking these poor shoeshine boys."

"You do not understand that?" asked Ladros with a puzzled air. "You amaze me. If I could not have the living proof daily that there are people in the world unhappier than I am, I would not trouble to go on living. It makes me feel like a god to be able to kick a man in the face for a few pesetas and know that he will be back the next day for more."

"If I were you," I said softly, "I would consult a psychiatrist."

"One comes to me every week," said Ladros. "He is a good one, too. But he is practically starving because people here do not want to know themselves."

"I cannot say," I remarked, "that he seems to have been of much help to you."

"Not the smallest help. How could he? He is frightened of me. He is wondering how much I am going to pay him."

"If the man is, as you say, competent, why not lift him above fear so that he can really do you some good? Or perhaps you prefer to see him cringe."

"I do not even tell him the truth when he asks questions. You see, I used to know him in the old country. Some of the things he wants to know about me are things he wants to know as a man, not as a psychiatrist. You see the difference?"

"I see the difference," I replied, "but if ever I met a man in need of psychiatric treatment, it is you."

"I wonder why it is," continued Ladros, ignoring what I had said, "that I like talking to you. Perhaps it is because we may never meet again. The amazing thing is that I tell you the truth, and I never tell the truth. I do not mean that I am a liar. I merely withhold the truth."

"You were telling me about the car ride to the frontier," I said. "It must have been an anxious time."

"Anxious! They were the most agonizing hours of my whole life. Even now I wake up in a sweat when I think of it. First of all, the car was due at the corner of our street at eight o'clock in the morning. I waited there for three long hours, trying not to make myself conspicuous. The grocery where we dealt was on the corner. To kill time I ordered a lot of groceries to be delivered the following day. A neighbor passed. I invited him to dinner three days later, asked him to lend me a book and bring it with him—anything to leave the impression that we were staying where we were."

"We?" I said.

"Yes, we! Do you think I have always lived like a hermit? There was a time when I lived like any other normal human being. But that terrible morning, waiting on the street corner, was the end of it all. Then I was scared, scared to the point of mortal terror. Even that was good, for it at least proved I was human. Now I am not scared. I tell you in all sober truth that I do not believe anything at all could frighten me now, except poverty."

"But I will never be able to convey to anyone just how frightened I was that morning. Even though Hitler had not crossed the frontier, there were those who, given an inkling of my intentions, would have made it impossible for me to escape, for us to escape. I had no illusions, for I had declared my hand too openly. For several years I had refused to receive in my home anyone who had Nazi leanings. Learning that I was bitterly anti-Nazi, the Communists had approached me secretly, taking it for granted I would throw my lot in with them. I laughed at them."

"Never, never did the hands of a clock turn so slowly as while I was waiting on the street corner, and then the car arrived. The worst, I believed, would soon be over. I had seen my opportunity and I had taken it, and there would be a new start in a new land. It did not matter that I had stripped myself of everything I possessed."

"Then the blow fell. The owner of the car spoke to me softly. 'I am sorry, Karl,' he said, 'but there is only one seat left in the car. . . . Yes, I know you paid me for two, but there it is.'"

Karl Ladros had his guard down. His eyes dimmed with tears. This, I knew, was the moment to ask him the question that had been hovering on my lips. "Ladros," I said softly, "what happened to Olga?"

"I do not know," he replied in a dead voice. "There was only one seat in the car . . . and I took it." THE END

As he talked, I could picture Olga vividly. I knew in a moment my question would be answered.







A faded movie star  
cherished a fading dream  
until a young girl, quite casually,  
brought the dream to life





# FAN LETTER

BY STANLEY ELLIN

Up to the moment he took the letter from the mailbox, this day had been the same as any other over the long years. He had closed the office, and as he made a point of doing, rain or shine, had walked the weary distance up Fifth Avenue and across town to the little apartment off Central Park West. He always walked briskly, head erect and shoulders squared, and the reflection of himself he saw in passing shop windows was a pleasing one.

Occasionally someone, usually a woman, would look at him with a vague, half-puzzled recollection, and that would lead him to replay in his mind the little scene that might take place if only she had the courage to speak to him.

"Why, you're Owen Thatcher, aren't you!"

"Yes, I am."

"And I recognized you just like that! It's wonderful the way you haven't changed a bit over all these years."

*That obscene diet which made every meal an abomination. Those aching sessions at the gymnasium . . .*

But, naturally, he'd only laugh and say, "I'm glad someone remembers me."

"Remembers you! Why, if I told you how many times I saw 'The Valiant Blade,' you'd never believe me. And 'The Infidel'! I don't think they'll ever make a better movie than 'The Infidel,' do you?"

*Not with the cream puffs they have in Hollywood now, they wouldn't.*

But all he'd say would be, "Well, I've been away from pictures so long . . ."

"That's a shame, isn't it? But since you're not in pictures, Mr. Thatcher, what are you doing?"

And that's when he would tell her, dryly, a little edge of amusement in his voice, "I sell insurance, madam. I knock at doors, and make phone calls, and sign papers. And I have been doing this for twenty-three years, with every likelihood of doing it for twenty-three more."

How would she react to that? Well, what did he feel every time he let it get the best of him? Embarrassment. Anger at the way he had been tossed aside by the studio. A little fear at the way the

years rolled by underfoot while he walked them like a man on a treadmill. What else was there to feel?

Nothing else, really, until the moment he took the letter from the mailbox. And then a good many things.

At first he was mildly surprised there was any letter at all; the box was usually empty, or at most had a bill shoved into it. He held the envelope at arm's length to read the return address on its reverse side—he never wore his glasses outside the apartment—and felt the shock of recognition at the *Continental Films* engraved there.

It was his practice to run up the stairs as part of his conditioning program; he ran up now, his heart hammering more violently than it usually did from the exercise.

He stood inside the door for a moment to catch his breath, and then turned on the lamp at his desk and placed the letter neatly in the center of the blotter. His glasses were on the night table by his bed. He cleaned them with his handkerchief, held them up, and peered at the desk lamp through them. Then he slipped them on and sat down at the desk.

There were two letters. The larger and more imposing bore the letterhead of Continental Films.

Dear Owen,

Enclosed is, believe it or not, a fan letter which I pass along to you. It was addressed to the New York office, sent out here, and finally makes its way to you in New York the long way around. Continental always—well, nearly always—gets its man!

Incidentally, thank me for that. I remembered you were working in insurance now and got your address through the Insurance Association.

But now for the snapper. Are you available, and if so, would you be interested in a little flier with the studio? It would be bit stuff, of course, and short term at that, but I have a hunch it could work out to bigger things. And who's to say nay

Blushing crimson, she murmured, "I'm terribly sorry." But it was too late; it couldn't be unsaid.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCHAEFFING



(continued)

to my hunches if they haven't bankrupted Continental yet?

Since the film is heavy with costume stuff, I think you'll fit right in. I also think there are sound publicity values in this kind of deal. and in my heart I'm still the unabashed publicity man, even though they call it public relations today.

What do you say, Owen? Herzog has given the green light to the idea, so all you have to do is wire me your okay. I'll make all arrangements.

Love to you, and if there is a Mrs. T., love to her, too.

Daniel Riordan  
Vice-President

Owen read the letter twice, and then read it again, whispering the words to himself. Even saying them aloud didn't make them less incredible. But Owen knew it wasn't a joke. Riordan himself, wild man that he had been, wouldn't indulge in a joke like this. No, that letter was as good as a contract.

Owen took a deep breath and placed his glasses on top of the letter. He got up and stood before the wall mirror, studying himself in it. There was the shade of a frown under the chin, but the belly was as flat as ever, the figure still trim. He felt sick at the very thought of what might have been if he had not been so slavishly devoted to his condition.

On the wall under the mirror hung the sword he had used in "The Valiant Blade." He slipped it out of its sheath, whipped it back and forth. His wrist was still strong as iron; that's where the gymnasium had paid dividends. He leveled his sword at the mirror, narrowed his eyes at the picture of himself in doublet and jack boots. The sage older friend to the hotheaded hero. Not one of the Musketeers now, but their commander.

His arm ached a little from holding out the sword, so he drove the blade into its sheath with a satisfying thump, and then remembered the other letter. It had been that letter coming out of nowhere that must have started the ball rolling in the first place. That, and the way Riordan must have felt when the name of Owen Thatcher had suddenly been dropped in front of him.

He and Riordan had always gotten on well together back in those days, even though Owen Thatcher was the biggest name in the studio and Riordan was just another hot-shot publicity man. Riordan

couldn't have been much more than a kid then, and he looked it, but he had an unholy way of getting people to go along with his wildest schemes. Like that fantastic business of Lily Meredith.

It had started innocently enough on the set one day when Owen was in his dressing room making up. Riordan had come in, his face dark with worry. "It's that Lily Meredith," he said. "Because of her, I've got troubles like Andy Mellon's got money."

"What troubles?" Owen asked.

"What troubles? Just that this outfit has ten zillion dollars tied up in that dame. They're going to make her the biggest thing since Mary Pickford. And between you and me, Owen, Lily Meredith has no more personality than a wet towel."

"I thought you were the boy who knew all the tricks. Have her jewels stolen. Get her kidnaped. Get her a cobra to parade on a leash."

"She won't go for anything like that," mourned Riordan. "So help me, she told Nat Herzog himself that everything I came up with was disgusting and in bad taste. There's just one angle that might work, Owen, and that's why I'm here. After all, you're the biggest thing around, and if the papers get the idea that there's something between you and her . . ."

The upshot was that Owen found himself escorting Lily Meredith to places where reporters and photographers were always miraculously present. The further upshot was that Owen, with Riordan hovering in the background like an anxious Cupid, found himself wooing, engaged to, and finally wed to Lily Meredith. The marriage blew up, to Owen's honest distress, within a few months, and the divorce was concluded to another loud clamor from the press and to heartfelt gratitude from Riordan. "If there's anything I can do for you, Owen . . ."

But there wasn't anything he could do when sound came. Owen Thatcher and beautifully printed subtitles went out together.

"It's the voice," Nat Herzog said. He tapped his own Adam's apple despairingly. "It don't come out right, Owen. Five thousand dollars we spent to fix up that voice, and still it don't help. It's too husky or something." He threw his arms out wide. "If there was anything else we could do, Owen . . ."

He hung on for a while, but when he found himself waiting for an hour in the anteroom before his own agent would see him, he knew he was through. He had some money, not as much as people might think, but enough, and he went into business selling insurance. But it was too painful meeting the old faces on this new basis, so he quietly went to New York and opened his business there. Maybe Riordan had something in his

mind about bread cast upon the waters when he read that fan letter.

Then Owen picked up the letter. It was addressed from the West Side uptown, and written in a carelessly scrawled but feminine handwriting.

Dear Sirs:

Yesterday, during my high-school class in modern drama, I saw two old silent movies made by your company. "Quicksilver" and "The Valiant Blade," with Owen Thatcher in them.

I think Mr. Thatcher's performances in these pictures are among the most memorable I have ever seen in the movies, and I would like to write him this personally. Could you please tell me his present address?

Thank you,  
Carol Vaughn

Owen did some swift mental calculation. "Quicksilver" was the first one he had made for Continental; that would be thirty years ago! And "The Valiant Blade" was Herzog's first production for the company; that would make it about twenty-five years old. And Carol Vaughn would be how old? Sixteen. Seventeen, perhaps. He had to laugh at the thought.

But one thing hadn't changed. The second paragraph of that letter could have been copied word for word out of any one of the thousands that had been piled on his dressing-room floor long before Carol was born. Then it had been skirts that daringly revealed the knobby knees of adolescence, rolled stockings, unfastened galoshes that flapped their way along like elephant hoofs. Today it was shirttails dangling outside skintight dungarees, bunched-up woolen socklets, clodhopping moccasins. He could see Carol Vaughn as clearly as if she were there, seated at his desk, her feet twisted into the chair rungs, her pen eagerly dashing off her new-found passion.

It made a wonderfully comical picture, Owen thought, but comical or not, the girl had certainly worked a miracle for him. He walked the floor with quick, excited steps, bubbling over with the exhilaration of it. There were a dozen details to be taken care of, and he tried to organize them mentally. The business? There was nothing he could do about that until tomorrow. A wire of acceptance to Riordan? No, better to postpone that a couple of days. *Never let them see you're anxious*; if you never learned anything else in Hollywood, you learned that.

But he had to do *something*, and right now. In the face of a miracle, you broke open champagne, you threw your shoes through the window, you fired shots into the air. You celebrated.

He stopped short as the idea took form. The more he considered it, the



more amusing and delightful it looked. There would be no champagne poured on this occasion. It would all have to be perfectly proper and respectable from start to finish, because it would be as much Carol Vaughn's party as his. It would be his thank-you for what she had made possible, and it would be something she could write in her diary in capital letters.

He checked the name and address on the letter, and found them readily enough in the phone book. He was surprised to find himself nervous with anticipation as he dialed the number.

"Yes?" a girl's voice said.

Owen cleared his throat. "Miss Carol Vaughn?"

"That's right. Who is this, please?" There was a pleasantly rounded enunciation of the words. Carol Vaughn, Owen reflected with sure insight, was a young lady taking dramatic lessons.

"This is Owen Thatcher," he said.

He wasn't sure what response he'd expected: a gasp, a shriek of incredulity, something like that. Instead, she remarked with great self-possession, "I guess it was that letter, wasn't it? I'm awfully glad it got around to you; I sincerely meant what I said in it."

It took him a moment to recover his balance. "It was the letter, Miss Vaughn, and it's meant a great deal to me. So much so that I'd like to show my thanks in some way," he glanced at his watch. "It's six now. If your evening is free and you don't mind spending it as my guest, I can pick you up at eight, and we'll make it theatre, dinner, and perhaps dancing afterward. That is," he added warily, "if your parents won't mind your staying up to that hour."

"Of course, they'll mind," Carol said cheerfully. He heard her say in an outraged aside, "Oh, Mother, please!" and then she addressed him again. "As a matter of fact, they're preparing to mind right now, but I'll have them straightened out by the time you get here."

"Now, look—" Owen said in alarm.

"It'll be formal, of course, won't it, Mr. Thatcher? You know, I never wore my evening gown in the middle of the week before. I think this is fabulous!"

"Now, look—" Owen said, and then he had to laugh. "I think so, too," he said. "I'll see you at eight."

He put the phone down and drew a deep breath. There were things to be done now, ways of releasing the charge of excitement in him. First, the theatre tickets. He phoned his ticket agent and ordered two seats for "Twilight Time." The agent groaned.

"Owen, if I could get seats for 'Twilight Time,' I would trade them in for uranium. The show is sold out for twenty years in advance, Owen. You know that as well as I do."

"Two seats for tonight," Owen said. "Fifth row, center. I'll pick them up at the box office."

"I hope you know what they'll cost you, Owen."

"I don't care. Just get them."

The agent whistled softly. "It must be a big deal you're working on, my friend."

"Very big," said Owen. "The biggest."

He phoned the car-hire service for a Cadillac and chauffeur to pick him up at seven-thirty, and then thumbed through his desk pad looking over the names of various restaurants he knew firsthand. He settled for Philippe's, the most luxurious room he could think of, and made a reservation for after-theatre there. There was no problem about picking the right place to dance; he and Fay had long ago discovered the Opal Room at the St. Stephen and went there regularly.

He suddenly clapped a hand to his forehead. If he hadn't luckily rung Fay into his thoughts, he'd never have remembered he was supposed to see her tonight. He'd be out on the town with his pixilated teen-ager, and Fay would be sitting at home wondering what had become of him.

Not that she would make an issue of it; that was one of her virtues. From the time Owen had first come to know her well, a few years before, she had never claimed possession of him. If he wanted to talk about himself, she listened gladly; if not, she took it for granted it was none of her business.

She was a widow, a few years younger than he. He'd met her on her husband's death, when he was called to the house about her husband's insurance. He liked her at once. It was clear she was going through a bad time, but her poise and self-control never wavered, nor did her quick interest in people and her readiness to like them.

She lived in a comfortably old-fashioned frame house out in Queens, tended a garden, paid visits to a newly married daughter, and kept an eye on a son who had just entered college. Yet she was youthful and attractive, and completely at home on a tennis court or dance floor. Sometimes Owen found himself drifting into vague thoughts of marriage, of settling down to the tranquil routine of that old frame house, and then he would recoil from the thought. It was never more than a matter of putting the question to Fay, but he was careful not to come too close to it. That house would close around him like a trap. He would be done for; a suburban householder growing old and fat and careless while he spaded his garden and raked leaves.

He called Fay to explain it would be impossible for him to get out to the house that evening, and she understood perfectly. It was a shame, but tomorrow evening, perhaps? That would be fine;

# Tampax

can even be  
worn in tub  
or shower



If you're used to bulky external pads, this may sound unbelievable. But the reason Tampax sanitary protection can be worn in tub or shower is because it's worn internally.

Everything about Tampax is small and dainty. The throwaway applicator, for instance. The fact that Tampax is easily disposed of. The discovery that a whole month's supply slips into the purse. Yes, once you change to Tampax, you're due for many pleasant surprises.

One of the pleasantest is the way Tampax protects you against odor. Another nice thing is that it eliminates the whole cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness. (Tampax doesn't show; once it's in place, you can't feel it; you almost forget it's there.)

Tampax is a doctor's answer to all these monthly problems, and everything about it strikes millions of women as ideal. Get it in your choice of 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior—at any drug or notion counter. Economy size gives an average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



(continued)

she'd have the Nelsons over for bridge. And it was thoughtful of him to call.

He hung up feeling doubly guilty, but as he shaved and showered, the guilt was washed away under the impetus of Riordan's letter. Fay, the Nelsons, all these quiet people with their quiet settled ways could only look back. He had been like that himself for twenty-three long years. Now he could start looking ahead.

Riding uptown in the limousine, he had his first qualms. What if the girl were a horror, smeared with make-up and done up in some monstrosity of a gown, looking like a child parading in her mother's clothes? Or, just as bad, what if she were struck dumb so that he would have to talk on and on, hearing his voice clattering in his ears and knowing he was boring her to death. The girl had drawn a flattering picture of him from what she'd seen on the screen; it would be painful to shatter it.

Heavy with these forebodings, he rang the bell of the Vaughn apartment. A small, graying woman with a harried look opened the door.

"Oh, my," she said. "Please do come in, Mr. Thatcher."

Inside, a large, plump man was watching television. He stood up and shook Owen's hand with a numbing grip.

"Well, well," he said. "I remember you from the time Mrs. Vaughn and I were keeping company in the balcony of the Tivoli." He laughed. "They were great pictures you made. Great. They don't make them like that today, do they?"

Owen felt a pleasant glow. "No," he said. "I guess they don't."

Mr. Vaughn shook his head soberly. "No, they don't." He cleared his throat and studied Owen in a puzzled manner. "But what I wanted to ask, Mr. Thatcher, is about this thing tonight with Carol. I don't see—"

"Walter!" said Mrs. Vaughn.

"But I don't see—"

As far as Owen was concerned, Carol did not make her entrance a moment too soon. And he thought, it was quite an entrance.

She swept into the room and poised there briefly, so that he could take in the gown, all rose and gray, the sleek dark hair drawn into a demure chignon, the high cheekbones and clear, wide-set eyes. She was a tall girl, tall and rangy, he thought, like an athlete in good trim, and there was a glow of youth and vital-

ity about her that suddenly made him feel the weight of the years on his shoulders.

Then, in one continuous, surprising motion, she swooped upon her mother, kissed her, kissed her father, patted his cheek fondly, thrust her arm through Owen's, turned him toward the door so that he nearly stumbled over his own feet, and pulled him through.

"Carol!" Mr. Vaughn's voice sounded as the door closed.

"Quick!" said Carol, and she and Owen fled down the stairs, Owen feeling strangely like a culprit fleeing the police, until they were in the car, and the car was moving. Then Carol leaned back breathlessly and looked at him with a wicked smile.

"I convinced Mother," she said, "but I'm afraid I didn't do too well with Father. I think he has a list of questions all made out for you, and then a man-to-man talk ready. I can't stand man-to-man talks, can you? And I know what they're like, because I get them all the time."

"About what?"

"Oh, about being impulsive mostly. I'm terribly impulsive, and Father is very strong on that fools-rush-in-where-angels-fear-to-tread idea. Only, the way I see it, it isn't being an angel that makes you fear to tread; it's fearing to tread that makes you an angel. And once you're an angel, I think you're pretty much in a position where you can tread as you want, but you've never really learned how! It's awfully ironic, isn't it?"

It was then Owen realized he was having a perfectly wonderful time.

"Twilight Time" was all the good things the critics had said. Carol sat quietly, taking in every line with rapt absorption, and in the lobby during intermission, she discussed the play with wit and good sense. She also said to him, as they headed for their seats at the start of the second act, "A lot of people here know you, don't they? I mean, the way they look at you as if they wanted to come over and say hello but weren't sure you'd like it."

He said, "More likely they're trying to remember where they saw me and who I am, and wish I'd speak up and tell them." But he thought triumphantly, *Not that they'll have to wonder much longer. Not if Riordan still has the magic touch, they won't.*

"I suppose," Carol observed, "it's something that happens to everyone famous who retired a long time ago. And you know, there's something nice about that. I mean, the way a sort of glow remains so that you're always a little different from ordinary people. I think I'm going to like that," she decided.

"After you've finished with your career as an actress," Owen said gravely.

She looked at him delightedly. "How

did you know I want to be an actress?"

"Oh, there are ways," Owen said.

He told her the ways when they were seated at their table in Philippe's. He also told her—and he found the weary old phrase came with surprising ease in this case—that if she worked hard enough, she might make a very fine actress, indeed.

She made it clear she was no stranger to hard work. "High school to finish this year," she said, "and going downtown every afternoon for dramatics and dancing, and then the Academy of Dramatic Arts for a couple of years, and then try-outs, and there doesn't seem to be any end to it."

"There isn't."

"But you weren't on the stage, were you?"

"No," Owen said, "I'm strictly Hollywood. Matter of fact, my folks had a house about five minutes away from Hollywood and Vine before there even was a Hollywood and Vine. I just naturally went into the movies because that's all I was interested in doing."

She rested her elbows on the table and cupped her chin in her hands. "What was it like when you started?"

"Tough. Very tough. I was a stunt man, and that was tough. Then I did some bit parts, and it didn't look as if I was going anywhere at all. Most of the time I spent just begging people for something bigger to do, and hounding producers for a real part, and worrying myself sick about doing it right, and then worrying if it had been left on the cutting-room floor when it was all done. Later on it was very nice, but for a long time it didn't look as if there'd even be a later on."

"But there was," Carol said. The waiter placed a laden platter before her, and a meager salad before Owen, and Carol looked at the salad with distress. "Is that *all* you're eating?"

Owen regarded the salad with some distaste himself. "It is," he said. And then he said with the feeling that this was the perfect time to explode his bomb, "But I imagine the studio would prefer it. You see, I'm going back into pictures again."

Carol looked at him, her fork poised in mid-air.

"Pictures again?"

"Yes," Owen said, "and it was your letter that did most of it. It started a friend of mine at the studio thinking about me, and today I got his offer along with your letter. That's what I wanted to thank you for."

Carol slowly laid down her fork. "But why do you want to go back into pictures? Is it an important role?"

"No," he said, disconcerted, "it isn't. In fact, it pretty nearly means starting all over again."



"Then it's wrong," Carol said decisively. "And I think you're making an awful mistake."

She's only a child, Owen told himself, she can't understand any of this, but the blood was suddenly pounding in his ears, and his hands were shaking so with anger that he had to clench his fists to conceal it.

"Really?" he said, and it was an effort to get the word out.

"Yes, because it's exactly the same as my father and football. He used to play in college; he was a real star, and we have all kinds of clippings and medals and stuff about it, and that's all right. And when he talks about the way he played in big games, that's all right, too. But then sometimes in the fall he goes right down to the park to try and play ball with the young fellows, and that's when it's all wrong. He can't do things the way he used to, and it looks terrible. And nobody'll tell him about it, either," she said helplessly, "because they all like him so much."

"I'm sure they do," Owen said evenly. "And if it's your impression that acting is a form of exercise like playing football, you've got a lot to learn about acting."

She looked at him, startled, and turned bright pink. "I shouldn't have said all that, should I? I'm terribly sorry."

"Is it your impression that acting is like playing football?" he demanded.

She shook her head. "Of course not. But don't you see, Mr. Thatcher—it was obviously taking all her courage to say it—"what you were doing in those movies I saw wasn't acting, really."

"Oh?"

"No, it wasn't," she said defiantly. "But when I was watching it there, I could tell it was better and more exciting than just acting. You were just being yourself. You were being so gay and reckless and strong that it came right through to everyone and made them all feel the same way. As long as they were watching you, they were everything you were! And that's a wonderful thing to be able to do for people. I don't think there was ever anybody else who did it like you."

"Thank you."

"But it is like being a football hero," she rushed on. "And it's something you can't keep on doing all your life."

He had his answer ready, a sharp and decisive answer, and then something cut it short in him. There was a mirror behind Carol, and he was staring at himself in it. There was a mirror in his living room, too, and Riordan's letter had sent him to it only a little while before.

He had looked at himself in that mirror. With the old sword in his hand, like some Don Quixote, he had been seeking something in it. Seeking what? His

youth. The assurance that time had stood still for him, that nothing had changed, that he was what he had been so long ago. And he had found that assurance, because in the mirror he was seeing only what he wanted to see.

But this mirror was being held up by Carol, and was showing him what she saw. Not an actor. A daredevil with the daredevilry gone out of him. A fatherly-looking man nibbling a salad to keep his belt line down. A prosperous businessman who might be enjoying his work if he didn't live day and night haunted by a twenty-three-year-old dream.

He saw all this, and he saw the dream shatter apart, like a piece of the candy glass used in a movie set, and the fragments sift down into a little handful of nothing. That's all there was to it, and the only thing that surprised him was that when he saw Carol looking at him worriedly, he could smile at her.

"Are you all right?" she said. "You looked so funny."

"I'm quite all right."

"But the way you looked—"

"I think," Owen said slowly and deliberately, "that it must be hunger. And I think that the only remedy would be a large order of what you're having and then as much pastry as I can hold. You have to see Philippe's pastry to believe it. I've always wondered how it tasted."

"But you said—"

"I know, but I've changed my mind. Or, rather, you changed it for me. No Hollywood. Not even a whiff of it."

Her assurance wavered. "Oh, no," she gasped, "you mustn't leave it up to me. It's such a big decision—"

"But it's all decided," he told her. Then teasingly he said, "And I'm glad."

And then he suddenly realized with wonderment that he *was* glad. He was lightheaded with a sense of relief, with his feeling of escape. The hard, rough road ahead was for Carol to climb, and others like her, all young and eager. But he had already climbed it; he could step aside now and take it easy.

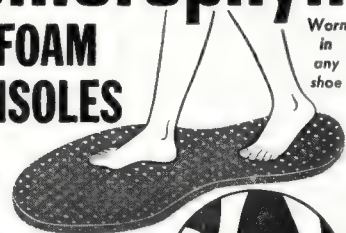
And taking it easy meant all sorts of things that Carol and the others would have to discover for themselves someday. Little things they wouldn't believe would come to mean so much to a man. Twenty-three years, Owen thought, and shook his head at them.

Because now he would eat when he was hungry and drink when he was thirsty. He would ride when his legs ached, and if he chose to walk, he would walk slowly when he felt like it. He would be able to stand up to a mirror without a quick sense of fear. He would put on glasses and see what the world looked like.

And when he came to the old frame house in Queens, he would know he was coming home.

THE END

## NEW! Dr. Scholl's Chlorophyll FOAM INSOLES



**LIKE WALKING ON PILLOWS!**  
Dr. Scholl's Cloro-Vent Foam Insoles Help Keep Your Feet Delightfully

*Air-Cushioned!  
Air-Ventilated!  
Chlorophyll-Treated!*



**PERFORATED, VENTILATED—**  
To keep your feet dry

NOW! For the most delightful walking ease imaginable, wear Chlorophyll treated Dr. Scholl's CLORO-VENT Foam Insoles in your shoes. They instantly convert any shoe into an air-ventilated, air-cushioned shoe. Also quickly relieve painful callouses, burning, tenderness on bottom of feet. Perforated to ventilate your feet—no helpful in maintaining good foot health. Get a pair of Dr. Scholl's CLORO-VENT Foam Insoles today. Only 69¢. Sizes for men and women. At Drug, Shoe, Department, 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.

## Dr. Scholl's CLORO-VENT FOAM INSOLES



## Dr. Scholl's Chlorophyll FOOT POWDER

1. Relieves Hot, Tender, Tired, Chafed, Sensitive Feet...
2. Eases New or Tight Shoes...
3. Helps Prevent Athlete's Foot...
4. Contains Chlorophyll

You'll find this scientifically compounded foot powder delightfully soothing, refreshing. Start using Dr. Scholl's Chlorophyll Foot Powder today and make it a daily habit. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops.



There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble







Broad satire, bare skin, and wild shenanigans liven up "Almanac" 's sketch, "Hope You Come Back."

# Backstage at the Birth of a Hit

*By Jon Whitcomb*



**F**or lighthearted fun in the theatre, I'll take a revue. I had a good time at one unveiled recently, "John Murray Anderson's Almanac," his thirty-ninth Broadway musical since "The Greenwich Village Follies" of thirty-five years ago. A shrewd cookie at

this sort of thing, Mr. Anderson loaded the batter with every flavor in the kitchen. from stars to show girls, he cast the show with verve and spirit. When it opened in New York, most of the critics stamped the sketches as Grade A, the performances A-plus, and the music B-minus.

(This seems to be a trend; what happened to old-fashioned shows with hit songs?) All right, this leaves us with audiences that go out laughing instead of humming. Stop shoving, and let me introduce you to some of Mr. John Murray Anderson's top bananas.

**COLLEEN HUTCHINS.** Every revue since Ziegfeld has had some king-size dames with a peculiar walk. These are called show girls, and the reason they walk that way is so their hats won't fall off. The hats are sometimes four or five feet high; to keep them on, girls have to put one foot down gingerly, as in treading on eggs, then bring hips forward in a sort of slow-motion bump. You've seen brides do this going down chapel aisles to "Lohengrin." "Almanac" blossomed with several girls who had this walk down cold. Let's start with Colleen Hutchins, a blonde bundle of loveliness in the large economy size. (She's six-foot-two with heels.)

Colleen began on vitamins in Pasadena, grew tall and pretty in Salt Lake City—now *there's* a good song title—and

got a master's degree at the University of Utah. She got famous at Atlantic City in 1952, when the judges made her Miss America, and spent the next year making personal appearances, at fifty G's a year. When she posed for me, I asked her how she liked being tall.

"Who's tall?" she asked, widening her blue eyes to the camera aperture of f/1.5. "I've got four brothers over six-foot-five and two sisters my height who are both prettier than me. I like it up here. The air's fresher, and I get a better view. Of course, there *are* problems. For instance, shoes. I take size 11½, so they have to be made for me. My husband is six-foot-five, and I guess you could say I'm well-adjusted."

This is no exaggeration. Colleen is not only well-adjusted but well-proportioned

and well-endowed. Her wide shoulders are just right for her height. She may be the advance sample of a new race of supergoddesses. I said so. This amused her.

"That's why they love me in South America," she said. "After Atlantic City I was booked solid in the States for things like snow festivals and sweet-potato carnivals, but the riots began when I went south. In Peru and Colombia, crowds followed me in the streets, all little shrimps, and I had to travel with policemen. In my hotel room one night I heard funny noises at the door. There were people outside with augers boring holes in it. First the shavings, then the drill bit came through, then I could see a dark eye beyond each hole. Boy, was I flattered!"

Jon Whitcomb (continued)



Hermione prefers not to be a "dish." What fun is glamour next to bugle beads and a cello?

**HERMIONE GINGOLD.** "Blowzy beauty" was the term one critic used to describe Miss Hermione Gingold, "Almanac"'s English star. She moved Wolcott Gibbs to mention "the irresistible weakness British comedienne have for making themselves look as repulsive as possible." Both of these cracks made Hermione very happy. Practically unknown to America before "Almanac," she has a devoted following in England who adore her as a grand-mannered low comic. Her gallery of characterizations, from bums to duchesses, is achieved by the relentless reversal of glamour.

Equipped with a pipe-organ voice, trained early on Old Vic Shakespeare, La Gingold puts realism first and lipstick second. In contrast to Beatrice Lillie, who always manages to look chic when impersonating a kitchen maid, Hermione goes after belly laughs with fright wig, chalk-white face, and bowlegged stance, as in her hilarious bit as a lady cello player. ("They don't come to hear me *play*, they come to see me *walk*." ) In

an interview aired on the CBS radio show "Stage Struck," she told Mike Wallace, "If I do any old ladies, I try to chop up real people and do bits of them, and I'm very careful about the clothes I use, little things like handkerchiefs and handbags. Unless I have absolutely the right clothes, I don't feel comfortable. I like to get it as real as I possibly can." This passion for realism keeps a dresser busy behind the scenes stacking and unstacking Miss G. with an insane progression of props, like a sequin bathing suit ("Miss Rheingold"), a baggy evening gown sagging with bugle beads (the cello number), a decrepit 1890 suit with feather boa (for "European Express"), a hoop skirt, lace pants, and a long red wig (for the "Little Women" satire).

In private life, Miss Gingold wears her short gray hair in a wind-swept bob, wears smart suits and plenty of lipstick. Unlike most transplants from Piccadilly, she likes the New York tempo. "I'm mad about the speed here," she says. "My dressing room is busier than the Em-

bassy. Heavy traffic in London visitors. Maybe it's the tea and biscuits, or my English magazines they come to see. And Billy DeWolfe and I share a tame mouse."







**MONIQUE VAN VOOREN.** If you've been reading about this Lorelei Lee, 1954 model, in the gossip columns, you'll be right up to date on another of "Almanac"'s luxurious show girls. Called "Coo-Coo the Bird Girl" by John Murray Anderson, who is fond of succinct nicknames, Monique looks like an early version of Hedy Lamarr, but there is some doubt whether Hedy was ever quite as colorful. Born in Brussels, Monique has a faintly Continental accent. Her approach, however, to sex and jewels is pure Anita Loos.

The day she posed for me, she arrived wrapped in a starlight-mink greatcoat just as one of the show's stars was leav-

ing. The star ran her eyes up and down the coat, said good-by sweetly, and slammed the door. Monique smiled, sat down, crossed her knees, and pulled up her skirt to a fetching angle. "I have more at home," she said.

I asked her if the rich millionaires were queuing up at the stage door. "Just bouquets every day," she said, yawning. "I'm married to a millionaire. He's a vice-president of Muzak. But I'm divorcing him. I have to make a Martin-and-Lewis movie in Paris this summer. I just finished a picture called "Tarzan and the She-Devil." She lit a cigarette. "I was the she-devil."

"Tell me the story of your life," I

suggested, "in twenty-five words or less."

"Well, I speak Italian, French, Dutch, and German, I was water-ski champion of the Riviera, I play the piano, and I like diamonds and rubies." She patted her hair, a glistening cap of short black curls with a highlight ingeniously applied to each strand. "You like?" she inquired. I liked. "This I call 'Careful Dishevelment,'" she said. I wish now I had asked her how that would sound in her four other languages. Checking later with another member of the cast, I asked if Monique could really play the piano. "Sure, she played for us yesterday backstage. Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song,' all first four bars of it, several times."



**BILLY DE WOLFE.** To costar with Miss Gingold in "Almanac," Billy De Wolfe shed twenty extra pounds and shaved off the mustache that was his trade-mark in a dozen movies. Says it makes him feel undressed.

One of his sketches with Hermione is a wild scenario on how "Little Women" might look if it were directed by Joshua Logan and played by the "Picnic" and "Wish You Were Here" companies. De Wolfe makes his entrance in dungarees with an ash can over his shoulder, rolling in with a swagger burlesqued from Ralph Meeker. This strut was the result of four trips to see "Picnic."

Billy's strut may well become as famous as his Mrs. Murgatroyd bit, seen in the film "Blue Skies," a routine he worked up early in a career that began in Wollaston, Massachusetts. From there he tramped all over the world, from music halls to vaudeville theatres to night clubs. He's crazy about travel. He's fond of Mrs. Murgatroyd, who only requires four props: a Helen Hokinson hat, a pince-nez, a shopping bag, and a black purse. If you remember, Mrs. Murgatroyd was not a drinking woman. Speaking to the waiter in a cocktail bar, she says, "Well, maybe just a small Scotch Plaid, please . . . (downs it at a gulp). . . . Yes, it's my eighteenth anniversary with Chesley—eighteen wonderful years. . . . (After the fifth Scotch Plaid) . . . As I was saying, eighteen horrible years."

In this show, De Wolfe turns up as a nineteenth-century murder victim, an English butler, a spinster on a train, and a Toulouse-Lautrec stage-door John in a skit with Gingold called "La Pistachio." La Pistachio reads his palm, looks up, and says dryly, "You will travel." Suits Billy fine. He always has.

**POLLY BERGEN.** Polly Bergen is a Tennessee girl with a flawless skin and wide-set blue-green eyes who began her career folk singing. Best known for her movie roles, she arrived in "Almanac" through a series of sessions in summer stock, light opera, dance bands, night clubs, TV shows, and a Hal Wallis movie contract. Of her three Martin-and-Lewis pictures, Polly says the never-a-dull-moment stories of the pair are all true.

"After finishing a picture with them," Polly says, "it took me two months to recover. Those boys had me so embarrassed I was afraid to go to the studio in the morning. Once they tore a lace dress I was wearing in a scene all to pieces. Edith Head, the designer, had warned me to be extremely careful when I wore it, as there was no more lace like



Two years ago she visited New York as the guest of Dolores Gray and her family, and decided her dish was America. Finding nothing very difficult about the local language and customs, she was soon singing in night spots like La Rue and the St. Regis. After *l'affaire* "Maggie," she left the country (as all foreign actors must) and re-entered the States from Nassau on immigrant status. ("That's a different deal from Hermione's," she explains. "She's here as a resident alien.")

In "Almanac" her big voice, often compared to Merman's and Martin's, and glittering gold hair add luster to a very funny sketch with De Wolfe called "My Cousin Who?" in which she plays a satirical murderess.

About United States citizenship, Celia is in something of a dilemma. Her loyalties are evenly divided at the moment. So far, she hasn't had time to get home for a visit.



it for repairs. It was the first screen dress I'd ever had built especially for me. Before, I'd always got something cut down from an old Betty Hutton film. Well, I cried my eyes out. The whole crew started to laugh. Seems I had been wearing the understudy's duplicate, and the whole thing was a rib."

In "Almanac," the critics admired Polly for the distinction with which she handles several undistinguished songs. But her costumes are becoming, and nobody has torn any sleeves off so far.

**CELIA LIPTON.** This imported blonde's first American show, a musical called "Maggie," died right after the fourth performance. "Almanac" is her second try. She was born in Scotland on Christmas Day, to a dancing mother and a band-leader father, Sydney Lipton, now well-known in London. They devoted all their efforts to keeping Celia out of show business. Consequently, in no time at all she was busy singing and dancing in night clubs and musicals.



**ELAINE DUNN.** "Almanac"'s button-cute Young Thing department is well filled by Elaine Dunn, a black-eyed, black-bobbed teen-age explosion from East Cleveland. After finishing Glenville,



Ohio, high school, she got a job in the recent production of "Pal Joey" as a dancing replacement. Then she worked out on the borsch circuit. Her numbers with Carleton Carpenter in "Almanac" made a hit with the critics, and Elaine looks to everybody in show business like a happy event casting its shadow before. Her style is pert and full of gusto, and her poster face and wide-screen voice make it easy for her to be appreciated by customers as far up as the second balcony.

A suggestible girl, Elaine is momentarily under the spell of Orson Bean, a featured comic with the show. Her conversation is delivered in Bean dialogue, with Bean inflections. When I called to ask her to pose, she answered the phone in Bean's voice, then apologized. "It'll wear off," she said. "Any minute now, I'll be imitating somebody else." Silly girl. People will be imitating her.

**CARLETON CARPENTER.** Born in Bennington, Vermont, Carpenter is another recruit from the cinema. Blond and six-feet-three, he has made a flock of films, the most recent being "Whistle at Eaton Falls" and "Take the High Ground." Here we have a triple-threat man with rhythm. As I write this, a song he wrote called "Christmas Eve" is pouring out of the radio loud-speaker as recorded by Billy Eckstine. You probably caught it on the jukeboxes.

Before he turned up in Hollywood,

Carleton worked in an earlier musical, "Three to Make Ready," starring Ray Bolger and including in its cast, at least temporarily, a ukulele player named Arthur Godfrey. I had a certain amount of trouble with the Carpenter versatility. He would much rather play a piano than pose for his picture. This sketch is what was left over from his session with my eighty-eight.

**HARRY BELAFONTE.** A best-seller on records, Harry Belafonte would rather act than sing. But he has a way with folk songs, and a set of versatile vocal chords to make them interesting. Considering his velvet voice, the public wants him for a singer. With the money rolling in, Harry has decided to bow to public opinion and make the best of the situation. He likes composing, and wrote two of the numbers he sings in "Almanac"—"Hold 'Em, Joe" and "Mark Twain." Once, during a lull in show business, he tried running a Greenwich Village restaurant in partnership with an actor and a writer. It folded. The Belafonte chassis is six-feet-two-and-a-half high, and was seen recently in a movie, "Bright Road."



A tall bevy designed to keep any show from grinding to a halt, Monique Van Vooren, Colleen Hutchins, Tina Louise, and Jacqueline Michels give various chambers of commerce a severe raking over in their highly satirical "Queen for a Day" sketch. THE END

*Is he—or she—no longer the one you married?*

Paul Himmel



## Romance

**M**ost young men and women enter marriage with the fear that eating and sleeping together will take the romance out of their lives. —And if they're lucky, that's just what happens.

For authorities agree that the same romantic illusions that govern our mating habits are a most important factor in our high divorce rate.

The well-known anthropologist Margaret Mead speaks for most modern commentators when she calls romantic love "the American marriage dilemma." A set of misconceptions about sex, human nature, and society, romantic love makes falling in love a lot more hazardous and less enjoyable than it needs to be.

Sometimes the newlyweds, after a stormy readjustment to reality, settle down to acting themselves, relaxing, and enjoying living together. Unfortunately, it's not usually that simple. The virus of romantic love has certain strains that resist the most heroic doses of common sense. After lying dormant for years, it can suddenly flare up with greater violence than ever.

Why in the world did they ever get married in the first place, you've probably wondered about some couples who make life utterly miserable for each other. Romantic love may well be the answer, for it encourages bad marriages by ruling out, during courtship, all notice of defects or differences that might cause trouble later. It's useless for parents or friends to try to point them out. The boy and girl are "in love." Nothing else matters. "The ideal girl and the ideal boy choose and marry each other in spite of all obstacles," says Dr. Mead. "Disregarding obstacles just proves their love. They know from the movies and from stories and ads that love will solve all."

But the young man and woman who marry in the implicit belief that their love will automatically triumph over impossible financial difficulties; sharp differences in social, political, or religious attitudes; or a constant clash in temperament are in for a rude shock. The fact



*Have the star dust and the moonglow gone? Don't mourn for them*

## Can Ruin Your Marriage

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

is, of course, that love and marriage create plenty of problems of their own.

Much of our belief in the magic of love probably traces back to the mystery we make of sex in the minds of children and adolescents. No matter how much they know about sex intellectually, they grow up to feel that sexual experience will give them a new personality and reveal the secret of adult happiness.

### The Movies Glorify Romance

This faith in the magic of love is glorified by countless stories and movies in which the hero goes from bad to worse—wasting his talents and even resorting to crime—simply because he has taken up with the wrong sweetheart. The moment he discovers his true love, he loses no time in achieving a blissful marriage and spectacular success.

In real life, of course, the “inspiration” a man gets from his ideal wife can’t take the place of talent, work, or luck. Nor is it something he can put down on a job application—unless he’s married the boss’s daughter.

Another notion of romantic love is that boy and girl are absolutely dependent on one another. When they are separated for even a little while, life seems empty and dull. Instead of concealing this appalling lack of resourcefulness, they boast of it. The girl is thrilled to hear her young man whisper, “I can’t live without you.” Quite possibly, he means it. But what neither realizes is that the romantic will always find someone he can’t live without—no matter who it is.

In romantic love, the desire to be loved is always more pronounced than the impulse to love. The boy and girl have to reassure one another constantly, and the oftener they protest their undying love, the less convincing they are. In marriage, this gets to be quite a strain. This exaggerated demand for love is a throwback to our childhood, when most of us were greatly overvalued by doting parents. Growing up exposes us to the world’s far more realistic assessment of

our charms and talents. Romantic love rescues us from this harsh fate and once again we bask in a warmly flattering evaluation of ourselves. “I’ll pretend you’re everything you want to be if you’ll do the same for me,” is the unspoken agreement between romantics. And so the boy or girl in love shifts his dependency from his parents to the idealized image of his beloved. But at the slightest disillusionment, he is likely to shift this dependency to someone new or back to his parents.

It’s no mere coincidence that romantic lovers treat each other like spoiled infants and use the word *baby* as a term of endearment. For romantic love is a regression to the helplessness of a small child, who is entitled to be loved and cared for without doing anything in return. The romantic demands love not because there is something good about himself, but simply because he exists.

This self-centered idea of love evidences a deep reluctance to grow up. The romantic is emotionally immature. Above all he dreads to make decisions for which he will have to accept the consequences. It may sound wonderful when he says, “I can’t help myself, it’s fate,” but it sounds very different after he’s married and he starts blaming all his troubles on luck or fate—or you.

For many girls and boys who grow up with guilt feelings about sex desires, romantic love is a means of eating their cake and having it, too. Psychoanalyst Karen Horney describes the process: “Love then becomes a feeling so exalted and so celestial that any realistic fulfillment seems by comparison shallow and indeed despicable. . . . Love, therefore, can be realized in fantasy only.”

Before marriage, romantic lovers are filled with unreal ideas about love, and these fanciful notions can be a damaging influence when carried over into their marriage. The well-known marriage counselor Dr. Abraham Stone tells about a typical couple.

Before marriage, Edna and Jim used

to talk about sex quite a lot. In fact, they felt that even in this era of Kinsey they were pretty advanced in their thinking. From the excited, poetic way Edna talked about “consummation” and “spiritual union,” Jim got the idea that she was very passionate.

After marriage, the reality of sexual relations filled Edna with dread and aversion. Looking back, each wondered how he was taken in by the other’s lies. “Actually, of course, neither was lying,” says Dr. Stone. “They just weren’t talking about the same thing.”

Romantic courtship is a dreamer’s paradise, a play world. It ignores reality and lives in pleasurable fantasy. But once this magic period passes and is followed by the reality of marriage, a terrific let-down sets in.

This feeling is well described by one of the wives who attended a discussion group conducted by marriage counselor and psychiatrist Dr. Lena Levine.

“We always wanted to be alone,” the wife said, “and then when we came to the hotel room after the ceremony, there were just the two of us. I never knew I could feel so lonely. I looked at Tom, and instead of the man I’d always dreamed of marrying, I saw this skinny little kid who looked tight around the mouth, as if he were cold and trying hard not to shiver. For months, whenever we were alone, I had this panicky feeling of isolation, as if we’d been trapped by a mine cave-in and nobody outside knew or cared.”

### Marriage Is a Drastic Change

There is nothing in romantic love to prepare a man and woman for the drastic change marriage makes in their social and sexual lives. Many of their old friends drop away. The new friends they make are mostly married couples. The spice of flirtation goes out of their social life, or if it stays, now arouses guilt feelings and recriminations.

One or the other or both begin “falling out of love”—and looking around

(continued) 61

for someone else with whom he can recapture that old thrill. Or they try to invent ways of renewing or sustaining the old feeling for one another. They quarrel "because it's so sweet to make up." They run away from one another and then run back again. They dedicate themselves to creating the "perfect marriage" and "meaning everything" to one another—often at the cost of childlessness or emotional rejection of their children. They are still playing the childish game of romantic love, unable to achieve a mature relationship with each other.

Our country, surprisingly, attaches more importance to romantic love than does any other country in the world. According to Dr. Ralph Linton, who was one of the nation's outstanding anthropologists, "All societies recognize that there are occasional violent emotional attachments between persons of opposite sex. But our present American culture is practically the only one that has attempted to capitalize these and make them the basis for marriage. Most groups point out the victims of such attachments as horrible examples.

"The hero of the modern American movie is always a romantic lover, just as the hero of the old Arab epic is always an epileptic. A cynic might suggest that in any ordinary population, the percentage of individuals with a capacity for romantic love of the Hollywood type is about as large as that of persons able to throw a genuine epileptic fit. However, given a little social encouragement, either one can be adequately imitated without the performer admitting even to himself that the performance is not genuine."

As long as two people are romantically in love they never get to know one another very well. The romantic sees his mate as he wants her to be, and any resemblance between this "ideal" and a real person is purely coincidental.

This may not be as naïve as it sounds. Having an ideal about somebody is a very effective way of dictating how he must feel and act and think. "If you love me," the romantic says in effect, "you'll do as I wish." There's very little difference between living up to someone's ideal of you and obeying his orders.

### Why Some Wives "Inspire"

Everybody knows the fairy-princess type of wife who decks her husband out in knightly armor and spurs him on to slay the dragons for her. By "inspiring" him, she is able to use him as an instrument to obtain money, prestige, and social position—regardless of his own interest in these rewards. When she is disappointed in the number, size, or ferocity of the dragons he slays, this fairy-princess wife throws her romantic imagination into reverse with an epic

of self-sacrifice beginning, "When I think of all I gave up to marry you . . ."

"My wife has so many illusions about me that I'm still a complete stranger to her," a recently separated husband told Dr. Levine. "Now that she's given me up as a failure, she's trying to turn our boy into a musical genius and our daughter into another Pavlova. They're both nice average kids, and I just hope she doesn't ruin their lives."

The romantic ideal is also employed by husbands to keep their wives in a manageable role and discourage any fool notions that might occur to them about being individuals in their own right. Thus "the ideal wife" quickly learns what is expected of her: to be intelligent but never disagree with her husband; to appear glamorous and seductive enough to arouse the envy of his friends but never to show the slightest sexual interest in them; to be a passionate wife to him but never to demand sex when he doesn't happen to feel like it.

Romantic love, like most forms of fanaticism, is based on an all-or-nothing approach to life. People are thought of as completely good or completely evil. They are for you or against you. You love them or you hate them. Thus the romantic cannot recognize or adjust himself to one of the basic truths about human beings: that we are all mixtures of destructive and constructive tendencies, that we often hate people without ceasing to love them, that we in turn are often hated by those who love us.

Since the romantic cannot accept people as they really are, he tries to improve on nature by inventing ideal types. Just as every small child decides sometime or other to be a circus clown or a train engineer, so at some stage of her life almost every woman "goes for" one of these masculine package deals:

1. The strong, silent type. Why does he have such a strong attraction for women? Psychiatrists say it's because he projects the father image and symbolizes the dominant male who protects the helpless female, guides her firmly but tenderly in the ways of love, and banishes all her maidenly fears and doubts. The real-life counterpart of this ideal he-man has little to talk about, considers women weak and inferior, prefers male companionship to that of his wife, and has most of his good times with "the boys." Though his company manners are usually chivalrous, he is likely to believe that the little woman should be somewhat useful as well as ornamental and expect her to wait on him hand and foot. This type appeals primarily to the helpless and overprotected girl and is gradually falling out of favor as women are becoming more independent and losing their inhibitions about sex.

2. The great lover, usually synonymous with the Don Juan or Latin type, is gallant, suave, worldly, cynical, and above all, irresistible. By making him "irresistible," women can permit themselves to be carried away and justify any indiscretions on the ground that they were helpless to prevent it. In real life, the men who fall into this category make transitory lovers and unfaithful husbands. In the words of Dr. Karl Menninger, co-founder of the famous Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, "Such men are constantly trying to prove to themselves that they are as masculine as their inner voice tells them they are not."

### A Woman Is Safe with a Dreamer

3. The poet or dreamer is interested primarily in the soul and not the body. A woman knows she is safe with him, and this explains his attraction for the timid adolescent or the older woman who is fearful of sex. In real life, the dreamer is still the dreamer, and marriage with him is little more than a formality.

4. The little-boy type is the nice guy who is too fine and decent for his own good. He puts up a brave, masculine front, but underneath he's helpless as a baby and what he needs is the strength and support of an understanding woman. What the little-boy type of man seeks in marriage is a mother substitute, and the woman who marries him is likely to find that she has adopted a grown-up baby who takes everything she has to give—and gives almost nothing in return.

As for the women idealized by men, there are only three basic types.

1. The glamour-type girl has as many varieties as there are degrees of the quality known as "sexiness." This has little or no bearing on a girl's actual sexual capacity or experience but relates mainly to certain stylized mannerisms of dress, make-up, and posture, and to an apparent absence of intellectual interests. Sexiness varies not only in degree but as to respectability and as to cost. Some highly specialized glamour-girl types are a means of showing off a man's wealth and prestige. Others, the kind who flaunt their promiscuity, may serve a man's need to punish himself for his guilt feelings about sex. But most glamour-girl types are dreamed up for the noble purpose of assuring men that they are gay dogs after all and that life can be beautiful.

2. The chum, on the other hand, is the grand gal, the swell kid. She never holds it against you if you call her up at the last minute or break a date with her or forget to show up. She's fun to be with, too, knows just how you feel, is a grand listener, and always insists on going Dutch.

3. As between the glamour-girl and the chum there is, for the great majority





*The strong and silent type she dreams of marrying probably has nothing to say and prefers spending his evenings with the boys.*

of men, no problem of choice since they are combined in that omnibus of femininity, the All-round Woman, smart, beautiful, dependable, and economical. In real life, the average wife tries very hard to live up to this romantic ideal—and to be all things to one man. It isn't easy.

The trouble is that glamour and romance are pretty much identified with the late teens and early twenties, which we Americans idealize as the best years of life. Thus, in order to appear glamorous and inspire romantic feelings in her husband, the hard-working American wife and mother is obliged to revert to youthful behavior patterns that she has long since outgrown. As Harvard sociologist Talcott Parsons points out, the patterns of youthful behavior thus emulated are not those of actual youth but of the youth that older people wish they might have had.

All this is not to say that a certain amount of romantic nonsense doesn't have a place among grown-up men and women. It's fun to put on masks and silly costumes, do things that wouldn't ordinarily occur to you. This is a harmless way of letting off steam, by pretending to be something awfully different. But to refuse to take off your mask is to turn a way of life into a masquerade party.

If romantic love is something to be outgrown, what takes its place as youths develop into mature men and women? How can we distinguish the romantic from the realistic elements in our own love relationships?

"When the satisfaction or the security of another person becomes as significant as one's own satisfaction or security, then the state of love exists." That's how Dr. Harry Stack Sullivan, founder of the Washington School of Psychiatry, defines realistic love as opposed to romantic love.

#### What Is True Love?

Erich Fromm, a prominent psychoanalyst, adds to this the idea that "the essence of love is to labor for something and to make something grow." While romantic love forces the lovers into more or less standardized roles that bear no relation to their real characters, realistic love helps them realize themselves and become all that they potentially are.

"Each becomes an ideal audience to the other," says Dr. Nelson N. Foote, director of the University of Chicago's Family Study Center. "This ideal audience is critical but appreciative, objective but hopeful. It expects a performance as good or better than the artist [husband or wife] has given before. But it is identified with the artist and never unrealistically demands that he exceed his powers, achieve a result he never aimed for, or be something he is not."

THE END

# A Happy "Thirty"

*This reporter Howie could charm himself into the hearts of everyone, even a certain beautiful girl. All he lacked, really, was a heart of his own*

**BY WILLIAM NANEY** ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

I wasn't surprised when I read in *Editor & Publisher* that Howie had won the American Press Photographers Association prize last year. I knew long before the association ever heard of Howard Marshall, that he would win that award someday.

You probably remember seeing the prize-winning series in *Today*. Howie made them during the flood they had upstate last spring.

There were three shots—of a kid and his dog. In the first the boy was in a crowded boat. You could see the pain in his face as he tried to keep from crying because someone must have told him he was too old to cry, even though he wasn't.

The next picture showed you why he felt that way. The kid's dog was stranded on a rooftop, and there wasn't any more room in the boat.

The third picture was the happy ending—the dog in the boat licking his master's face.

That was typical of Howie. Everything seemed to have a happy ending for him. And that's the way he liked to wrap up his stories. In fact, after he shot the first two pictures, he traded seats with the

dog—his in the boat for the perch on the house. A happy "thirty"—that's newspaper talk for the end.

Before you jump to conclusions, it wasn't as foolhardy as you might think. Howie knew there was another boat upstream that would rescue the dog. Instead, it picked up Howie and his three precious negatives.

I was proud of Howie when I read that item in *Editor & Publisher*. After all, I'd given him his first job—with the *Free-town Bulletin*.

There was a picture with the story of the award banquet. If you saw it, Howie smiling with his black-hair and white-teeth good looks, you'd know how he looked that first time I saw him, only maybe he didn't have quite so much self-assurance then.

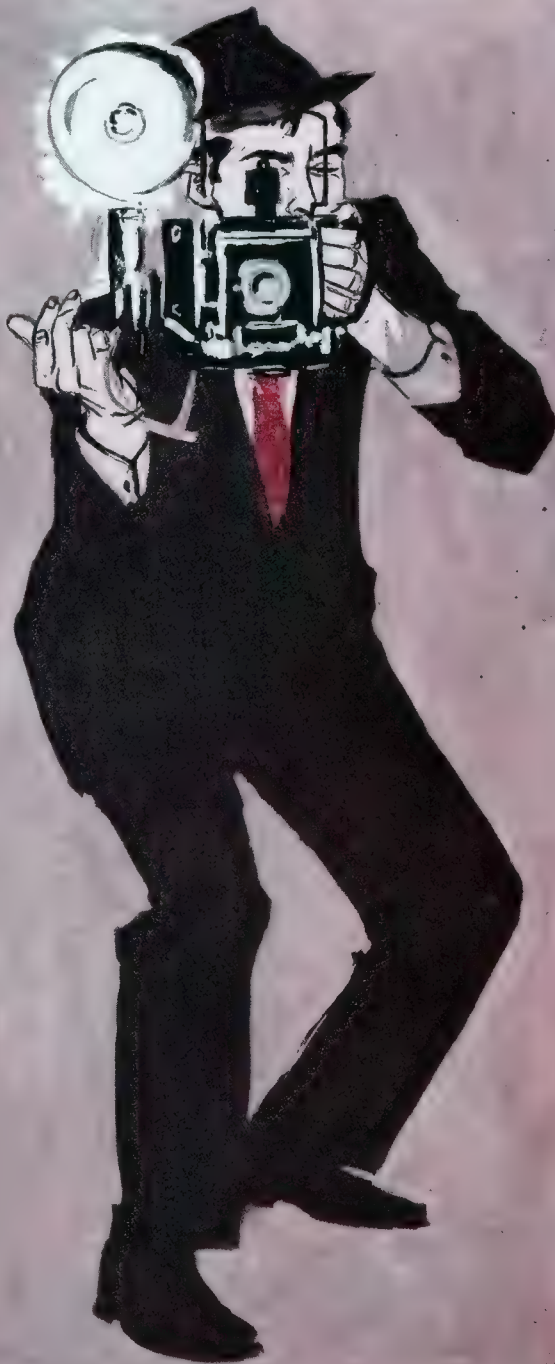
Howie was new at the process of finding a job. He was three days out of college, a little nervous, and just a trifle overeager.

I was hoping he wouldn't notice, but we were on even terms. I was new at the process of hiring. Joe Riemer, the shop foreman, and the other printers came with the place when I made the down

*She went wading. Then, so help me, we danced barefoot.*







*Howie snapped them till they were sunburned from flash bulbs. We had pictures of them dodging, ducking, glaring, shaking their fists.*

payment with the money I had saved during the war and the little bit Dad had left me. Emily, the bookkeeper, was there, too.

Don't get the wrong impression about the *Bulletin*. It's no great enterprise, just an ordinary twice-a-week Midwestern paper where the editor is also the publisher, as well as the advertising manager and a sometimes printer.

And my office is a desk by the front door so I can take a subscription, a want ad, or an order for wedding invitations between writing sentences of the lead story or a society item for the back page. But it's a good life. When I bought the *Bulletin* I figured I'd find a wife before long and settle down. And Freetown is a good town. Small, but good.

After a year, the *Bulletin* got far enough into the black so I could meet the payments on the loan without skipping lunch, so I moved the furniture around to make room for another typewriter. Then I wrote the journalism school at the university that I needed a reporter.

Howie was what they sent me.

After about five minutes of our interview, he was perfectly at ease. I wasn't.

We had exchanged letters, so he knew what to expect. I didn't.

I didn't expect to see a kid wearing a hundred-dollar suit for every day.

"I guess I'm really a photographer," he explained, "but I want to be a reporter, too. I think a good photographer should be, don't you?"

"Your photography will be secondary," I told him. "My budget won't stand many photoengraving bills. And I'm looking for someone who can help with the news and advertising."

He nodded, and I hurried on because I liked him and didn't want to discourage him. "But we can use some pictures."

That was all there was to it. We shook hands, and I had hired myself a reporter. Forty dollars a week was enough money, he said. I figured if he needed more he could write home for it, but I don't think he ever did. He lived on his salary. He was a good guy to have an occasional beer with, and he always paid his share. But he never splurged; we stuck to beer.

I didn't kid myself about Howie's wanting to stay with the *Bulletin* permanently. I knew he was looking for experience. That was all right with me. I couldn't afford a good reporter, but I could afford a budding one. And when Howie moved on up, I'd write the university again.

Howie was good. In journ school you learn to be a city reporter. You forget that William Allen White had to write about ice-cream socials, too. But Howie caught on fast. He learned that in a small town you sometimes print things



you'd throw away if you had a big paper and you sometimes sit on things you'd print in the city.

He learned it the hard way. He was out of the office once when I had to rewrite one of his stories. He'd written a good humorous lead, but Freetown readers don't want to laugh at their neighbors. Then I'd forgotten to explain it to him.

The next day he wrote a piece about a lodge-auxiliary installation.

"Would you take a look at this, Mac, and see if it's all right?" he asked.

I glanced through the story. Everything had gone wrong at the meeting, and Howie's account was hilarious. I started to tell him the lodge women wouldn't be happy, but he was looking pretty grim.

"Good story, Howie," I said casually as I handed it to him. "Take it on back to the shop, and give it to Joe."

Then I dreamed up some work to keep us both in the office late the next day, after the paper was delivered.

We didn't have to wait long. The auxiliary officers stormed in, wildly waving copies of the paper. I saw Howie's mouth and eyes pop open, then I was surrounded by angry women.

It took me almost half an hour to calm them down without losing a subscription. Howie tried once to rescue me, but I waved him back. When the women left, I wiped away the perspiration. Howie was grinning.

"Okay, Mac," he said. "I've learned my lesson. Come on, I'll buy the beer."

Don't get me wrong. The *Bulletin* doesn't kowtow to anyone. On occasion, we take a good, solid slap at somebody or something, but you have to live with the people. And when it's something as important as a lodge installation or a baby shower, we print what the people want to read.

A couple of months after Howie came to work, Emily gave her two weeks' notice. Her husband was being transferred to Chicago.

"My niece over in Bartonville is a bookkeeper, Mac," she told me. "And she's looking for a job. I'll bring her in tomorrow."

When the girl walked in the office with Emily, she was hired before she said a word. Rosemary Eagen was just what I'd been looking for. And Emily said she was a bookkeeper, too.

Rosemary was small, about five-three, and you could tell that beneath her crisp yellow linen suit she didn't need a lot of elastic to hold things in the right places. They were there naturally. Her brown hair was combed back on the sides so it looked as if she had forgotten a big old-fashioned hair ribbon.

But it was her eyes that really did it. I couldn't have told you their color. When



*I was almost sorry for the guy. He could run, but he couldn't hide—and the harder he tried the funnier the pictures looked.*



*Chicago was too exciting for Rosemary to concentrate only on a career.*



a man looks into Rosemary's eyes, he doesn't worry about color.

I hired her, but I don't remember much of the conversation. In fact, I had to wait until I saw the pay roll she made up on Saturday before I knew how much I had offered to pay her.

Since there was no paper on Saturday, we always closed at noon. Rosemary and I had been sitting there all morning, alone except for the shop men who dropped in to get their pay. We stayed open on Saturday primarily for the farmers who came to town then, but most of them were busy in the fields that day.

I had trouble concentrating on the column I was writing for Monday's paper. Several times I caught myself trying to write it in verse.

When we locked up at noon, I got the courage to ask Rosemary to have dinner with me that evening.

"I'd planned to catch the bus for Bartonville," she said, but I thought she seemed interested.

"We'll have dinner and go dancing," I put in hurriedly, "then I can drive you over."

She agreed to that, almost enthusiastically, and I had to fight to keep from suggesting lunch as well.

We had dinner at a place just outside of town. Once it had been a flour mill, and the millrace and wheel were still there. Rosemary danced as if her feet never touched the floor. I was floating, too.

There's a little garden by the millrace, and we went for a walk out there after dinner. Rosemary took off her shoes—she wasn't wearing hose—and dangled her feet in the water.

"Rosemary, that's for remembrance," I quoted. "Pray, love, remember."

For a second she seemed startled. But she reached over, picked a flower, and handed it to me. "And there is pansies," she said, continuing with Ophelia's speech. "That's for thoughts."

"I always heard it was a penny for thoughts," I said, certain mine were so apparent that even a penny would be an unnecessary expense.

"They're worth more than that." She grinned. "Your subscribers pay a nickel to read your column."

We both laughed. The music was floating out through the open windows of the building.

"I'd like to dance some more," she said. "But my feet are too wet for me to put my shoes back on."

For answer I took off my shoes, and then, so help me, we danced barefoot in the grass.

I wasn't exactly hooked yet, but I was as close as I could be and still operate independently.

Rosemary did interfere with my normal thought processes, however. And I didn't waste any time asking her for a date for the movies. She said Tuesday was fine. By Wednesday, stars were beginning to come out in my eyes. I guess that's the reason the thing didn't hit me right off.

While I had been at the movies with Rosemary Tuesday evening, Howie was covering the regular City Council meeting. After he wrote the story Wednesday morning, he laid it on my desk.

"Take a look at this," he said.

I didn't even look up. "Sure, Howie, it's okay. Take it on back to Joe."

"That's not it, Mac. See how it strikes you."

I read the story, but I didn't see what he meant, and I told him so.

"Look at those purchases," he said, indicating a list at the end of the story. He had that look of a reporter when something big is about to happen.

For a minute I was still blank. Then I got it—"To Theodore Kelvin for right-of-way extension of Green Street, \$3,000."

I was out of my chair and heading for the files.

"I already have it, Mac," Howie said. "I checked the files for the past six months. There it is." He tossed a copy of the paper to me.

The issue was dated three months earlier. He had marked one of a list of real-estate transfers. "Mamie Silver to Theodore Kelvin." And it gave the location of the land, then added, "Consideration, \$500."

That's not really big money. But a five-hundred-per-cent profit in three months isn't bad.

Ted Kelvin was a smart lawyer. No one in City Hall tried very hard to deny that he was the town's boss although technically only city attorney. I had known that, sooner or later. I'd be tangling with him and his crowd, but up until then there hadn't been anything I could tie into. It looked as if Howie had found it.

We both went to work, Howie as eagerly as I. I checked with Mrs. Silver. No, Kelvin hadn't said why he wanted the property. An investment, she supposed. Our files on City Council meetings didn't show any earlier discussion of a proposed extension of Green Street.

Howie got back from City Hall at noon.

"Was it there?" I asked.

"Sure, in the minutes of the April-third meeting. The city clerk was glad to show me." Howie was disappointed.

"I figured Kelvin would take care of

the minutes," I explained. "The entry was added recently. I've been to all the council meetings you haven't covered, Howie, and I don't remember anything about Green Street."

We ran a front-page editorial Thursday. It wasn't an accusation; we didn't have the facts yet. But it pointed out the coincidence of the two real-estate transfers and mentioned that although a discussion of the proposed extension appeared in the minutes of April third, it must not have been very heated. "In fact," the editorial concluded, "the *Bulletin* reporter didn't even hear it."

Howie and Rosemary and I grabbed a quick sandwich for dinner and stuck around the office. At seven forty-five my landlady called to say Kelvin had stopped by to see me. At eight o'clock he was coming through the door along with Mayor Johnson and three Council members.

We were ready. Howie shot their pictures as they stormed in. For a second, I was afraid someone would tear Howie and his camera to pieces. But Kelvin got hold of himself. Then the mayor let go at me.

"McDonald, what do you mean by these innuendoes?" he yelled.

Kelvin quieted him. "No need for so much noise, Jake," he said quietly. "Mr. McDonald will explain." He looked at me. I didn't say anything, mainly because there wasn't anything to say. I hoped Kelvin would think I was just playing it smart.

"We could bring suit for libel, you know, McDonald," he purred.

I had thought of that. But I counted on two things. First, Kelvin didn't know how much we knew. And second, whether we could prove anything or not, I figured he would avoid a trial if he could.

Just then, Howie popped off with his camera again.

"Put that thing away," Mayor Johnson screamed, just in time to keep Kelvin from losing his temper.

"Now, Jake," Kelvin said, in control of himself again. Then he looked back at me. "McDonald, you'd better take it easy. Things might get unpleasant."

"Yeah," I answered. "They sure might. Remember that, Kelvin."

That round was ours. At least we didn't lose it. And I was getting an idea.

"We can go home now, Mac," Howie said after they left. "Fireworks are over."

"Look, Howie," I said. "Take Rosemary home for me, will you? I've got some work to do."

He hesitated. Then he agreed. Rosemary didn't protest either. But I was too busy to think much of it.

I slept on a pile of old newspapers that

night in the back of the shop. Joe woke me when he arrived to open the shop. I'd had only two hours' sleep, but sleep I didn't need.

Howie came in early. "You look beat, Mac," he said. "Did you work all night?" "Not quite," I answered with a satisfied yawn. "But I got a lot accomplished." "Why didn't you say something? I could have helped."

Just then Rosemary came in, and the three of us went into conference. I handed Howie a list I'd made. It included every building, every street, every construction job, the administration had had anything to do with during the two terms they'd been in office.

"Take your camera, Howie," I told him, "and shoot everything. If you run out of film, keep flashing bulbs. If you run out of bulbs, click your shutter. Take a picture of everything on this list. And in between times drive slow past City Hall. Any time you see the mayor or Kelvin or any of the councilmen, take their picture. Shoot them so many times they'll get sunburned from the flash bulbs."

Howie had developed the films he'd made in the office. Kelvin and Johnson both looked as if they were ready to eat someone. I sent one of the printers to Centerville to get a cut made.

Freetown had read the editorial. I covered the town, and there were grumblings everywhere. I spent most of the morning at City Hall looking at minutes of the Council meetings, making lots of notes. The city clerk saw me come in, and he didn't leave the room once while I was there.

Howie and I got together in the office at noon. Rosemary went out for sandwiches and made some coffee in the percolator we kept back in the shop.

"Your plan's working, Mac," Howie told me with a grin. "The City Hall boys watched me all morning."

"What about Mayor Johnson?" I asked.

"Seven shots of him, mostly from the back. He turned and ran every time I raised my camera."

"Well, let's get at it again," I said as I finished my coffee. "And get some more pictures of the mayor."

Howie picked up his camera and started out. Rosemary frowned.

"Be careful, Howie," she called after him.

He stopped at the door. "I'll be all right," he said. "But keep an eye on Mac. He's the one Kelvin would like to murder." He grinned again.

"But be careful," Rosemary said. "They might—do something to you."

For one second I almost wished they

would. One look at Rosemary, and I saw the handwriting on the wall.

She underlined the handwriting a few minutes later. "Mac," she said, "do you think it's important for a girl to go to college?"

I was writing the story to go with Howie's picture.

"Huh?"

"Did you know Howie went to prep school instead of a high school?"

"Look, honey," I said. "We've got work to do."

She smiled. "Right. What'll it be?"

"Get over to City Hall and start going through the minutes. Take lots of notes. And keep smiling as if you know something. Got it?"

"Got it."

With her gone, concentrating was easier. I took a minute to say goodbye to my dreams and got to work.

It was a good story, all about what the administration had done, amounts of money they had spent. Prices that had seemed only a little steep before now looked outrageous. Howie's picture topped off the story. I wouldn't have taken a million dollars for the front page that day.

The next day was the same thing. More pictures, more snooping in city records. We found other real-estate transfers and got the first real break.

I was outside the mayor's office when I heard loud voices, and I decided to stick around. It was Mayor Johnson and Kelvin.

"You've got to do something, Kelvin," the mayor was saying. "They're driving me crazy with that camera."

"Take it easy, Jake," Kelvin answered him. "They can't touch us. Just don't pay any attention to them."

"Don't pay any attention! I tell you I can't stand it. Get an injunction."

"Shut up, Jake," Kelvin answered impatiently. "I'll handle this."

"If you won't do something, I will." The mayor was really shouting.

I left then. I was satisfied.

We had another big story that Monday, with a picture of Mayor Johnson disappearing around a corner. He was looking over his shoulder right into the camera, and he looked scared. It was perfect.

Howie took Rosemary to dinner. He asked me to go along, but I ate more sandwiches in the office. They came back holding hands, and Rosemary had the soft glow of a girl who has been satisfactorily kissed. Howie looked as if he'd been kissed, too. He hadn't wiped off the lipstick.

"Want some coffee, Mac?" Rosemary asked. "I'll make it."

"Good idea," I answered. "We might have a long wait."

She went on back to the shop. Howie started to say something to me, but he changed his mind and followed Rosemary. I heard them fill the percolator, then things got quiet. And that was when Mayor Johnson came in.

I almost felt sorry for him. I had been getting only a couple of hours' sleep a night, but at that I must have done better than Johnson. He was scared. He was scared of what I knew, and he was scared that Kelvin might find out he was taking matters into his own hands.

"You've got to stop, McDonald," he said.

I shook my head.

"I'll get an injunction. I'll have you arrested for disturbing the peace." His voice wasn't very loud. I hoped you could hear it all over the building—even if you were kissing a girl. Just to make certain. I knocked a can of tobacco off my desk.

I shook my head.

"How much will you take to stop?" he whined.

It didn't make me mad. I guess mostly I felt relief that the fight was over.

"How much?" he asked again, and he had a stack of bills, big ones, in his hand.

Just then there was a flash. Howie stood there with his camera.

And that did it. Johnson went to pieces. He broke down and cried. We'd won. Nobody could mistake that stack of bills for a subscription payment.

I dictated a resignation to Rosemary. She typed it up, and Johnson signed it. When he resigned, Kelvin went with him, because the city attorney's job is an apointive one.

We didn't print the picture. We didn't need to, and I think Johnson would have committed suicide if we had. It was a good victory.

Papers all over the state picked up our story. Several of them, including two in Chicago, reprinted Howie's pictures—the one of Kelvin and Johnson in our office, and the one of Johnson running from the camera. And they told how the photos had managed to whip a crooked administration.

A couple of days later, Howie got a phone call from Chicago. When he hung up he looked thoughtful.

"Mac, what do you know about Joe?"

"He's a good print-shop foreman."

He shook his head. "No, I mean what about before he came here to work."

"What about it?"

"Ten years ago. His wife went berserk and killed a couple of people in Chicago. Then she committed suicide."

"Yeah. Howie. Joe told me. He still can't talk about it, but he said he thought I ought to know. What about it?"



"The *Telegram*'s doing a story on it for their Sunday magazine. They want a picture of Joe."

"You told them you wouldn't do it, didn't you, Howie?"

He hesitated. Then I guess he decided. "I'm going to shoot it, Mac."

"It'll kill him. People in town don't know about his wife."

"I'm going to shoot it, Mac."

Howie was a news photographer. Even if I'd smashed his camera, he would have got the picture somehow. He went back into the shop, but it was a long time before I saw the reflection of his flash bulb. I heard Joe laugh and ask him for a print of it.

That just about wraps up the story. The *Telegram* used the picture, and they offered Howie a job. Then he got an overseas assignment in Germany with Wide World. You probably remember about that. The Russians caught him in the Red zone, arrested him, and held him for a week. Somehow he managed to get out with one roll of film. Then came the job with *Today*, and that's how he got his award.

Joe didn't come back to work after the story in the *Telegram*. The railroad ticket agent told me he was drunk when he got on the train out of town.

Rosemary left in September to live with her Aunt Emily in Chicago and go to college there. She sent me one note saying how exciting it was to have her own little apartment in the big city. Couldn't manage to find enough spare time to study, somehow.

Of course, I stayed in Freetown with the *Bulletin*.

That's where I'd planned to write a thirty. But my wife, being a woman, naturally insisted on a happier ending.

Yes, I said my wife. The cottage isn't vine-covered yet, and there won't be any family for five more months, when she's going to take time off from the office to have a baby. You see, when Howie left, I wrote the university again. Ann was the one they sent this time. It took me six minutes to hire her and six months to marry her. We've been putting out quite a paper.

Rosemary didn't finish college. She was married at the end of her first semester to a medical student. They came to Freetown after his internship. In fact, he's Ann's doctor.

I'm not sure about a happy ending for Howie. In that picture at the Press Photographers banquet his wife didn't look very pleased. Howie married Toni Landesman, the woman photographer.

She won the award last year and the year before that. This year she only got honorable mention. THE END



## Your HEART never takes a "holiday"

Think for a moment of the work of your heart. In one hour it beats well over 4,000 times and pumps over 200 gallons of blood throughout the body. On and on it works for you . . . with only a fraction of a second's rest between beats. In fact, the heart is one of the hardest-working organs in the body.

Since the heart can never take a "holiday," it is wise for everyone . . . especially those who have reached middle age . . . to observe certain rules of living that may help the heart by lightening its load.

**1. Keep your weight down.** As we grow older, the heart finds it harder to do the extra work which excess weight places on it. While a normal heart is handicapped by obesity, the burden of excess pounds may be a particularly serious hazard for the heart that is impaired.

**2. Make moderation the keynote of your daily living.** When you rest, so does your heart. This is why sufficient sleep every night and plenty of relaxation are so important. You may help spare your heart possible strain if you avoid all excesses such as too much work under tension or

strenuous exercise taken in "spurts."

**3. Have all heart symptoms promptly investigated.** Such symptoms as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heart-beat cause untold worry and anxiety. While these symptoms may indicate heart trouble, they frequently are due to other causes and may be of little importance. Under any circumstances it is wise to have such symptoms promptly checked by your doctor.

**4. Do not neglect periodic medical examinations.** Regular check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control . . . and perhaps cure . . . are best. It is wise to have complete examinations yearly . . . or as often as the doctor recommends.

Although heart disease is a major health problem, important gains are being made against it. Methods of diagnosis have become more exact and means of controlling many heart conditions increasingly effective. As a result, more and more heart patients today can lead happy, useful lives . . . and frequently enjoy their full span of years.

COPYRIGHT 1964—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

### Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Please mail me the free booklet, 354B, "Your Heart."

Name

Street

City  State



# CEDRIC ADAMS Homespun King of the Midwest

**Rapt readers** followed the "Duke of Magnolia" at the Coronation





He's a convinced home towner, sentimental father, resolute dieter.

The people love the man who starts and stops the Midwest day

## BY ISABELLA TAVES

Last June first, the day before Queen Elizabeth was crowned, the *Minneapolis Star* ran a detailed chart of the route she would take from the palace to Westminster Abbey. The biggest thing on it was a black cross and the name *Cedric*. Underneath, in case you were slow catching on, was a big caption: WHERE CEDRIC WILL SIT TOMORROW TO SEE THE QUEEN.

And the next day there was an even bigger and blacker headline over the story of the coronation reading: CEDRIC SEES QUEEN TWICE ON CORONATION RIDE.

No need to use Cedric's last name—not around those parts. For you can't live in the upper Midwest without coming under the influence of a rotund (now down to 220 pounds), gregarious, and very human being named Cedric Adams. Everybody knows him, everybody calls him Cedric,

everybody listens to him on radio (twenty-eight shows a week plus spot announcements), watches him on TV (nine shows plus announcing chores), and reads his newspaper column daily in the *Minneapolis Star* and Sunday in the *Tribune*.

### Mischievous Old Ladies Phone

His voice is heard over station WCCO starting at six-fifteen in the morning and at various intervals during the day until he signs off his nightly news broadcast at ten-thirty—which closes the day for a lot of people. Airplane pilots tell Cedric that when they're flying over the upper Midwest, they can tell when it's ten-thirty just by watching the farmhouse lights go out, and mischievous old ladies phone Cedric an average of twenty times a week to whisper: "I go to bed with you every night, Cedric."

In Minnesota and nearby states, Cedric outranks Arthur Godfrey, Ed Sullivan, Milton Berle, and a lot of other pretty popular fellows on the air. In readership surveys up there, the only one who tops him is Dick Tracy. But when you try to explain Cedric, you have trouble. For he's not a comedian and he's not a news analyst. He doesn't even play the uke. He reads the news, and his only comment is an occasional irrepressible chuckle when something strikes his funny bone. Or he sits in front of the mike and simply chats—about everything from his wife's hats to new names for coleslaw.

The Midwest loves everything Cedric does. A home-town boy who made good staying home, he was born in Adrian, Minnesota (population, 1,066), moved to Magnolia, Minnesota (population, 202), when he was two and to Minneapolis

*Bob Sandberg*



**Cedric uses stunts, like driving this antique car, to boost his favorite charities. A word from him can start a riot.**

when he was twelve. He attended Central High School in Minneapolis, spent nine years at the University of Minnesota (he kept dropping out to earn money), and married a pint-sized Minnesota coed called Niecy (short for Bernice). They have three tall sons, the oldest twenty, live in a rustic, modern house eleven miles from the Minneapolis loop, and spend every weekend possible on nearby Lake Minnetonka on their forty-eight-foot Chris-Craft Cruiser with a flying bridge that sleeps eight—"two comfortably," says Cedric.

After twenty-five years as a local newspaper columnist, twenty-four years on local radio, one year on local TV (for four years he was also on the CBS radio network), he is now in the top one-half per cent of all U.S. taxpayers. This month he will file a return on a 1953 income of around \$200,000. The Government won't let him keep too much of this healthy sum, but Cedric takes pride in the amount, anyway, because he's done it all himself.

## **He Wanted to Be an Umpire**

His father, who died when Cedric was eleven years old, was a bank clerk who never made more than \$25 a week. After

*Bruce Sifford*



**When he pranks on his highly unusual radio and TV shows, staid businessmen are putty in his hands. Midwesterners appreciate his antics because he personifies their bouncing sense of humor.**



his father's death, his mother worked in a bank to support them. His childhood ambition was to be a baseball umpire, then a preacher. His mother wanted him to be a foreign correspondent. Nobody ever dreamed he would someday be making more than the President of the United States. Even after he was married, he told Niecy, "If I could ever earn \$6,000 a year—that's for me."

### **Cedric Loves What He's Doing**

The answer is that Cedric is doing what he loves in a section he loves among people he loves. He has gone easily from writing gags to writing newspaper columns, from being master of ceremonies at parties to radio, from radio to TV. So far, the adjustment to TV has been toughest for him. He can't get used to being dependent on so many people—floor men, cameramen, directors, producers, sound men, projection crews, teleprompter operators. On radio, he usually walks in cold two minutes before air time, and reads the news without even glancing over it first. TV requires long rehearsals—often an hour and a half for a fifteen-minute show—and make-up, because he perspires under the lights. Cedric hates the idea of make-up, first because it's sissy (any small boy who grows up in a farm community with the name of Cedric early develops a revulsion against anything mildly sissy) and second because it's messy. It gets on his shirts, ties, and coats and raises Cain with his cleaning and laundry bills.

But Cedric, although he's been on TV only a year, has moved in to stay. He has already bought his own props, including a \$300 chair fitted especially for his 220 pounds. He has also moved in his own ideas, like showing photographs of Minneapolis homes on his Sunday-noon news show. And there'll be more to come.

A few years back Cedric used to insist he was going to ease off his heavy schedule when he passed fifty. But at the moment, Cedric is reluctantly pushing fifty-two (his birthday is in May) and is working harder than ever before in his life. And having more fun, too.

Making a whole lot of money pleases him, but it has never turned his head. At heart, he's still the boy from Magnolia. Although he yearns for a Rolls-Royce, and can afford one, he has never had nerve enough to buy one—too much like showing off. He's a sucker for new diets, new medicines, new ideas. A few years ago, he lost his voice for three weeks. During that time his telephone rang constantly and his mail was flooded with suggestions on how to cure his condition—everything from breathing in a paper bag for a day, to sipping vinegar and eating vaseline. Cedric tried them

all. Eventually he was cured, but he'll never know what did it.

He is also gullible. In his column, he has a section where he lists items people want to give away. Cedric is his own best customer. Once he brought home a baby pig named Verna. His wife eventually managed to spirit it away to friends who had a farm. Another time, it was a pair of goats. Cedric was full of theories about how the goats would eat all the brush around the house and landscape the Adams property. But finally, when the goats began butting their own reflections in the neighbors' picture windows, even Cedric had to give up.

Through the years he has been adamant about just one thing. He won't leave Minnesota.

He has had plenty of opportunities. (Among his greatest boosters are Arthur Godfrey and Art Linkletter.) But he has steadfastly refused to transplant his sunny personality and corn-fed charm to New York or Hollywood. He can't imagine why anybody would leave Minnesota. Everything about it suits him, but especially the people.

In 1950, Godfrey asked Cedric to be his summer replacement on his Monday-night network show on TV. Cedric and Godfrey are good friends. They visit back and forth—in person, on their teletype machines, which they both have in their libraries at home, and on long-distance telephone—by the hour. Cedric appreciated Godfrey's offer.

But instead of moving to New York for the summer, Cedric treated the assignment like any one of the "remote" broadcasts he does from various small towns and farm communities in the upper Midwest (where he always stands at the door afterward shaking hands "like a preacher with his congregation"). Cedric commuted to New York. He flew there on Monday morning, did his local Minnesota news broadcast at noon from there, and flew back Tuesday morning, writing his newspaper column en route.

### **Extra Work Added Extra Pounds**

At the end of eleven weeks, he drew a deep sigh of relief. Like many Midwesterners, he feels New York is a fine place to visit but he wouldn't live there. Besides, in spite of the extra work, he had managed to gain some weight. He promptly went on one of those Cedric Adams diets that by now have become legendary in the upper Midwest. Sometimes he eats only eggs. Sometimes he goes on a fast for nine days, sometimes even fourteen. This time, it was one egg on toast and black coffee for breakfast, steak for lunch, and then six prunes for dinner. Every time Cedric goes on one of his diets, he gets so worked up that he persuades thousands of other upper

Midwesterners to join him. He writes about his daily progress. He describes hunger pangs. He has pictures taken proudly showing how loose his clothes are and how he has had to cut new holes in his belt. He boasts how much better he feels. He vows never to get fat again.

Then, inevitably, he succumbs to the lure of ice cream, which he loves, peanut-butter sandwiches, little pig sausages. Slowly, the pounds creep back. He lets out his belt. He sneaks a few rolls and butter. He enjoys himself. Then, alas, comes the day of reckoning. March 12, 1952, was such a day. He stepped on his bathroom scales and discovered he had hit 232. His doctor recommended 190 pounds for his five-foot-eleven frame. Cedric swore he'd make that weight by the Fourth of July. And to make sure, he went among his friends taking bets.

As a rule, Cedric doesn't gamble. He doesn't even play a friendly game of cards for money. But several years ago, when he decided to stop drinking, he stiffened his resolve by betting his best friend, Chuck Saunders, owner of Charlie's Café Exceptionale, in Minneapolis, the sum of \$5,000 that he could stay on the wagon for two years.

Having won that bet, he decided getting financially involved was also the way to reduce. Unfortunately, it didn't work. Despite determination, nude lettuce, and virtual starvation the last week, he missed 190 by eight pounds—and several hundred dollars.

In a full-page newspaper feature, he insisted it was worth it. Vowed Cedric: "I'm going to hit 190 and stay there."

He had good intentions, but he weakened. With one final spurt of will power on his third week on TV, he challenged the sportscaster on WCCO-TV to a weight-reducing binge at so much a pound, with penalties. He lost \$150 to the sportscaster's favorite charity.

So when he came back from the Coronation (with a stopover in Paris to sample the pastry) and he found he had hit an all-time high of 236, he went quietly back to counting calories and chewing gum (eight calories a stick) to improve neck muscle tone. At present he is down to 220 and hopes to hit 200 by summer. But no public bets this time. For it doesn't help him that his boys work as day laborers during the summer and eat that way, too. And that his wife, Niecy, has gone through the years eating creamed crabmeat and whipped potatoes without varying one inch from her size ten of college days.

If Cedric reduced to a Spartan 190 and stayed there, however, people wouldn't be so fond of him. For one of the reasons Cedric is fun to have around—in print or on TV or radio—is that he is so human, with a bagful of human



Bob Sandberg



**Cedric and Godfrey** are long-time friends. The two often visit with each other for hours via their teletype machines.

failings. Even during his drinking days, his audience was indulgent. Once, while he was on vacation, the receptionist at WCCO got a telephone call. A man asked, "Is Cedric Adams actually on his vacation?" She told him he was. Then he said, "My wife is a member of the W.C.T.U. At their meeting last night, the women discussed Mr. Adams. They decided he wasn't on his vacation at all but was taking the cure. I don't want to pry into his private life, but I thought if he was, I'd send him some flowers."

### He Entertains Without Trying

Cedric's power—and a staggering power it is—lies in the fact he entertains without trying to be an entertainer. He is just the guy next door. His telephone is listed in the book. If you call up and he's home, he'll answer. People stop and speak to him on the street and he loves it. Even when he is high-tailing it across Nicollet Avenue, wiping make-up off his face, with five minutes to get from a TV show to a radio broadcast, he has time to wave and say hello. Nor is it

a pose. Says Niecy: "I think I'm the only person in the world who has ever seen Cedric too tired to talk. And I don't catch him that way often."

Says Bob Hope: "It's pretty important for Adams to know everybody in Minneapolis—in the whole state of Minnesota, for that matter—because he really runs the state and has to keep in touch with his constituents. Unlike the politicians who *think* they run the state, Adams has the housewives' vote sewed up and goes on forever. I know, because I once made the mistake of not buttering up to Adams before a Minneapolis show and my audience consisted of just three people—my aunt, my cousin, and a girl usher with buck teeth. Since I learned what a good word from Adams can do, I've been packing them in up there."

One word from Adams and a hole-in-the-wall store overnight becomes a big operation. A mention that he likes the apple pie in a certain restaurant creates a traffic jam that brings out the police. His noon news is the highest-rated program at the radio station. When he

broadcasts from the Minnesota State Fair, he draws from 4,500 to 6,000 daily, second in attraction to the races. His fan mail averages 250 letters a day, and often hits 5,000 a week when he hits a provocative subject or makes a mistake. Once he got the idea that, during the summer, housewives would keep a lot more comfortable if they ironed standing barefoot in a pail of cold water. As he often does, he attributed this suggestion to a friend of Niecy's, in this case a young woman named Evy Nelson. No sooner was the newspaper on the street than the switchboard and all its trunk lines were clogged—and stayed that way for three hours. Both men and women asked him what he was trying to do—electrocute half the population of the Midwest? For two weeks, Evy Nelson's line was busy. And the mail hit an all-time high. Red-faced Cedric published a retraction the next day.

### Thousands Write Him for Help

Every day's mail and telephone calls bring many requests for Cedric's help. One day, when the Minnesota University Theater needed a skull for its production of "Hamlet," Cedric mentioned the fact in his column. Next morning, the theatre received twenty-seven skulls. Cedric has also put many charity and safety drives over the top. One of his big annual projects is the solicitation for gifts to be sent to the "forgotten persons" in Minnesota institutions for the mentally retarded. In the last four years, his readers have sent more than 65,000 Christmas gifts to these people and have contributed money to buy sixty-five TV sets for various wards. And when Cedric travels around the upper Midwest doing shows or "remote" broadcasts, he always visits the state institutions. Once, when Niecy was in California, he received word when he reached a state mental hospital that she was trying to call him. He picked up the telephone and said, "This is Cedric Adams. Will you please connect me with Operator 28 in Los Angeles?"

The local operator was charming, but nothing happened. Cedric repeated his request. More charm, but no Los Angeles Operator 28. Finally, as the time neared for him to go onstage, Cedric grew impatient. He jiggled the hook, about to complain about the service, when he heard the operator's voice say, "There's some poor old soul at the mental institute who thinks he's Cedric Adams and wants to call California. I'm just humoring him along until he gets tired."

Since he has been on TV, Cedric's face has become as well-known as his name. The only time this bothers him is in connection with his recorded broadcasts. (In order to cram his hectic schedule into a working week, Cedric



records his chatty shows, writes most of his columns directly on the teletype which goes into the newspaper office, and broadcasts his night news program from a mike in his library at home. Just before he goes on the air, he announces that fact through a public-address system to the rest of the house—which prevents slamming of doors, shouting by the boys, and other unnecessary noise.)

But sometimes he will be driving along, listening to one of his recorded broadcasts on the car radio. When he stops for a traffic light, the driver in the next car will do a double take. Then he'll lean over, while the light changes and cars honk, and demand a full explanation.

Occasionally, ladies get in Cedric's hair, too. Several years back, he had fun acting as matrimonial agent for a few eager-to-get-married ladies, including one pretty, penniless young Hungarian countess who had to get married within two weeks or return to a country where she would be considered an enemy. She got 1,786 proposals, accepted one, and has lived happily ever after.

Although Cedric has spent considerable time knocking himself down as a glamour boy ("There isn't any sight much homelier than one of us fat guys in an undershirt," he writes), he gets his own share of lovelorn females. Some send him hand-made pot holders. Others write him mash notes. And still others go after him in person. One determined lady has, over the years, made a practice of calling Niccy Adams late at night and telling her to bundle Cedric up and get him ready, she is going to send a cab for him.

#### He's Got a Way with the Ladies .

It is difficult to blame the ladies. For Cedric has a way with them. For example, in the midst of a serious and emotional column addressed to his oldest son, David, on Thanksgiving, 1938, he added, "You might also mention to your mother that she'd better be thankful she didn't marry that fellow from her home town."

Or: "One thing you can say about baldness: it's neat."

Or: "Chickens are something like chorus girls. You should knock before entering their dressing rooms. You don't have to say to the chicks, 'Are you decent?' as you do with the chorines. But breaking in without a knock on a flock of chickens in their house flusters them sufficiently so that egg production may be affected."

And in private life, Cedric is equally quick—and mischievous. Ricky, his middle son, will never forget the time Cedric shook hands with the well-to-do father of a little girl Ricky was dating and greeted him warmly, saying, "I do hope our children will be married. It would

(continued)

for Vacation thrills 'mid magic mountains...

## *Burlington* invites you to **GLORIOUS GLACIER PARK**



**Scenic splendor and varied vacation facilities welcome you to Glorious Glacier Park.** Here, high in the snow-capped Montana Rockies, you'll find unsurpassed Alpine beauty. Explore hundreds of living glaciers, mighty mountains, crys-

talline lakes and virgin forests—afoot, on trail-wise horses, or in comfortable park buses on smooth mountain highways. Choose famed resort hotels or cozy chalets. Whatever you want in a Western vacation—it's yours, at Glacier Park!

**Streamlined Speed . . . Complete Comfort**—they're yours aboard the famous **Western Star**, direct from Chicago to Glorious Glacier. Extra fine—no extra fare! Distinctive food, fun and relaxation. Modern Pullmans with varied accommodations—thrifty de luxe Day-Nite Coaches.

If you wish, travel one way through the Dude Ranch Country of the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming...or by way of Colorful Colorado...at no additional cost. And for added pleasure, visit Yellowstone either going or returning.

**for Friendly Vacation Counsel . . .  
See Your Ticket or Travel Agent**



#### MAIL COUPON TODAY

**BURLINGTON TRAVEL BUREAU**

Dept. 603, 547 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Illinois

I am interested in a vacation trip to Glorious Glacier via Burlington this summer. Please send me illustrated booklet, rates and complete information.

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**Burlington  
Route**





**Niecy Adams**, almost as well-known as Cedric, runs a normal home despite three growing boys, Cedric's hectic schedule, and a constantly ringing phone.

mean the union of one great fortune."

Once, when Niecy was having trouble getting a maid, Cedric devoted his entire 800-word column to her plight, ending wheedlingly: "Ma is very easy to get along with." The newspaper executives told Cedric they wouldn't run it, it was nothing but a gigantic want-ad. His dander up, Cedric inserted the column in the want-ad section of the paper and paid a substantial amount, despite an employee's discount, on space rates. But Niecy got her maid—and hundreds of inquiries from women asking if they could have the names and addresses of the overflow.

### **Cedric and His Three Sons**

When the three boys were small, Cedric used to write about them a great deal, confessing, "I've never had a thrill like the first kiss I gave my first-born." Or admitting he kept three pairs of his little boys' shoes, scuffed, laces missing, heels run over, in his desk and looked at them when the going got rough. But now David is twenty, Ricky is seventeen, and Steve is sixteen. Cedric no longer asks them to go on broadcasts, and tries to restrain himself from talking about them in public print. It isn't always easy.

Last summer, for example, he couldn't resist writing: "Our twenty-year-old and our seventeen-year-old have been laying sewer pipes for a construction company all summer long. With their overtime pay, they've been bringing home checks averaging \$108 a week. A bit of fast figuring on the net leaves parents with these conclusions: working sons are lost as tax exemptions; parents can't ask for the first three or four hundred dollars of their earnings; the working boys see their take-home pay as net earnings, which they aren't. There obviously is a general warping in the whole set-up."

What Cedric didn't write about was the size of the warping he took. Not only did he lose both boys as tax deductions. In the case of Dave, who was working to buy his girl an engagement ring, Cedric had offered to match any amount Dave made. (It came to \$1,200.) In the case of Ricky, the animal lover (he once had a horse named Scout who used to figure right after his parents in his prayers), it was tougher on Niecy. Ricky sank his earnings in a huge and highly pedigreed female German shepherd with the proud plan of breeding her and selling the pups—after Niecy had raised and housebroken the litter.

Cedric realizes that, much as he loves the upper Midwest, it isn't always easy for his sons there, simply because they are his sons. Teachers expect either too much or too little from them, and the same thing is true of some of their friends. So Cedric let Dave go away to Yale, and he has offered the same opportunity to his two younger boys when they are ready for college. But he can't help hoping that they will eventually do as he did—stay home and make good.

### **An Unabashed Sentimentalist**

Doing just that has given Cedric a lot of satisfaction. He's a sentimentalist, deep down. Says Niecy, "Ask him what happened last week, or in 1949, or 1937, and he's stumped. But it's uncanny how he can recall incidents and details of his childhood, every nook and cranny of his attic in Magnolia, his first school-room, the inside of the blacksmith shop where he played, every counter display and nail bin in the hardware store where he worked for two dollars a week."

And not only does Cedric remember these details; he also writes about horse-chawed hitching posts that used to line the main street; the forerunner of the electric pad, a bag of hot onions placed on your chest; fall house cleaning when "almost every mobile item in the house had to be dragged out and 'aired,' as Mother put it. Rugs, pillows, mattresses, cushions, blankets, anything that was movable went out in the back yard. Carrying a mattress through doors was like trying to put an oyster in a slot machine. Frequently, when Mother was in the midst of all that mess, her hair wadded up in a dust cap, her oldest house dress hanging loosely about her, the minister would call. Believe me, Mother was fit to be tied."

One of the many reasons Cedric likes the upper Midwest is that he can be genuinely, honestly sentimental when he feels like it. Occasionally, he gets completely corny. He knows it, his readers and listeners know it, but nobody minds. And more occasionally, he breaks down and writes about his boys:

"I know I shouldn't talk about my kids, but I have to bring them in to get at what I want to mention today. I've been getting the kick of a lifetime these Friday afternoons lately. My two youngest are members of their high-school football team. One plays offense, the other defense, so I have at least one in all the time. And what a strain it is on the old man. I leave the field completely worn out. And there are a couple of other things that I have to discuss with parents of players to see what in the world's the matter with me. Every time one of my lads makes a good block or a tackle or carries the ball, I choke up



and my darned eyes fill up with tears."

In the course of some twenty-five years at his job, Cedric has traveled thousands of miles. He has been in Alaska and Hawaii, in Hollywood and New York frequently, and usually spends his vacation in Jamaica, British West Indies. He has been in each of the forty-eight states at least once. Last year, in the course of reporting the Coronation, he and Niecy (who went back to Magnolia, Minnesota, and were crowned "the Duke and Duchess of Magnolia" just before leaving) made their first trip to Europe. Wherever he goes, Cedric has a good time and makes good friends. But he still thinks the most exciting trip he ever made was the all-night train ride he used to take from Magnolia to Minneapolis when he came up to see the state fair with his grandmother. And no matter what glamorous places he visits, he's glad to get home.

#### "It's Such a Thrill to Get Home"

Last June, back from his two weeks in London and Paris, Cedric wrote, "You know what I did this morning? I went around touching things I hadn't seen in two weeks—an old pipe, the radio, a soap dish, the toaster. Seemed ages since I'd seen them. I guess I'm just an old homebody because I've missed all those little things. And a treat it was to walk down the street and into the office to receive warm greetings from friends. Even the raindrops seemed more cordial than those I felt while away. Maybe that's what makes travel enjoyable—it's always such a thrill to get home."

THE END

The stores listed below are featuring COSMOPOLITAN'S "Eight Wonders of Spring" and carry some or all of the merchandise shown on pages 32—38. Prices higher west of the Rockies.

AKRON, OHIO—Polsky's  
ATLANTA, GA.—Rich's  
BOISE, IDAHO—Anderson's  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—D. M. Read Co.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO—Higbee Co.  
DUBUQUE, IOWA—Rothek Bros. Co.  
FORT SMITH, ARK.—Boston Store Dry Goods Co.  
HARTFORD, CONN.—Lord & Taylor  
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Anderson Newcomb  
MANCHESTER, N. H.—Leavitt Stores  
MANHASSET, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor  
MILLBURN, N. J.—Lord & Taylor  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Edward Malley Co.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor  
OAKLAND, CALIF.—Joseph Magnin Co.  
PALO ALTO, CALIF.—Joseph Magnin Co.  
RENO, NEV.—Joseph Magnin Co.  
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Joseph Magnin Co.  
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Town & Country  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Joseph Magnin Co.  
SAN MATEO, CALIF.—Joseph Magnin Co.  
SPRINGFIELD, MO.—Heer's Inc.  
STONETOWN, CALIF.—Joseph Magnin Co.  
WALNUT CREEK, CALIF.—Joseph Magnin Co.  
WESTCHESTER, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

## The World's Most Famous Sherry Trio

From the days when sherry was shipped in proud Spanish galleons, the sherries of the House of Harvey have won the world's acclaim. Your wine cellar will win you acclaim when it boasts this famous "sherry-trio":

### Harvey's BRISTOL CREAM

A full, pale *oloroso* — the world's greatest luxury sherry. Because of its rareness, supplies are limited.

### Harvey's BRISTOL MILK

Similar in style to Bristol Cream, this rich *oloroso* is the only alternative luxury sherry. Serve it proudly.

### Harvey's BRISTOL DRY

This superlative *fino* is the world's finest-tasting dry Sherry. Its just-right dryness and delightful after-taste make it a favorite for all occasions.



**HARVEY'S**  
IMPORTED  
*Sherries & Ports*  
SINCE 1796

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK

instant glamour with a  
fashion  
hair piece

TEN STYLE  
BRAID \$9.75

PONY TAIL \$6.75

CURL CLUSTER  
\$6.95

CHIGNON \$6.50

FIGURE EIGHT \$6.50

Fine quality human  
hair, sample color  
match guaranteed.

Platinum or mixed  
grey—\$3.25 extra.

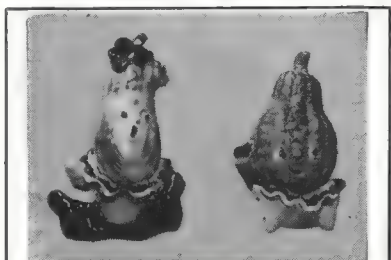
Send generous sample, check or M.O., no C.O.D.'s.

COMPLETE LINE OF WIGS & HAIR GOODS.

*Fashion Hair Products*

Dept. K, 175 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

**Earn Money At Home—ADDRESSING ENVELOPES!**  
"Profitable Homework" booklet shows where to get the business—how to handle it—what to charge! Also shows 51 other ways to Earn Money at Home! Only \$1. Order TODAY! Satisfaction guaranteed. The Ideal Treasury, Dept. 1-C-8, 60 W. 182 St., N.Y.C. 11, N.Y.



#### LITTLE IMP SALT AND PEPPERS

Gay and impudent salt cellar and pepper shakers. You'll really take a shine to these roguish little ceramic vegetable characters. New, pert and colorfully hand painted, each little imp consists of a pair of shakers which snugly up to form a single character. Delightfully different. Head for salt, base for pepper. Your choice of six sassy vegetables—celery, squash, tomato, potato, turnip, rutabaga. Order several to bring a cheery chuckle to your table. Each pair (1 complete vegetable character) only \$1.50 postage paid.

Write for FREE CATALOG

of Unusual Gift Items

Dealer Inquiries Invited Department C-1

**ADRIANE, INC.**

Park Square St. Paul 1, Minn.

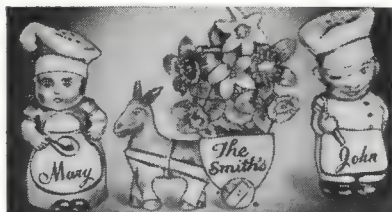
**UNITED NATIONS 1ST STAMP ISSUE**  
Considered to be one of World's Most attractive sets. Pictures U.N. Bldg., Emblem, Flag & Peoples of World. Only 10¢. Approvals included.  
WELLES, Box 1246-CM, Church St. Sta. NYC 38

**WANTED: JEWELRY!**  
Highest cash paid for old, or broken jewelry. Mail gold teeth, watches, rings, silverware, diamonds, spectacles. Write for FREE information. Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
ROSE SMELTING CO., 29-CB East Madison St., Chicago

**FREE 119 FOREIGN STAMPS**  
Including Africa, Australia, Pakistan, China, India, Russia and Scandinavia. Send 10¢ for postage and handling. With approvals. **NIAGARA STAMP COMPANY** Canada Niagara-on-the-Lake 850.

**GIGANTIC COLLECTION**  
Includes Triangles, Early United States—Animals—Commemorative—British Colonies—High Value Pictorials, etc. Complete Collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all free with approvals. Send 5¢ for postage.  
**GRAY STAMP CO., Dept. CC, Toronto, Canada**

# The Cosmopolitan



**BARGAIN! To Get New Customers! All for Only**

**Adorable Cart** With Beautiful Simulated Flowers and Jolly Cook & Chef **50¢**

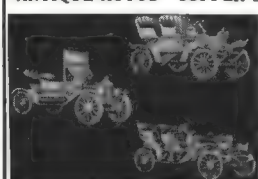
**SALT & PEPPER SET**

Gleaming imported ceramic. Colorfully hand decorated. Adds a gay note to your mantel, table, knick-knack shelf, etc. Flowers can be removed, if desired, and Cart may be used for other purposes. The Jolly Cook pours salt; Winking Chef pours pepper.

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK**

Available plain (without names) for only 50¢. However, for only 10¢ extra, we'll artistically hand-letter any family name on Cart, and any first names of Couple on each of the charming figures, as illustrated. Not more than 3 of these three-piece sets to each customer. Each set can be personalized differently, if you desire, so that you can give one away as a gift. Add 10¢ to each set ordered for postage and handling. No C.O.D.'s please. **DOBBS PRODUCTS CO., 900 W. Lake St., Dept. 890, Chicago 7, Ill.**

#### "ANTIQUE AUTOS" COPPER SCATTER PINS



1" replicas of Model T Ford, '03 Cadillac, '09 Stanley Steamer. Park them on hat, suit, dress or scarf. Only \$2 for set of 3; ppd. & tax incl. Also matching men's cuff links (\$1.50 pr.), tie clasp (\$1).

**ROSLYN HOFFMAN, 656 Broadway C-3, New York 12**

**70 Yds. Ribbon ONLY \$1.00**

BARGAIN BOXES of both best remountable! Box of colors. Gorgeous variety Solis, Maine, Field, etc. All new, 3 yd. slices. 1/4" to 3" wide. 175 Yds. \$2.00

**Lace 20 yds. 1.00**

Exquisite variety LACE, EYELET, TRIMMINGS. 2-yd. lengths. 1/4" to 3" wide. 20 yds. \$1.00. (Worth \$2.00). 45 yds. \$2.00. Sent Postpaid or C.O.D. plus postage. Money Back Guarantee. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG.

**WOTRING CO. Catsaqua 185 Pa.**

**STOP INSTANTLY**

**RADIO & TV NOISES** New electronic design "Bell-tronic" line filter eliminates NOISES caused by all motors, appliances, autos, oil burners, etc. Simply plug radio or TV cord into filter & filter into wall socket. **\$1** Add 25¢ pp. & ship. **TV PICTURE INTERFERENCE** "Vid-tronic" TV WAVE TRAP stops PICTURE interference instantly. No more annoying wavy lines, jumping pictures, streaks, etc. caused by autos, appliances, power lines. Easy! Attaches to set in 30 seconds. **\$2.98** Add 25¢ pp. & ship. **No C.O.D.—Try 5 Days Money Back Guarantee** **SPECIAL \$4** Offer Don't Accept Inferior Imitations **BOX 364, DEPT. CP5 TUBE WHOLESALEERS CO. ROCKVILLE CENTRE, N. Y.**

## LOOK... IS THIS YOUR BIG TOE SHOWING?

(or does it hit and hurt in closed shoes?)

Yes, because your feet SLIDE FORWARD... causing heels to slip, ankle straps to gap, in steps to cut, toes to hurt in closed shoes! CORRECT these painful, ugly conditions with JANIES, the cushioned "Inside Platforms", that help to control gravity, give HEAVENLY COMFORT, ADD TO FOOT BEAUTY!

JANIES are effective in closed or open shoes with high, midway, flat or wedge heels! JANIES will help restore shoes from your closet to WEARABLE SERVICE—this will SAVE YOU TEN TIMES THE COST OF JANIES!

JANIES are only \$1.25 plus 25¢ handling for the first pair, \$1.25 for additional pairs. In Grey, Black, Brown, Red, White and Blue. GIVE SHOE SIZES AND COLORS WANTED.

JANIES will be PERSONALIZED WITH YOUR NAME IN GOLD if you order 4 or more pairs! MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE (if not personalized)

**JANIES • 1865 UNIVERSITY AVE., N. Y. 53, N. Y.**

## NOR-GEE JUMBO MAIL BOX

Holds ALL Your Mail INSIDE and Unfolded—Fully Protected from Wet and Wind

**Only \$6.20 Postpaid**

(Denver and West \$6.70)

16" high, 11 1/2" wide, projects 4 1/2"—Sturdy steel, baked-on gray finish for use as is or for painting to suit your color scheme.

**NOR-GEE CORPORATION**  
3001 W. 2nd St.  
Jamestown, N. Y.

## PAY IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Good Paying Jobs in So. America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, Transp. Free. \$400.00 to \$2000.00 Monthly. Many Job Opportunities in Foreign Countries. Information Free.  
**TURNER FOREIGN BUREAU CO. File #26**  
740 3RD AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

## 60 POWER TELESCOPE \$3.98

VARIABLE EYEPIECE 20X-40X-60X—BRASS BOUND NEW! Three telescopes in one. 3 different magnifications. 20 power for ultra-bright images with 40 and 60 power for extra long range. Guaranteed to bring distant objects, people, sports events, ships, moon, stars, etc. 60 times as close. Most Powerful for anyone near the money. 3 Sections. Closes to 1 ft. long. Contains 4 ground and polished lenses. Also used as a powerful compound microscope. Directions included. Mass production enables us to offer this instrument at amazing price of \$3.98 complete. Money Back Guarantee. We pay postage. Get yours now.  
**CRITERION CO. 331 Church St. Hartford 3, Conn.**



# Shopper

*A shop full of useful items,  
unique gifts and services  
at your fingertips for  
convenient shopping in your  
leisure hours at home*

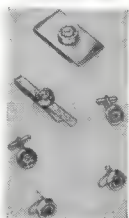
## They Actually Turn

Genuine BALL BEARING JEWELRY for the MAN in INDUSTRY\*

\*—and the Ladies he loves!  
Moving jewelry that turns conversations your way! Ideal as gifts, premiums, party prizes, etc. Practical, clever and constant reminders of you, your profession and your interests.  
Tie Clasp (reg. or slim). \$1.95  
Cuff Links, pair. . . . . 3.98  
(—for those man-tailored blouses, too!)

Tie Clasp & Links, set. . . 5.48  
Earrings, pair. . . . . 2.95  
Money Clip, each. . . . . 2.95  
Moving Gears at Same Prices: Specify Gold or Silver Finish. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s, naturally.

THE MAN'S WORLD   
... that Women Love!



Dept. CO-3  
90 West St.  
New York 6, N. Y.

## WASTEBASKETS

A thing of beauty. Made of thick translucent polythene, framed in heavy copper sheet. Hand riveted. Square, Hex, Oblong, Triangular.

**\$14.50**  
Express Collect. 930 East Main St. Crestline, Ohio

GLEN COTTAGES  
MANUFACTURING CO.

## FREE MATERNITY Catalog

Shop by mail and save!

Exclusive maternity style house offers new season fashions by top designers, \$2.95 to \$22.50. Styles for morning, afternoon, sports. Also corsets & lingerie. (Catalog mailed in plain envelope.) Write today!

CRAWFORD'S

Dept. O, 8015 Wornall, Kansas City 14, Mo.



## YOU CAN ACHIEVE YOUR LIFE'S DESIRES

FINANCIAL SUCCESS • BODY & MIND RELAXATION  
SELF-CONFIDENCE • MAGNETIC PERSONALITY ETC.

thru amazing scientific technique used by doctors, executives, schools; now available to YOU. Brings RESULTS without effort or study. Do NOTHING but relax and listen to special recorded courses. Proof & details of this modern miracle sent FREE.  
CAMBRIDGE INSTITUTE 6773 Santa Monica, Los Angeles 38, Calif Dept C-3

## 300 Printed Name & Address Labels 50¢



Imagine! 300 Gummed Labels—Nicely printed with your Name & Address. Stick 'em on Letters, Pkgs., etc.! Put up in Handy Pad form. Easily worth \$1—price only 50¢! Money back if not pleased.

TOWER PRESS, Inc. Box 591-NR Lynn, Mass.

## TOWELS

12 Large Size Assorted Colors ONLY \$1.00

Money Back Guarantee, Order Now!

MURRAY HILL HOUSE, Dept. 101-B

©52MMH 157 East 31st St., New York 16, N. Y.  
Dealers' Inquiries Invited



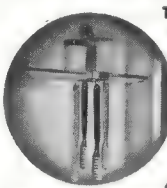
## PERSONALIZED "MIDNIGHT COACH" SIGN

Your Name and House Number GLOWS IN THE DARK!

Use it on lawn, house, mailbox, post or tree. Adds a friendly warmth to your house—guests can find it, too. Artistically hand-lettered with any family name and house number so they glow in the dark.

**Only \$1.00**  
Durable—to give years of heavy service. Easy to install. Rich black hand-mixed crackle finish; of heavy weatherproof methyl-methacrylate plastic. Over 18" long, 3 3/4" high. Add 15¢ for postage and handling. No C. O. D.'s please.

**Bancrofts**  
1112 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. CN-1, Chicago 6, Ill.



## TOOTHBRUSH HOLDER

Slides over edge of bathroom cabinet glass shelf, holds four toothbrushes. Keeps them free from dust and out of sight. Aluminum clip is so thin that bottles or jars may be set on shelf just above it. Prim Toothbrush Holder 59¢ or two for \$1. Postpaid.

## PRIM PRODUCTS

409 City Hall Bldg., Rockford, Ill.

## STOP

## RADIO & TV NOISES INSTANTLY



NEW PATENTED ELECTRONIC INVENTION "CLEAR TONE" filter eliminates noisy interference caused by all motor appliances, autos, oil burners, etc. Simply plug radio or TV cord into filter and filter into wall socket. Enjoy "CLEAR TONE" reception. Try 5 days—MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. SEND 10¢ for postage & handling. Household Prod., Dept. 93, Scarsdale, N. Y.

## Famous ROYAL PRINTS

FOR CLASSMATES

FOR COLLEGE APPLICATIONS

FOR RELATIVES

FOR FRIENDS

FOR THE BOY FRIEND



RECOMMENDED BY PARENTS

ACTUAL SIZE (2 1/4" x 3 1/2")

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

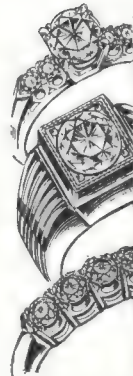
## FREE CATALOG!

## BUY GENUINE Diamonds

From New York's Leading

## PAWNBROKER

SAVE UP TO 50% AND MORE



Tremendous savings on diamonds from unredeemed loans, bankruptcy sales and other below market sources. All reset in smart brand new 14 Kt. gold and platinum modern mountings. One of the worlds largest selections. Every diamond graded according to nationally accepted system. Grading explained in catalog. You are 100% protected by a SWORN BOND guaranteeing quality and 10 DAY UNCONDITIONAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Easy payment lay-away plan, and . . . see-before-you-buy plan available. Send coupon for FREE CATALOG. Established since 1882. Our references: Dun & Bradstreet or your own bank.

**KASKEL'S** 9 Columbus Ave. New York 23, Dept. 458-C

Send FREE CATALOG and Advice about DIAMONDS without obligation.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY..... STATE.....

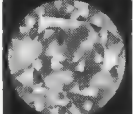


## SEND FOR FREE SHOE BOOKLET

BUY DIRECT VIA MAIL. SEND POST CARD TODAY FOR FREE 28 PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET CP

Tall Gals of all ages send to Shoecraft for thrifty styles with the Young Touch. Priced as low as \$29.95. Perfect fitting. Sizes to 13; AAAA to C. MONEY-BACK guarantee if returned unused in 10 days.

**SHOE CRAFT** 603 FIFTH AV., NEW YORK 17



## TITANIA

the miracle gem stone you read about in The READER'S DIGEST  
More brilliant and  
More beautiful than DIAMONDS

Unset "Titania" gems, 1 to 5 carats, for your own rings, brooches, etc. Per carat \$10\* ONLY



1 carat "Titania" Solitaire set in a beautiful 14 kt gold mounting. Complete \$225\* ONLY

1 carat "Titania" set in a Masculine box style 14 kt mounting. Complete \$285\* ONLY

Regent's Synthetic Star Rubies and Sapphires at proportionately low prices  
FREE booklet and handy Ring-Size Chart  
\*Plus 20% Federal tax

**REGENT** 10 DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE  
LAPIDARY CO.  
Dept. CO-76, 511 E. 12 St., N.Y. 9, N.Y.

## 20 WALLET SIZE PORTRAIT PRINTS \$1.00

(50 for \$2.00)

Just the thing for your graduation and friendship picture — a lasting memento of a happy occasion for classmates and loved ones. Perfect portrait snapshots for job and college applications. Send us your picture (or neg) with \$1.00 — you will receive your original with 20 beautiful ROY Prints on fine portrait paper. Nothing extra to pay.

**ROY PHOTO SERVICE** Dept. 85  
GPO BOX 644, New York 1, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$..... for ..... (20 prints for \$1.00) each of ..... pictures herewith.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

# Docker's Wife

In an atmosphere charged with insecurity, she puts up a rugged battle to build a stable home life for her family



Brought up on the water front, Dolly Mullins now rears Dale

BY BUDD SCHULBERG

For years Joe Docks, the ordinary longshoreman of New York harbor, worked at his vital but unpublicized job of loading and unloading the thirty million tons of general cargo that pass each year through the greatest port in the world.

Then came the Kefauver and New York State Crime Commission investigations, leading to a head-on collision between the crime-infected International Longshoremen's Association union and a new antiracketeering A. F. of L. union. We, the public, were staggered to learn that New York's 650 miles of coast line was virtually an outlaw frontier harboring a \$350,000,000-a-year racket.

Now Joe Docks is no longer a cipher

buried in the shipping-news section. Today his activities make front-page stories across the nation.

Behind the news stories there is a private story. For Joe Docks has a life beyond the piers and the headlines. He lives in tenements fringing the water front from Brooklyn to Hoboken. There is a wife, in most cases, and a flock of children. If there is an unknown soldier on the water front, it is Mrs. Joe Docks, the longshoreman's wife, who faces the challenge of piecing together some sort of stability for her family out of a way of life that has been notoriously precarious.

A longshoreman has no regular employment. He works when a ship is in—if the hiring boss picks him to work that

ship. His wife never knows the peace of mind that comes with seeing her husband off for work at eight and having dinner ready for his sure return at six. A dock worker may go down to the pier at seven in the morning, not start work until after lunch, and then work through until midnight or later. Or he may find that the ship has been delayed. Or the hiring boss reaches over his shoulder to pick another man. He's left standing on the street. And he needed that day bad. There's no money in the house and no grub in the icebox.

## Household Planning Is Useless

A longshoreman's life runs exactly contrary to a woman's instinctive conservatism. Meals on time, savings for the





and two sons in a four-room flat a few blocks from Pier 45, where her husband, Tim, works in the regular gang.

*Photos by George Hoyer—Pia*

children, plans for a monthly budget, and all those other estimable domestic aims are rarely possible for Mrs. Joe Docks.

Mrs. Helen "Dolly" Mullins, who lives on Manhattan's West Side, faces these problems the year round. Her husband, Tim, has been working fairly regularly, for the last couple of years at least, on Pier 45, a few blocks away.

Dolly Mullins is a buxom, hearty woman in her middle thirties with a likable moonface under Mamie bangs. Emphatically Irish, she is outgoing and sociable, quick-witted and fun-loving, although the pressure of caring for three children between the ages of seventeen months and four years leaves scant time for recreation or free evenings.

Dolly and her family live on the second floor of a shabby tenement, the kind landlords seem to abandon to their fate. The walls along the stairway and narrow corridors are cracked and stained and scribbled with the random observations of occupants, present and past. The preparation of half a dozen different meals in the beehive apartments creates a warm, sweet, and not unpleasant hallway aroma. You hear impromptu counterpoint: a baby crying, the gunfire of a radio melodrama, a domestic argument, group laughter, a jazz broadcast.

You enter the Mullinses' flat through the small kitchen, beyond which are two small bedrooms and a larger living room looking out on Eleventh Street. The flat

is built smack against the wall of the next building, a garage, so there is natural light only in the front room. The first time I called was shortly before Christmas, and Dolly was embarrassed because Tim hadn't had a chance to finish his traditional holiday wallpapering, repainting, and general redecorating. One of the small bedrooms was nearly repapered in a floral design, and Tim was determined to get through before Christmas. He had come home from work about one that morning and then painted until dawn. Pretty tiring after a long stretch on the dock, he admitted, but easier than painting during the day when Dink and Tommy, his four- and three-year-old sons, insisted on helping him by getting their

# Docker's Wife

(continued)

hands in the paint and throwing it up at the ceiling.

## Their Last Flat Had Rats

The wallpaper and linoleum of the other rooms were dirty and worn. While acknowledging that the place was a little small and that with no doors between the rooms it was easy for parents and "the wild Indians" to get on each other's nerves, still Dolly cheerily preferred this to their last place, a few blocks away. There the rent was somewhat lower (\$19.60 a month as compared with \$26.30 here) and they had almost twice as much room, but the flat was overrun with rats so large and so bold that the cat Tim brought in to cope with them was bitten to death.

"After that, I was ready to move, no matter how much room we had. We may be a little crowded here, but at least the rats aren't sharing the place with us. Biggest animal I've seen here is a cockroach. At least they don't bite."

Besides the new wallpaper and linoleum, Dolly is looking forward to a new living-room set. They have been saving toward a down payment. Dolly is patient. A congenital optimism peppered with a

healthy cynicism gives Dolly Mullins a positive attitude toward—if not resignation to—things as they are.

One reason for this may be that she was brought up in this neighborhood and belongs to an old respected water-front family, the Barrys. Her father was a cooper (a cargo repairman) and one of the founders of the coopers' union in New York. Dolly remembers he once ran for alderman, although he was barely able to read and write. "But he was smart as a whip, remembered everything he heard. He could really tell you something about this water front. A wonderful man." Her brother Eddie Barry, also a leader of the coopers, has been in the forefront of the present struggle to pry the water-front unions free from racketeer control. Two other brothers are water-front workers with strong convictions about cleaning up the harbor. Tim himself has four brothers on the docks. One of them, Jackie, is safety man on Pier 45.

My visits with Dolly and Tim invariably took place in the small kitchen, which serves as entranceway and improvised sitting room, since Tommy and Dink sleep in bunk beds in the little room opening out on the kitchen, and the

baby's crib is in the other bedroom. While Tim and I sat around the kitchen table, Dolly—called "Skinny" by her husband as a family joke—would perch on the lid covering the bathtub next to the sink.

Before that she had run down for a handful of cigars for me and also some beer and cold cuts. As we talked and ate and smoked and drank, Dink, Tommy, and Dale, a doll-like, robust colleen of seventeen months, wandered in and out, strumming on toy ukuleles, wrestling, climbing in and out of our laps, and snacking from the table.

## Dolly's Used to Distractions

Dolly is used to these distractions. She would pour me another beer, keep on talking, fondle Dale and hand her a pretzel to keep her quiet, referee a bit of fisticuffs between the two boys and banish them from the kitchen, temporarily, "so we c'n hear ourselves think." It was all accomplished with good-humored patience.

Dolly Mullins is no water-front Pollyanna, however. With a longshoreman's life, she says, "it's either a feast or a famine." There are times when Tim "gets his three or four days a week and come

The shape-up is gone, but Tim, like all dockers, must wait around the pier each morning to be told whether or not he works.





Friday we've got seventy, eighty dollars and everything is lovely." But there have been weeks when he only "grabs a day or two." And Dolly remembers with bitterness the long, hungry weeks when Tim was on strike for benefits she feels most American workmen won years ago and longshoremen were denied because crooked I.L.A. leaders consistently sold them out. "When I hear *strike*, I get shudders, no kiddin'," Dolly said. "The fifty-one strike, I'll never forget it. You can't get an unemployment check until you've been out of work seven weeks, so just when you need it most you're S.O.L. If our grocery man hadn't carried us, I don't know what we'd've done. He was an Armenian fellow, and he let us run up a bill so at least we kept eating. But I felt nervous all the time, thinkin' how long it'd take us to pay it off. Strikes, I been through 'em and I hate 'em. Sure I come from a labor family and I know the strike is the only power you got. But it's no picnic for the housewife, believe me. I know what it is to try and get by on nothin' a week. And I sure don't want to make a habit of it." Dolly laughed heartily. "Not the way this family eats."

Tim, tall and wiry, with unruly dark hair, grinned, pulled his cap over one eye, and spoke in that rapid way of the West Side. "You should talk, the way you pack it away." Dolly accepted this good-naturedly. "I admit it. I like to eat." Then she added, half joking, "What other fun do I get out of life these days?"

When he was courting her, Tim recalled, just after he got out of the Army, he took her to an Italian place and she ate two full helpings of spaghetti. The whole evening set him back around \$9.50. Dolly enjoyed talking about that date, back in the days when they knew what it was to have an evening to themselves. She was slender in those days, she said, regarding her present figure with disarming candor. "I must've gained forty pounds. But I tell Tim, at least there's no danger of losing me in the dark." She grinned, saucy and Irish.

She went on talking about food. "You know where most of our money goes?—Right here on the table. I figure first things first, and the kids got to eat well." She figures her food bill runs at least thirty dollars a week, excluding meat, which she shops around for and often buys at Hearn's Department Store at cut-rate prices. ("You c'n get three pounds of hamburger for a dollar.") Tim brings home around three hundred dollars a month, and from Dolly's estimate, nearly half of that "goes on the table."

Was the violent '51 strike the hungriest time the Mullinses had known? No, Dolly said, the real bad time, the worst, was back in 1948 when Alcoa pulled its ships out to another part of the harbor.



Tim Mullins, in the dark windbreaker, gets \$2.27 an hour. He attaches the cargo hook to rising and falling tackle. Working fairly steadily in 1953, he made \$4,200.

This move shut down two piers where Tim's local was favored. Tim had to roam the water front "taking the leavings, grabbing a day here and a day there. But not enough to feed us. And I was eatin' for two; I was carryin' Dink. I got so I was dreamin' of hamburgers. Finally it got so bad I went to the Church and asked for food tickets. Only I didn't have the nerve to tell Tim. You know, he's got that Irish pride. I'm Irish, too, but the eating comes first, the pride c'n come after. Well, anyway, it just happens that the next day Tim gets eight hours and he comes home with a big steak and a carton of beer. We're just sittin' down to it, when the Father comes in with my five-dollar food ticket. He sees the steak and the beer—the first we had in Lord knows when—and I'm afraid he thinks I'm lyin'. And now Tim knows about me goin' to the Church and he's got his Irish up. 'Why no, Father, we don't need any help. You see how we're doin', steak and beer.' I felt like hitting him right in the head." Pier 45 finally went back into operation, just about the time Dink was born. Since that time, Tim has become part of a "regular gang" employed whenever a ship is in. On days when there's no work at Pier 45, he tries to pick up extra work at other piers. Dink was Dolly's smallest baby, and she feels sure there is a direct connection between that fact and the closing of those two piers.

In times like those, Dolly says, it is the individual kindness of neighbors that pulls you through. When, as an after-effect of childbirth, she hemorrhaged and had to return to the hospital, her neighborhood doctor refused to take any money.

"I know your husband isn't working right now, so don't worry about it," he assured her. The name of this doctor, Hayunga, is a household institution throughout the neighborhood. His father, now in his eighties, is said to have delivered at least seventy per cent of all the babies born in this section for the past fifty years. His son is still referred to as a "two-dollar doctor," because he has never wished to make medical expenses a burden to people who work so hard for a living.

### "We Help Each Other Out"

"It's still two dollars," Dolly says, "and if you haven't got the two dollars, that's all right, too. Wonderful people, the Hayungas. A lot of people down here would be dead without 'em. There are some good people in this world. We've got some right here in this building. We help each other, borrow back and forth [a little girl had just knocked on the door to ask for aspirin for her sick sister]. I like people to be kindhearted and generous." And then she added, "And yet some of them turn out to be such stinkers."

Second in importance to getting good meals on the table is keeping the children well-clothed. This calls for painstaking shopping, for after the rent and eating money has been deducted, there is only about \$125 left for everything else. Tim's needs are simple, limited chiefly to cigarettes and beers. His work clothes, consisting of old brown trousers, a wool shirt, a windbreaker, and a ski cap, are worn on all but the most solemn occasions. Dolly would like a few more dresses, and the fur coat she has is a hand-me-down in the family. But, like Tim, she

## Docker's Wife (continued)



The family kitchen serves as a dining, sitting, and bathing room and resting spot for Dink. The flat is small, but Dolly likes it better than the last one, where rats killed the family cat.

Playground for Dink and Tommy is the tenement-lined Manhattan streets. Dolly dreams of a suburban home, knows it can't be as long as Tim is a longshoreman.



dotes on her kids, despite frequent complaints about what nuisances they are, and she is proud of the clothes she manages to find for them at bargain prices.

### How She Stretches a Dollar

"You can spend your whole afternoon trying to stretch a dollar," Dolly says. She knows what it is to hike up and down Fourteenth Street pricing comparable articles until she finds one a little cheaper than the rest. One afternoon, for instance, Dolly saw a brown pants-and-shirt ensemble she wanted for Dink, but it ran a few dollars over what she could afford. She shopped for hours until she found a pair of pants in one store and a shirt in another, close enough in color to pass as a set. That saved her over a dollar.

While Tim's average, in recent years, of about \$4,200 gross income does not compare unfavorably with workers in other industries, Dolly thinks the unevenness of the income and the uncertainty



of the future make them feel as if they are always poor. "You never seem to catch up. You have some bad weeks or a slow season and you owe the grocer, and the doctor, and everybody else, and then when you have a good week, like say maybe Tim brings home as much as ninety dollars, you never feel 'in the money' because it goes out so fast to pay the back bills. A strike or a shut-down pier or an upheaval like the one that's going on now can set you back so far you spend the next two years trying to catch up."

### Always Ready for the Worst

This is one reason the Mullinses keep their rent under a dollar a day. Ordinarily an annual wage like Tim's could finance better housing than their narrow railroad flat. But the specter of a shut-down pier and the resultant rat race for survival always hangs over Tim and Dolly. They have to be ready to cut down to the bone when the going gets tough.

Feeding on this insecurity are the loan sharks, or "Shylocks," as they are commonly known on the docks. Every pier has them, and the Mullinses, like nearly every other longshore family, has had to fall back on them when Tim failed to grab enough days. A loan shark is glad to loan you fifty dollars, at rates of five dollars each week. If it takes you ten weeks to repay the principal, the interest has mounted to a hundred per cent! These loan sharks are bank-rolled by the mobs that are still clinging tenaciously to a majority of the piers.

The men on the pier where Timmy works today, Pier 45, scored a spectacular victory over agents of the Dunn-McGrath mob, which used to terrorize all the Greenwich Village piers. It took a series of running battles over a period of years, but they won. The shop steward, chosen democratically by the membership of Tim's local, William "Pete" Loughran, is scrupulously honest about the voluntary welfare contributions that come in from the men each week for the relief of the injured and the needy. "Pete runs the most honest box on the water front," Dolly says. "He'll walk in to a family where the man is laid up and can't work and say, 'Here's a hundred.' He could just as well say, 'Here's thirty, or forty,' and keep the rest, like a lot of them do. But not Pete. He was a regular longshoreman for too many years. He feels for the men." On too many other piers, Dolly thinks, the welfare box has been just another racket swelling the pockets of racketeers.

Dolly was raised in the stronghold of the Dunn-McGrath mob, and today she knows many of the West Side muscle boys by sight. She thinks she speaks for nearly all the water-front wives when she

(continued)

# Snap-Tite

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## ADJUSTABLE STOPPERS



# STOP

### LOSS OF...

- HEAT
- COLD
- FLAVOR
- TASTE
- FRESHNESS
- AND ELIMINATE LEAKY CORKS

**AVAILABLE FOR ALL  
POPULAR MAKES OF  
VACUUM BOTTLES  
PICNIC JUGS  
BEVERAGE BOTTLES**

Snap-Tite Adjustable Stoppers will save money for you by keeping food and beverages fresh, hot or cold longer—makes an air-tight seal. It's the easy-to-use adjustable feature that makes this possible. A twist with the fingers makes Stopper larger or smaller to fit size of opening. Ask your dealer for Snap-Tite or write.

## Snap-Tite

**MOELLER MFG. CO., INC.**

Dept. C, 2401 Durand Ave.,  
Racine, Wis.

In Canada  
Moeller Mfg. Co. (Canada) Ltd.  
Niagara Falls, Ontario  
Canada  
Prices slightly higher in Canada.



**No. 15**  
Fits beverage  
bottles  
**15c**

**No. 25**  
Fits regular-size  
vacuum bottles  
**25c**



**No. 52**  
Fits ALADDIN  
wide-mouth  
10-oz. vacuum  
bottles  
**50c**

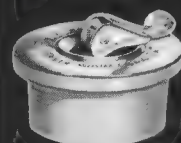
**No. 50**  
Fits THERMOS  
spoon-mouth  
bottles in 10-  
oz., pt. & qt.  
**50c**



**No. 80**  
Fits ALADDIN  
wide-mouth pt.  
& quart vacuum  
bottles  
**70c**



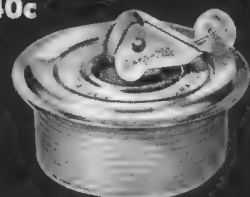
**No. 40**  
Fits regular  
ALADDIN vacuum  
bottles  
**40c**



**No. 70**  
Fits UNIVERSAL and  
THERMOS pt. size  
wide-mouth food  
vacuum bottles  
**70c**



**No. 75**  
Fits UNIVERSAL and  
THERMOS qt. size  
wide-mouth food  
vacuum bottles  
**75c**



**No. 79**  
Fits PICNIC JUGS  
**79c**

We manufacture special stoppers for industrial applications. Send details for prompt quotation.

## Docker's Wife (continued)



When a longshoreman isn't working he's hanging around the dock saloons waiting for a call to work, maybe drinking, probably worrying about home.

curse out the racketeers as leeches who have kept honest longshoremen from getting the kind of protection they deserve.

### The Dockers' Code of Silence

As the showdown between the criminal group on the docks and the A. F. of L. reform crusaders grows more desperate, Dolly knows a number of friends and relatives prominent in the A. F. of L. whose lives and families have been threatened. Her brother Eddie was one of the first to testify publicly against the waterfront rackets, out of his conviction that only by getting the facts to the public would the underworld perversion of unionism be checked. This marked a break with a long-established waterfront code of silence and refusal to give information to the police or government officials. Dolly has known longshoremen who refused to testify against the very hoodlums who assaulted them or hijacked their local. She has her own very strong ideas on this subject. "You talk about ratting," I tell them. "How dopey can you get? Is it ratting when you do what Eddie did, telling the truth in order to get the mob off your backs? Boy, if that's ratting, and I had a chance to rat, would I rat!"

At this point I couldn't resist telling Dolly that the waterfront movie I had



On payday, Dolly, escorted by Tim, takes the pay check, makes a pilgrimage to the storekeepers who have extended credit,



been working on for the past year with director Elia Kazan ("Waterfront," starring Marlon Brando and soon to be released by Columbia) was based on exactly that issue. "Well, we never go to the movies," she said, "but if that's what your movie is about, we'll have to figure out a way to see it."

### Dolly Versus the Saloon

This business of adhering to an out-moded code isn't Dolly's only criticism of longshoremen. She is equally frank in telling you that she doesn't like the longshoreman's habit of stopping off in a bar and spending too much of his money and his time away from home. This is a traditional skirmish in the war between men and women particularly familiar to Irish dock-worker families. The old saw of "Father, dear Father, come home with me now" is not entirely anachronistic on the streets near the river. Timmy is not a hard drinker, and he is known as a good family man, but it is in his blood to stop off for a few beers. Occasionally Dolly will send someone looking for him as a gentle reminder for him to come home.

"Once in a while he fools me and tries a new place," Dolly says, having carefully charted all Tim's favorite haunts. It is a kind of half-joking, half-serious issue in the Mullins family, although

(continued)



pays off, then markets for the week.



Fishing at Westport on Pacific Ocean

## Vacation's great in Washington State



Lake Washington Floating Bridge



Tacoma, Mount Rainier in Background



Stevens Pass Highway Across Cascades

The whole family can agree, you'll have the vacation of your life in beautiful Washington State!

Broad, paved, scenic highways take you along the awe-inspiring Columbia River Gorge and to such matchless attractions as recreation-filled Puget Sound and the Yakima, Wenatchee and Okanogan Valleys—made famous by Washington apples.

Wherever you travel in Washington State there are hotel, motel and resort accommodations to fit any budget. And the Evergreen State is closer than you think by train, plane, bus or car. Fill out the coupon today for a colorful booklet that will help you plan your trip to Washington State.

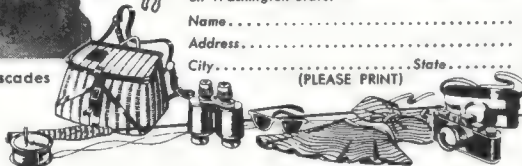
WASHINGTON STATE ADVERTISING COMMISSION  
Room No. 441, Transportation Bldg.  
Olympia, Washington  
Please send me your FREE natural color booklet on Washington State.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(PLEASE PRINT)



# Docker's Wife (continued)

Dolly, like most longshoremen's wives, is resigned to the fact that lifting a few with the boys is as much a part of a longshoreman's life as swinging a cargo hook. For one thing their homes are too small to encourage much company, so the bars become a kind of overflow living room for men only, where the longshoreman can enjoy a bit of surcease both from his work and his home life. As a result there tends to be a barrier between the life of the men, flowing in a natural cycle from pier to bar to home and back to work again, and the life of their womenfolk, limited almost entirely to their few small rooms and the hour-to-hour needs of their families. On this subject as on all others relating to the water front, Dolly Mullins is consistently direct.

"I never get a chance to get out. I'm cooped up with the kids all the time, especially in winter when it's too cold for them to stay out on the street very long. So I figure if Timmy wants to drink he can just come home and drink with me." Tim listens to this and grins good-naturedly. For in this home, as in many another Irish working-class household, the mother is a tough-minded matriarch.

On Friday night when Tim has his week's pay in his pocket, Dolly gives him an hour's grace. Then, if he isn't home, she goes on the prowl for him. Longshoremen have been known to drink up a week's pay in a night's drinking, or lose it all in a tossing game. Dolly has had too many longshoremen in her family to risk that.

At the end of a long, hard day when the children finally have fallen asleep, Dolly relaxes—in her fashion. Sometimes she watches TV, for a good laugh at Sam Levenson or Jimmy Durante, though the baby sleeps in the same room with her and she must keep the sound down. Sometimes she reads a comic or a murder mystery. Her taste in comics runs to horror stories. "It gets my mind off what I've been doing all day," she said.

The large-screen TV set in the bedroom has become the focal point of Dolly's home. When Dink and Tommy, his freckled-faced younger brother, tie themselves into a tearful knot or drown out all talk with their toy ukuleles ("I must've been out of my mind when I bought 'em those things!"), the invariable last resort is, "Go in and watch the television."

## The Children Stay Up Late

Since Dink and Tommy have not reached school age and since any conversation in the kitchen clearly carries through the adjacent rooms, the children are allowed to stay up until they fall asleep naturally. "They are good sleepers, like all the Mullinses," Dolly says. Dink has begun to venture down into the street by himself, often in pursuit of

candy from Benny's grocery store, and Dolly naturally worries about him whenever he is out alone. Yet it is impossible to keep him penned up in a small apartment all the time, and she is reconciled to but none too happy about the prospect of Dink's having to take his chances on so tough a block at so tender an age. Bigger boys grab his toys away, and there is the constant danger of trucks speeding toward the docks.

The high point of Dolly's year, and perhaps the one time when she is really content, is summer, when the Mullinses take a bungalow at Highland Beach on the Jersey shore. "Dink gets brown as an Indian, and both boys just live in the water, like a couple of fish." Timmy joins the family there from Friday until Monday. Highland Beach is a place Dolly knew as a child, and she loves the idea of being there again. The rent for the summer is \$325, and no matter what else they do without, the Mullinses make sure of

having that golden sum ready for their summer landlord. The uncomfortable winter months are always made more bearable by counting the days until they are ready to pack off to Highland Beach.

Much of what I learned about Dolly Mullins and her life poured out on Friday evenings, which have a special place on the Mullinses' calendar. Friday is their social evening. They sit up drinking beer in the kitchen, and sometimes, if they have guests, a nip or two of something stronger. Sometimes Dolly brightens the occasions by playing old records on a small phonograph on the kitchen table. She likes to sing in a hearty, jazz style, and she is not inhibited about chiming right in with the Mills Brothers, Bing Crosby, or anybody else if they're singing one of the old, sentimental ballads she is especially fond of. The music and the singing and the laughter in the kitchen may even disturb the children. But Dolly feels she has worked like a dog all



After the children are asleep, Tim and Dolly sit in the kitchen singing the old



week, there has been little or no time for her own self-expression, and Friday night is the one time when she can indulge herself. The responsibilities of being a longshoreman's wife keep her cooking, scrubbing, shopping, darning, caring for the baby, and constantly scrimping to get by, so her Friday-night beer-and-song party is a necessary hair-letting-down session for her.

Less placid and less easily satisfied than Tim, who is able to live a freer life and who prefers the outdoor work of a longshoreman to any confining factory job, Dolly Mullins may blow off a lot of steam on a Friday night. But by Monday she is ready to cope with life as she finds it, whether Timmy pulls down four days work that coming week or only a single day, whether he is pulled out on strike or winds up in the pier's first-aid room.

"Somehow we always make out," Dolly says, "but lots of days I've wondered how the devil we did it." THE END

## the secret of CHARTREUSE



The Carthusian Monks developed Chartreuse Liqueurs from a treasured family recipe given them by Marshall d'Estrées in 1605. The liqueurs are still made by the Monks who gather the herbs near their Monastery.



In all the world, only two Monks at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France know the secret formula of Chartreuse Liqueur. But connoisseurs the world over know its distinctive taste and its reputation as the "Queen of Liqueurs."

Chartreuse is versatile, too. Serve it over ice cream or fruit for an unusual dessert. Serve Yellow Chartreuse half-and-half with Scotch whisky for a Scotch fancier's liqueur. Chartreuse is available at your retailer in both fifth and tenth sizes.

### LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE

Yellow—86 Proof Green—110 Proof

For a beautifully illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write—Schieffelin & Co., Dept. J, 80 Cooper Square, New York, N. Y.

everybody *Enjoys*  
3-D pictures



*see for yourself*



Everyone thrills to see View-Master color pictures "come to life" in startling 3-D realism. View-Master Stereo Reels make ideal birthday gifts... they are low in cost and long in enjoyment. You'll find over 400 fascinating subjects to delight children and adults.



View-Master Reels  
35c each... 3 for \$1.00  
Gift Packets ...\$1.00



View-Master  
Stereoscope ...\$2.00



View-Master  
Jr. Projector ...\$10.95

Makers of the new  
View-Master  
"Stereo-matic 500"  
3-D Projector

#### SELECT FROM THIS PARTIAL LIST OF VARIED SUBJECTS

##### U. S. REELS

- ☐ Grand Canyon, Ariz.
- ☐ New York City
- ☐ Yellowstone Nat'l Pk., Wyo.
- ☐ Niagara Falls, N. Y.
- ☐ Washington, D. C.
- ☐ Marine Studios, Fla.
- ☐ Black Hills, S. D.
- ☐ Lookout Mtn., Tenn.
- ☐ Eskimos, Alaska
- ☐ Honolulu, Hawaii

##### TRAVEL REELS

- ☐ Lake Louise, Canada
- ☐ Mexico City, Mexico
- ☐ Sydney, Australia
- ☐ Calcutta, India
- ☐ London, England
- ☐ Paris, France
- ☐ Rome, Italy
- ☐ Killarney, Ireland
- ☐ Cairo, Egypt
- ☐ Natives of Zululand

##### CHILDREN'S REELS

- ☐ Cowboy Stars
- ☐ Fairy Tales
- ☐ Mother Goose Rhymes
- ☐ Wild Animals
- ☐ Day at the Circus
- ☐ Cartoon Characters
- ☐ Alice in Wonderland

*Also* Make  
your own View-  
Master pictures  
with the Personal  
Stereo Camera.

© Sawyer's Inc., Portland, Oregon

*ask to see*

At selected photo, gift  
and department stores.

**VIEW-MASTER**  
STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES

songs, drinking beer—and hoping.





*"Dearly beloved," intoned the minister, and for Joe the moment was bitter as wasted love. He couldn't know, just then, that it held something for him, too*

BY ELEANOR DeLAMATER ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

"Oops!" Joe said. "Music's stopped!"

"Holy cow!" Pete whispered. He fumbled at his Ascot tie. "What's that mean?"

It was his wedding. He was the groom—Peter McCoy, some oil heir or other, rich at twenty-one because his people were all dead. He had come here only to visit, but he was marrying right into the countryside. He was a good cat, too, dark and handsome, not snooty. He hadn't imported his own best man but had picked chunky, sandy, native son Joe Marvin, not long back from overseas, to stand up with him.

So come on, Joe. Give it the old light touch, Joe.

Peering out from the high clump of rhododendrons, down the long sunny garden of the Country Club, Joe saw they were clearing an aisle through the milling prints and organdies and white jack-ets. He couldn't see Midge yet.

"Squad's forming," he grunted. "Get set."

"Holy cow!"

"You said that before." Joe glanced at him. "How you feeling?"

"Awful!" He looked it. Greenish under the tan. "Lousy!"

"Hung over, huh?"

"Aren't we all?"

"Not me. Often at bachelor dinners, never a groom. It's the groom always has to get loaded. Even at your age."

Joe's own age was twenty-three. But he wasn't like this sweating self-conscious kid. Not now, not before when he, too, was only twenty-one and the draft hadn't yet interrupted him. A mixer, Joe was, everybody's pal. Good old Joe, marching off to war. Good old Joe, marching home again, with the two-year interruption inside him like a dark crack. Here he was back in his summer job as Club swimming instructor. Here he had Marvin & Son, local realtors, to work into. And here he stood in the shrubbery behind the portable lectern, coaching some nice rah-rah boy Midge was going to marry.

Oh, Joe was okay. There was still the queerness sometimes, the bleak what's-

going-on-here feeling under all the gaiety. This was home. This was how he'd kept seeing home, the long, long, lovely garden party of it. Only it hadn't stopped where he'd left it. It had basked and bloomed and thrived. It gripped him sometimes, in black fits nobody knew about. But that would pass. Joe was fine.

"I'm fine," Joe said. "I'll get you through this." He looked things over—solid, with his butch-cut ginger hair and the gray vest and the carnation in his lapel. "Yup. Reverend Drake's taking cover behind the hedge. Must be nearly—"

He stopped; the music had started. The "Wedding March," loud and simple and throat-filling. *Tum-tum-tee-tum*. Pete jumped like a scared horse. He would have blundered straight out if Joe hadn't grabbed him.

"Not yet! I'll tell you when."

He gripped the quivering arm. Now they were coming. The ushers had the broad white ribbons rolled out. The four bridesmaids paced along the grass between—pink, blue, pink, blue, with flowered hats and flowers in their hands. Joe stared and swallowed. Then he made himself grin, knowing them all so well and seeing them so solemn and dressed up and teetering. The maid of honor walked alone. A blonde, a visitor friend of Midge's. Quite a doll, wearing that color—orchid?—that combined all the others. She moved smooth and steady, but Frank Lovett, behind her, nearly climbed up her back. Always the near-sighted putterer, old Frank, even in rented tails, even with the bride's arm through his. Joe looked at Midge.

White. Well, sure. White for the bride. But shimmering so, glistening in the sun, in the soft air. The long veil blew out behind her. The dark-blue eyes looked down. Her year-round tan glowed vivid against the dress, but the thinness had rounded out in all the right places. *Tum-tum-tee-tum*. Here comes the bride. It's Midge! It's little Midge Lovett, the brat, the plain, motherless kid who had to be lectured and launched. Nineteen now. Marrying!

The feeling hit him again, hard. Like a dream. He was here in the silky warmth, and he was there, too. He was there in a smelly ditch with this guy from George Company who had landed on him when the plane zoomed at them, spitting.

"You know something," the guy was saying while they clawed in closer under the bank. "I'd rather be someplace else."

"Snob!" Joe said. "Here we got running water and sewer combined! Where'd you rather be?"

"Ebbets Field, say. In the bleachers. With the Bums three on and nobody out!"

"Umph. Me, I'd settle for a sun bath. By the Club pool."

"Club, he sez! You keep your polo ponies there?"

"I keep my trunks and a whistle. I teach kids to swim. Or I did, summers."

"What's the whistle for? Babes in Bikinis?"

"Kids, I told you. Brats. Half fish, some of 'em, even the girls. Like this one, for instance—"

And he told about Midge that first summer. He was sixteen then, on trial for the job; she was twelve. She pattered up on the sunbaked tiles, dripping and shivering. She said she wanted to learn to do a swan dive. He had her try it from the low board. Wham! So flat she came up winded, floundering like a puppy. But she didn't scare. She came back for more. By the end of the summer, she had her sailing spread-eagled, arching the thin supple little body like a bird. He was proud of her. In a way, because she had no mother and a real gone father and the old hard-up Lovett name and nothing much else, in a way he felt responsible for her. He almost had to, she was so serious and she asked so many questions.

"Don't get me wrong," Joe said to the guy in the ditch, "but it turned out I taught Midge plenty besides swimming."

"I bet!" the guy said, getting him wrong anyway. "Well, looks like the buzz-boy's had his fun, so I'll be going."

Joe was still untangling himself when the guy stood up and a sniper cracked

*"Did you know I want to get married?" she asked, and for a moment he thought she meant to him.*



## Life should have stood still while he was gone, but it hadn't

*bla-att!* from the ridge and he fell over. He had it through the head, hardly any blood. Joe knew he was dead, but later, when he'd crawled back through the slime and made it out, he sent the medics anyway. He never knew who the guy was.

Here comes the bride. Here comes Midge, up the aisle, shining in white. Joe watched, but all the time he saw a skinny kid and a stocky half-grown lug sermonizing her. For the second, he knew only the ditch and the stink and home from there. Home from then, and none of now real.

Joe blinked and shook himself. The march beat on, very slow, higher—*tum-tee-tee-tum-tum*—and the bridesmaids tottered carefully and Midge came nearer. He caught Pete's panicky look.

"Now?" Pete gulped. "Now?"

"In a minute. Don't chicken."

"It's all these people! What if I pass out? What if—?"

"You won't. Shut up. Get ready."

He watched Dr. Drake step out from the bushes and walk to the head of the aisle. He stood, waiting, book in hand. Joe said, "Now! Hit it! Go ahead. Hup!"

They came out. They went around and across to stand to one side, before the minister. Nobody looked at them because of the bride. Joe could say, without moving his lips, "At ease till she gets here."

Pete kept his tall, dark, scared head down. "The ring!" he whispered. "You got the ring?"

"Sure. Shake the meemies. We're on."

They faced the congregation. All the backward-craned heads were turning slowly, watching Midge as she passed. All the mamas sighed and smiled. Joe saw people he knew, saw almost no one he didn't. There was his mother, up front, and his dad. They smiled. He winked. That was Joe, not fussed, standing up with the groom in the sun, in the garden. The soft faces beamed all around him, and the soft colors blended, and the music cried over and over that the bride was coming.

What bride? What gives?

"What gives?" Joe was suddenly exploding, above the loud whip of rain on a tent. "Here's this kid I know, writes me to keep clear of women!"

He was on a cot, under a flaring light, reading his mail and talking to Hymie Sejak, who was stretched out across from him. The winter downpour laced the mud outside, but they had it knocked, back

here at battalion with tents and hot chow and hardly any stuff to duck. Hymie yawned and scratched, half-asleep.

"Show me a woman!" he mumbled. "And you better keep clear—out of my way!"

"But this girl!" Joe slapped the letter. "This Midge I told you about. Just a teen-ager. Listen here what she says: 'I and my friends are serious, Joe. We read and all, if I do say so. We're quite choosy about dating on account of you not dating at all, out there. You keep clear of women! I know you do, Joe, because of you telling me about love and all. Remember that time you did, Joe? If I do say so—'"

"She sure does say so!" Hymie grunted. "Turn her off, heh? I'm beat."

He flopped over and began to snore. Joe doused the light and lay on his back in the dark. He thought about Midge.

Remember that time, Joe?

She was in bluejeans that time, in the garden of the shabby, historic Lovett house. Her hair was in a horse's tail and she was standing, straddle-legged, staring down at him where he sat in the swing. She was fifteen then, no beauty.

"Dad," she was saying, "hardly pays attention. And Ginnie and Lou and Ellen, they know everything and they think I do, too, and we all get the giggles. But I don't know. Not everything. Not in real life. So you tell me, Joe."

"Good Pete!" Joe said, embarrassed. "Can't you read a book? Do you have to ask me about sex and stuff?"

"Oh, not that! I know all that. I mean—well, what I told you. Roy. Always wanting to kiss me and wrestle around and all. Do I have to?"

Joe swung the swing fast with his feet. "You want to?"

"No! It gets me all mussed up. He gets so red in the face."

"Then don't!"

"But what—? I mean how can I not?"

"Sock the bum, that's how!" Joe planned to do it himself.

She stared at him doubtfully. She sure was young for her age, and her indigo eyes without any wise-girl look.

"Ginnie says—I mean, if I slap Roy, won't he get mad?"

"Sure. I hope! So what?"

"I don't like people to be mad at me."

"You like people to play you for a dope? You want any old creep to paw

you up when he likes and never mind what you like?" Joe got sore as he spoke, but he chose his words, not using some he knew. "You want to quit being yourself just to keep in good with some wolf or other? That what you want?"

"No." Midge thought it over, and the bothered brown face frowned. "I get what you mean," she said.

"What I mean," Joe said, "it's your own fault. Be your age, why don't you? Dating some cradle-snatcher like Roy—"

"He asks me. I'm not like Ginnie, that so many people ask me."

"They will. Ginnie's a slick chick already, but you'll catch up."

"What if I don't? What if I'm never popular?"

"Nuts!" Joe said, out of his strict male ideal for girls. "Popular! What you want is a right guy. One right guy, later."

"Like who?"

"Like— Heck, how do I know? You'll know, later. You'll be able to tell. See?"

She must have seen, for she nodded and would have left it there. But he had to give her a loud, scared lecture. About necking and guys' feelings and these cheap-type babes men could always spot. Even about love, Joe talked, not knowing from nothing but hitting it hard and sentimental as a maiden aunt. Nobody else would.

Midge listened and said okay. She never mentioned it again.

Until the letter came. And then he had lain in the foreign dark remembering, and now it was the memory he remembered, like a double take.

For he still had this trouble, Joe did. He still had this two-year crack in him where home thoughts were the clearest memories in a dark mess of them. He could forget the messy crack, did forget it, mostly. But sometimes, like now, like today, it was the only place he had to remember from. Then he'd be in it again, thought-quick, secretly, and all this here, the girls and the flowers and the happy people, wouldn't come real because it hadn't been there with him. Screwy, Joe always told himself.

Step, step, came the bridesmaids over the turf. Step, hesitate, wobble, their faces dead-pan. Now they were very close. They lined up, two on each side of the aisle, and Joe stood, feeling Pete's tension, feeling all the eyes on them and waiting while the new blonde, the maid of honor, took up her position



across from them. She looked quiet and easy, not self-conscious like the local talent, though she was a stranger among them, from Midge's one boarding-school year. Joe couldn't recall her name and didn't try. He watched Midge.

Here comes the bride. The notes seemed to soar to their highest pitch as the bride came, on her father's arm, her white gown rustling along the sod, her serious young face bent down. Half of Joe timed it coolly, and kept an eye on Pete; the other half tightened with the slow pace. Nearly here. Nearly ready. All the color and sound and shimmer focusing. It was pretty. It was suddenly so pretty and solemn and sunny bright that he could hardly look at it.

He did, though. Dr. Drake waited in his robe and white surplice, the book open in his hand. They stopped before him. Frank Lovett hesitated, then stepped back. Joe nudged Pete, whispered, "Fall in! You're on your own."

Somehow he got the tall stiffness into position beside the bride. He himself waited on Pete's right, a little behind him, touching the ring in his vest pocket.

Then the music stopped. In the silence, the bride and groom stood side by side, motionless, their two dark heads bent. And the fine grave voice of the clergyman began, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered—"

Beloved? Joe stared at the clear profile he could just see under the bridal veil. Dearly beloved? Her? Midge? Why, no. Why nothing fancy like that. Not for Joe. Not for Midge and Joe in all the years, in all the times of him watching out for her. And yet—beloved—lovely—?

"You want woman. Yank? You want nice young lovely?"

That was it. That was the place, outside HQ, in the filthy squalling, crowded dump they called a city. He was souvenir hunting. Swarms of kids were milling around him. "Hey, Yank! Numbah-one lovely! You want buy?"

The awful clutching scabby kids, with their bellies sticking out from starvation. They were everywhere, begging, yammering, trying to sell shoeshines and snatched Army supplies and their sisters. Joe saw a girl in the background, sitting shapeless on a dung heap. She didn't look scared. She didn't look anything but dirty and dull. It made him mad. He thought of home and girls at parties, and it suddenly made him sore.

"Git!" he shouted. He scattered some silver. "Here's money. Beat it!"

They stampeded, screaming, scrabbling in the dust, fighting each other. He got away, but they were after other guys the whole time he went around the raucous market, picking at shoddy stuff he didn't want and hating the whole lousy desperate wolf-pack mess. He longed to be home. He longed to be at a party, say, where all the girls got rushed—including Midge, because he personally saw to it.

He did, once. (Once was enough.) She came to this brawl with a crowd Lou Bracket's parents invited for the Club's Saturday-night buffet. She had on a blue dress she must have picked herself—while old Frank bought rare books, probably—and it didn't suit her. Joe wasn't at the supper—too old for those kids—but he saw her afterward, dancing miserably with Mr. Bracket. Then he saw her alone at the table. Then he saw her heading for the porch with that look you see on stood-up girls, of something important they have to attend to at once. Joe was stag, so he went after her. She was holding on to the terrace railing.

Joe came up to her. "Got you without the small fry horsing around." "Just getting some air," she said, proud as anything. "I managed to slip away for a minute."

"Dance now?" Joe said, playing along, and she said yes.

Some things Joe could do. Swim, dive, golf. And dance. Bebop or Arthur Murray stuff, he just had rhythm. Joe had. So it was easy to get Midge going, after the years of teaching her.

Any girl looks pretty dancing. Flushed, laughing a little, excited. It wasn't long till Roy Gregg's wolf eye lit up and he pushed across the crowded room to cut in. Joe let him, and backed off.

"You," Joe said to the first guy he met on the sidelines. "Break that up, will you? That half nelson of Roy's."

"Who, me?" this rug-cutting kid said. "I should get stuck with Midge?"

"Nope," Joe said. "You should tap Roy so I can tap you. He'd beef if I cut right back on him."

"Oh." The kid was young, easily impressed. "You rushing Midge?"

"Brother," Joe said. "Just you run me interference, and find out!"

And when he had her in his arms again, he danced her back out onto the terrace. He saw guys watching. Old Joe didn't rush every chick.

But Midge stopped on the flagstones and stepped away from him. She said stiffly, "You need air now, Joe? And a rest—from me?"

"I need a rest with you. Before the cats start crowding me."

"Who'd crowd?" She tried to laugh. "Mr. Bracket?"

"Cats," Joe said again. "The whole roomful. You wait!"

She said nothing, and her silence fazed him some. After all, he *was* rescuing her. And he hated her needing it. Why should she? Heck, she did have something if you really looked at her. Seventeen now, fine-featured in the moonlight, with pretty hair and eyes too wide and shadowed to try to kid. He looked away.

"I don't want to be crowded," Midge said after a moment. "I like this, us out here, all right."

"So do I," Joe said.

He did. He thought, for the first time in his life, that he would kiss her. It came to him suddenly that she was real and valuable and growing up—and his. He turned to her.

Then the French doors banged open, and some lad came out.

"Midge! Hey, Midge! I'm from the antimonopoly squad, and Joe's outnumbered. Come on in. Two to tango!"

"No," Midge said. "Thanks, but—"

"Go on!" Joe said.

"I thought—I mean you said—"

"I said the cats'd crawl. Here's one. Go on in and dance. Beat it!"

"Then you don't want—?"

"I want a smoke. Beat it!"

So she did. They really went for her in there, he saw through the window later. Enough of them did. They kept her moving and weaving. He watched for a long time and dragged deep on his cigarette and thought, It was what he wanted, wasn't it?

As for Joe, the next day's mail brought the gentle hint from the draft board to come up and see them sometime, like Friday at two.

"Hey, sargent! Nice cheap lovely!"

But at home there were fun and pretty girls who never heard of such desperate ugliness. And Midge—

Joe stirred. Okay, Joe. Snap out of it. Follow the service. Joe, the beautiful, reverent marriage lines, instead of making like a blot on the landscape.

Dr. Drake was looking at Pete. "Wilt thou have this Woman to thy wedded wife, to live together—?"

All through the long question, Joe kept a wary eye on the groom's back. If Pete choked, if he lost his voice or bugged out or— But at the end Pete said, loud and clear, "I will!"

Now Midge. Very low, but with no tremor. And then Pete followed the minister through the pledge, and after that, she, Midge, took him, Pete, gravely, in her quiet young voice. The same voice that had asked Joe that day by the pool when he was first back, "Is my flutter-kick too fast, Joe? —Joe, did you know I want to get married?"

"You do?" He felt the tiles under him and the water cold on his legs where he dabbled them in it. He kept from looking at her, all girl in the yellow swim suit. "Well, gosh, Midge!"

He thought she meant him. He hadn't been home long, and he had thought of it himself some, lately, uncertainly.

"I'm nineteen," she said. "I'm old enough. Dad's willing."

"He is?"—a little breathless—"Well but gosh, shouldn't you wait a while, to be sure?"

"I'm sure. I want to know if you'd feel up to it?"

"Up to it, for heaven's sake! You think I'm wounded or I'm a psycho or—?"

"The wedding, I mean. Not so very



## Bat Man (continued)

soon, Joe. There's time. But a big formal wedding, here in the garden, with bridesmaids and all the trimmings. Would you, Joe? I couldn't face it without you."

"Natch, you—" But he suddenly came out of his daze. "Who you going to marry?" he barked at her.

She stared.

"Pete. Peter McCoy, of course. You haven't met him yet, but he's visiting the Wests. Last summer, too. We knew, even then. You'll like him, Joe. He's different from anybody around here. He's going to be a physicist. He's kind of quiet, kind of—"

"Kind of rich!"

"You've heard," she said calmly. "Yes. So what?"

"Nothing. Except, is that it?"

"No," Midge said.

And she clammed up. Joe took it okay. He had only thought, only dreamed sketchily— He splashed into the pool.

"What you cooking up for me?" he called, treading water.

"To be best man," Midge said. She put on her cap. "Will you, Joe? Pete hasn't anybody he cares enough about, and he gets so jittery and— I need you, Joe!"

"Like a hole in the head!"

"No, no. Really. To watch out. To make it go right. Dad's sweet but— Can't you see I need—we both need an older man?"

"Okay," Joe said, swallowing that one down. "Include me in."

And he splashed her till she squealed and plunged after him.

An older man, Joe. You, at twenty-three. But she's nearly through needing you, Joe.

"The ring, please," Dr. Drake said very low.

Midge had passed her bouquet to the maid of honor. Joe hooked the gold circlet out of his vest pocket and pressed it into Pete's hand. He saw Midge's hand come up, and he saw the ring go over her finger, gently, fitting perfectly.

"With this Ring I thee wed—"

Then Joe hit bottom. Hard, hatefully, standing impassively but crying in his heart for the past and her need and the nothing-between-them that might have been something. The crack! The lousy two-year gap where home went on and left him behind. In that moment Joe hated Pete. Pretty-boy Pete, deferred. He even hated Midge, whom he hadn't

had his chance to grow to love. Nothing between them, the time lost, the question unanswered, the possibility unexplored. And the ring sealing it off before he ever caught up. The hand that had given up the ring ached to sock somebody.

But he stood still. He heard the words go on. He watched them kneel for the final prayer. Then he saw the groom turn to the bride. Not Pete, surely! Not the shrinking, fumbling kid who had had to be shepherded, nor even the handsome oil heir Midge must be marrying for money. A man here, with such love and joy and faith in his face that it shamed griping. Midge's raised face mirrored it. They kissed. They loved each other. Joe took a hard, deep breath, like a weight rolling off.

For a weight did roll off. The sore-headedness. He saw them there, married, and he saw the whole bright scene with his own stake in it after all.

What's going on here?

Why, life. Why, love and hope and new beginnings. But his life. What he had missed, enduring here because he had missed it. Suddenly the garden and the people and Midge married all seemed to flower from his own flawed heart and from the hearts of all guys, everywhere, every time, who came back, who would always come back, to feel homesick in the middle of home. Joe saw it very plain.

He saw it only a second. Then the music burst out again, way up, showering in a loud, descending scale as though the peak had been reached. *Tum-tum-tee-tee-tee-tum*. Midge and Pete started down the aisle, arms linked, smiling at each other. Joe fell in beside the maid of honor.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume," Joe said, offering his arm.

"Mr. Stanley!" She had gray eyes that crinkled. "Fancy meeting you here!"

"I'd fancy meeting you later," Joe said. "Do I rate a dance at the reception?"

"You rate an interview," she said. She acted older than Midge. "I'm a stranger here myself. What I need is somebody to tell me what's going on. Can you?"

"Can I?" Old Joe Marvin grinned, seeing the lovely day and the crowd and the bride and groom. "Lady, you're talking to the best man!"

And she said, kidding but promising, that she guessed she was.

*Tum-tee-tee-tum-tee-tee-tum-tum.*

THE END







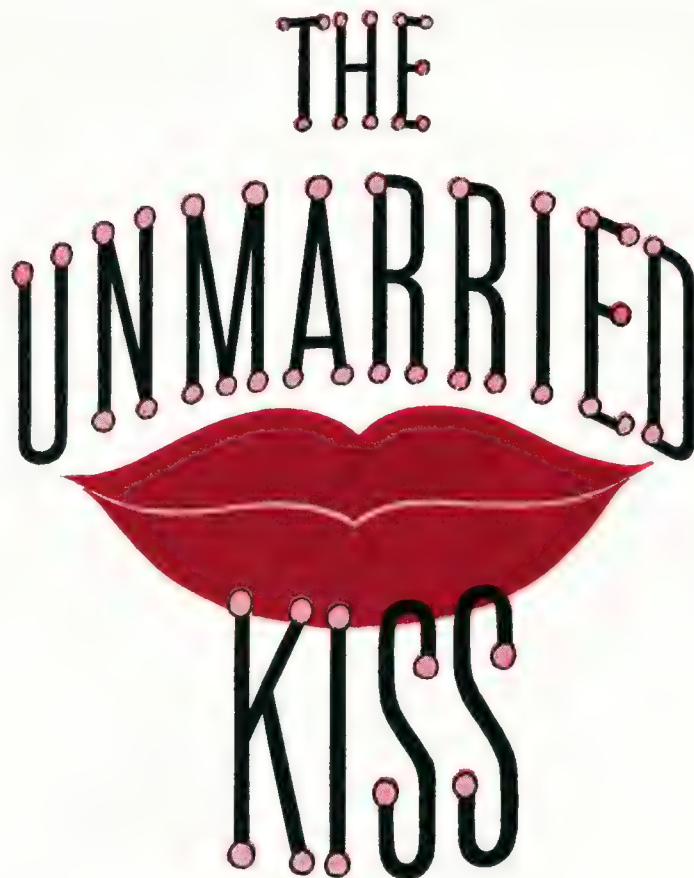
*This, then, was Midge, the pig-tailed, motherless brat  
he had taught about life—and other things.  
Now, suddenly, someone had come between them*







# THE UNMARRIED KISS



It was her idea to let Happy Homes exhibit them as a model couple—  
and his idea to keep that one little secret every husband cherishes

BY HARRIET FRANK, JR. ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

I'm a man without premonitions and a creature of habit. I get the five-forty commuters' train, I read two newspapers, I stop at the candy counter in the station (chewing gum for Patty and Tootsie Rolls for Ginny), and by six-twenty I am tripping over skates, bicycles, soft-drink bottles, and whatever else my offspring have seen fit to strew in my path. Shortly after, I am in the lower hall of our house announcing that if anyone is interested I am at home. This is sheer bravado. My daughters and television have found each other. If I venture anything heartier than a whispered, "Hi, chickens," they lower the boom with, "For heaven's sake, Daddy, we're *watching!*" As I know when I am not wanted, I generally sneak off into my den and wait meekly over a lonely gin and tonic till someone wants to feed me. I know my place, and I keep to it.

Now, on this particular night I caught the five-forty commuters' train, read two newspapers, stopped at the candy counter in the station (chewing gum for Patty, Tootsie Rolls for Ginny), and by six-twenty I was walking up the drive to my house. I was prepared to do my usual broken-field running, but lo and behold, no impedimenta. No bicycles, no skates, no soft-drink bottles. Astonished, I fumbled for my latchkey. The door swung wide, and there, lined up like a Greek chorus, were my women.

"Hello, darling," said my wife, Ruthie.

"Hello, Daddy," chirped Ginny and Patty. Before I could reply in kind, my youngest, Patty, shyly held out a crumpled Bronzini tie (fifteen bucks and a favorite of mine) and said, "I won't use it as a sash anymore if you don't want me to." I'd been trying to get it away from her ever since Christmas.

Hard on this announcement, I was led into the entrance hall and solemnly embraced. "Drinks and some of those little things you like in your study, angel," murmured Ruthie.

"And pot roast and potato pancakes for dinner," intoned Ginny solemnly. "Your favorite."

With these tidings ringing in my ears, I was escorted into the den. A "sea change" had been wrought. Gone were the usual items: the crumpled paper doll, the dog's bowl, the paste pot. Nowhere to be seen were the dress pattern, the darning basket. A fire burned hotly on the hearth; a drink stood coldly on the table. A lot of those "little things" I like were put out in a dish (with parsley), and a pair of bedroom slippers waited near my chair. "Gee, fellows . . ." I began brokenly.

"And we're going to stay right here

"Darling," she said, "now I've got something to show off I'd never dreamed of."

# THE UNMARRIED KISS

(continued)

and talk to you," said Patty, "even if we miss all our programs."

I cleared my throat gruffly. "Say," I began, "isn't this going to be too rich for my blood? I mean, I don't mind sneaking in after a day's work. I'm used to it."

Ruthie frowned slightly. "Now, Sy," she said, "don't act silly. What's so special about this?"

"That's what I'm trying to figure," I said thoughtfully. "I already *know* that you charged that knitted dress at Saks. . . . The kids *just* put the bite on me for a raise in allowance. . . . Maybe my fishing rod got broken? Or maybe you had a little accident with the car that wasn't your fault? My golf clubs! You've been messing around with my golf clubs?"

"It's *nothing* like that," said Ginny coldly. "We haven't even touched your golf clubs since you found us hitting balls on the sidewalk."

"Didn't I give you back your tie," huffed Patty, "that I used for a sash?"

"For a fact," I said.

"Drink your drink, Sy," said Ruthie airily, "and just relax."

Patty shoved the hors d'oeuvre platter under my nose. "They're all for you. Every one."

"Hang and quarter me," I said, slipping into my easy chair. "I surrender."

Ruthie smoothed my brow with a cool hand. "There," she said, "isn't this nice?"

"Untoward," I said, stuffing my mouth, "but nice."

Ruthie smiled gently. "Now you girls stay and talk to Daddy, and I'll see if dinner is ready." She gave me a quick kiss and left me to my gin and my young. No sooner had the door closed behind her than I bent my gaze fiercely on the girls. "We're alone now," I said darkly, "so let's level, huh? What's going on here?"

My inquisitorial tone rolled off them like water off Esther Williams.

"You're too suspicious," said Patty. "You act like we aren't *ever* nice to you."

"I wasn't born yesterday," I said firmly. "I've seen animals fattened for the kill." I reached for another little thing. "Now, when does the roof fall in? Somebody speak up."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," said Ginny, "you won't mind it too much when you get used to it."

"And Mother's already made up her mind, anyway," said Patty with terrible finality.

A cold chill traversed my spine. "To what?" I quavered.

"We're not supposed to say," Ginny said blandly.

Feverishly I gathered them close to me. "Look, dolls," I pleaded, "you wanted twenty cents a week more allowance. I gave it to you. That time Mother didn't want you to go to the movies—remember? Didn't I fix it? And you know you'd never be allowed to stay up for Groucho if it weren't for me. Give me a break."

A tiny flicker of sympathy crossed their faces. "Well . . ." began Patty.

"Dinner," called Ruthie.

I rose and barred the door. "Nobody leaves until I have the lowdown."

"You'd better come with us," said Patty in a kindly tone. She took my hand and squeezed it. Right then and there I knew I was outclassed. I rose meekly and followed them.

I didn't get the full impact of the paint and turpentine till we got near the living room. "Oh, no!" I grasped the doorjamb. "Turn on the light," I bellowed. "Let me see it with my own eyes!"

Ruthie came running from the dining room. "Now, Sy," she said, "control yourself."

I groped for the switch and flooded the room. It was worse than I had thought. The furniture was all shoved to the center of the room and draped in white sheeting. Strips of wallpaper hung from the walls, and scaffolding had been rigged to the ceiling. Plaster patches showed everywhere like open sores. Wildly my eyes roved over the room and to the vistas beyond.

Hands reached out to restrain me, but I shook them off and ran up the stairs three at a time. It was the same everywhere; the creeping insidious hand of the painter and decorator. I glanced into the bathroom.

"Is nothing sacred?" I moaned. Slowly I went back into the hall. I hung over the railing like a wet sock and looked down at the terrible trio.

"Your pot roast is getting cold," said Patty tentatively.

"Come down from there," said Ruthie firmly, "and I'll explain everything."

"You don't understand," I muttered brokenly. "I just paid my income tax."

"The living room is going to be blue and gold, and our bedroom and bathroom are going to be shocking pink," said my unfeeling youngest. "Even the toilet seat."

"Why didn't you just shoot me when you saw me turn in at the gate?" I whimpered.

"They came right after you went to

work this morning," Ginny said, "but Mother made them leave before you got home. They're saving your den till last so you'll have someplace to be."

"I'll have someplace to be all right. The poorhouse!"

"*Will* you come down from there," said Ruthie, "and listen to me."

I said implacably, "How much? Just tell me from here. Then I'll *roll* down!"

"Very well. Not one red cent!" Ruthie looked up at me triumphantly.

"What do we do?" I asked. "Tear off the heads of our children and send them somewhere? What do you *mean*, not one red cent?"

"**W**e're going to be a model house," said Ginny, "with pictures."

"Girls," snapped Ruthie, "not another word. When your father wishes to come down and discuss this sanely, we'll tell him." She herded them before her. "I'm coming, I'm coming," I called, and crept after them into the dining room.

"Try to eat something," said Ruthie, carving the roast. "You'll feel better if your stomach isn't empty." She heaped my plate and waited until I was under way. "Sy," she began, eyes sparkling, "it's the most exciting thing. You know how I've been dying to redo the house."

"I've heard tell," I said weakly.

"Well, you always read the riot act about it, and I didn't see how we'd ever manage. Until they came." She clasped her hands eagerly before her. "They said we were the ideal upper-middle-class-type family. We have the ideal number of children. In our age and income group, we're just perfect for them."

"They said that?" I asked, momentarily flattered.

"And they sent Mr. Ainsley over to make a breakdown."

"Keen," I said. "Now there are just one or two little rough spots to smooth out and I'll know exactly where I am. *Who are they!* Who think we're just great for our age and income? Who is Mr. Ainsley, and what's he doing coming into my house and peeling off the wallpaper while I'm off earning the ideal income for my age and children!"

"You're getting flushed," said Ruthie coldly. "It's a perfectly respectable project. Last month they had a family they called the Amiable Andersons. He's a publicity director for Walter Washing Machines. They have ten children and a remodeled brownstone."

"They sound amiable enough," I agreed, "but that doesn't exactly clear the muddied waters. *Who* is paying for redecorating this house and *why*?"

"I'm trying to tell you. It's the Happy Homes Corporation. Every year they try to find a suitable home and family to use as a model during their convention. It's to show how a family works and plays



As if she weren't already pretty enough for all decent purposes, a staff of beauticians was giving Ruthie the works.



# THE UNMARRIED KISS

(continued)

when equipped and advised by the Happy Homes people. They do over your house with their products and make constructive suggestions concerning your health and clothes and budget and so on."

"I see. The Amiable Andersons are to be followed by us, the Balmy Bancrofts. You mean some guy is going to crawl all over us at work and play in exchange for some shocking-pink plumbing?"

Ruthie pushed her plate away. "Mr. Ainsley," she said, spacing the words, "is a tactful, courteous, charming, and bonded young man. He has a degree in sociology from Columbia University."

"He looks like Jeff Chandler," added Ginny dreamily.

"Hundreds of families have done it," Ruthie said. "There's one every year in cities all over the country."

"Mr. Ainsley asked us how many times we go to the dentist a year and how much allowance we get," said Patty. "And tomorrow he's going to ask us some more."

"He wants to meet you," said Ruthie.

"Did you tell him that it makes me happy to play golf on Saturday?"

"He's having breakfast with us," Ruthie said firmly.

"I can hardly wait."

"Girls," said Ruthie suddenly, "go watch television. I want to talk to your father." They sped from the room leaving us alone. "Look, Sy," said Ruthie, scooting her chair close to mine, "I just *couldn't* turn it down. I knew if I asked you you'd balk, but it's not as though we have anything to hide, is it?" She said it so trustfully I felt clammy all over.

"Well," I said, nervously biting my lower lip, "I guess not."

Ruthie's hand closed over mine. "To tell you the truth," she said, "one of the reasons I wanted to do it was to show you off. You're not a typical stuffy old executive. You're young and handsome and clever."

"You're clever, too," I said, "but I love you, anyway."

The next morning we had waffles, codfish cakes, strawberry jam, and Peter Ainsley for breakfast. I don't usually shave on Saturday. Ainsley did. I usually wear a pair of old duck pants and a kind

of a Marlon Brando-type T-shirt. Ainsley sported a cashmere jacket and English loafers. Also, he carried a pipe sticking out of his pocket. I don't go to the movies, but if that's what Jeff Chandler looks like, he has nothing to worry about. We shook hands.

Ainsley looked me over appraisingly. "Do you mind if we get right to it?" he asked heartily.

"Help yourself," I said cautiously.

"Mrs. Bancroft has told me something about herself, but I'd like a quick run-down on you, if you don't mind." He whipped out a small notepad.

"Have a nice talk," said Ruthie. "I'll go make up the laundry."

"No starch in my shirts," I muttered, and waited until she was gone. "Ainsley," I said, in what I tried to make a kindly tone of voice, "I don't know just how far you go with these things."

"We're thorough, Bancroft," he said. "We've got to be. Now, you may think we're sticking our nose into your private business, but I'm telling you we've got to snoop. Look at it this way. Happy Homes has picked you as a model family. Your house will be viewed by our entire sales force, publicity, and advertising agencies, as well as the general public. I have to see that you get a clean bill of health. It's the whole picture, old man. Hobbies, hopes, how, when, where, why you spend your money—the works."

"The works," I echoed dimly.

Ainsley leaned back and puffed reflectively. "Maybe you saw our setup on Ed Anderson and his family last year in Philly?" I shook my head. "Great guy. We realigned his budget for him. Not so many beers for old Ed anymore. We showed him that thirty cents a day was \$109.50 a year, and he soon saw it our way. Yes, sir, we figured it was taking him about fifteen minutes a day just to drink that beer. Now he's using that time to install our kitchen-cabinet line for Helga. That's Mrs. Anderson. Just little things, but sometimes a good close look at how we live is an eye opener. What are your hobbies, Mr. Bancroft?"

"No hobbies," I mumbled.

He wrote something down in his book. "Keep your nose to the grindstone, eh? What's your line?"

"I manufacture foundation garments," I whispered.

He wrote something else. "I'll tell you what we like to do. Over this weekend we'd like to get the 'family-living' stuff. That'll include what Mrs. Bancroft does on Sunday with the Saturday leftovers, your family recreational activities, church services, maybe you can have a few friends in Saturday night. Your usual routine. Then on Monday I'd like to tag along with you. Get a run-down on your day, maybe a look at your budget."

"Monday's a pretty full day," I said evasively.

"Tuesday?"

"Booked."

"Wednesday, Thursday, Friday? You say when."

"Frankly," I said, "it looks like a tough week."

Ainsley's face hardened. "I ran into a thing like this once," he said coldly. "We'd planned to use the Friendly Forsters. They had a nice house in Seattle for our Pacific Coast convention model. We found out that he was leading a double life. Had a second family at the other end of town. He's doing three-to-five for bigamy."

"It's nothing like that," I said, paling. "I guess Monday will be all right."

But it was a long, long time till Monday. Ainsley brought photographers to the house, and for two days they tracked us like radar. I blew my golf game, cut myself shaving, and had my picture taken while I was cheating at croquet with the girls. Outside of a family portrait taken on the veranda, I didn't see hide nor hair of Ruthie. A staff of beauticians was working her over on the theory that a woman of thirty-seven ought to do something about it sixteen hours a day. Even the girls got the short end of the stick. They usually hole in over the weekends in the living room with the movies on television. Ainsley felt there was something unnatural in it, so he turned them out for games and fresh air.

"We have to keep our public in mind," Ainsley told me. "Kids of this age level usually belong to activity groups."

"They run some pretty good movies," I explained feebly.

"Let me make myself clear, Mr. Bancroft," said Ainsley. "What we're after here is a typical American family, healthy, happy, and home-loving. They love their home because it's equipped by the Happy Homes people. We don't want anything offbeat, dead-beat, or eccentric. You take the Andersons. They went in a lot for choral singing and home canning. Stuff like that. Great. The girls in the kitchen cooking with Helga and Happy Home aluminum, the men around the old upright. It was very touching."

"I'd like to help you out," I said, "but the girls go to a progressive school. You know how it is."

He shook his head, his face troubled. "We'll play them down," he said, "but that means you'll have to carry the ball. Young Executive division."

"Junior Executive, after taxes."

He didn't smile. "I'll be at your office nine sharp."

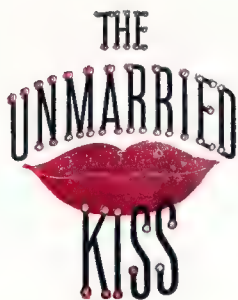
"I don't get there till ten-twenty," I murmured. "I inherited the business," I added apologetically.

"Nine is better," he said briskly and





Now he was cornered. He'd have to tell the whole story and make the guy swear never to tell it to his wife.



(continued)

then explained, "we'll have a full day."

I didn't sleep well Sunday night. When I came down to breakfast on Monday, the kids were nowhere in sight.

"They're in bed with colds. They're not used to being outside," said Ruthie.

"Look," I said, huddling over my coffee cup, "why don't we get Ainsley to call off his dogs. We're not typical, and you know it. I'm even a registered Democrat."

"Nonsense. We're about as Bohemian as butter," said Ruthie. She looked at me carefully. "Unless there's something you're not telling me, and I doubt that. Sy, why don't you take Mr. Ainsley to the Yale Club for lunch? It would be a nice John Marquand touch. After all, we budget for your belonging to it."

"I've got to run, honey," I said, rising hastily. "See you tonight."

"Eat a good lunch. We're having chicken croquettes for dinner. The woman from the Kitchen Equipment Department at Happy Homes thinks I'm extravagant."

"I hate chicken croquettes."

"That's what I told them, but—" The phone cut her off. It was my secretary telling me that a Mr. Ainsley was waiting. He'd been there half an hour.

I found him examining a senior-class picture I keep prominently displayed behind my desk. "Yale, class of thirty-six," I said proudly.

"Nice," he said. "What school did *you* go to?"

"Yale," I said stiffly, "class of thirty-six."

He peered at the picture closely. "You weren't there that day, eh?"

"Fifth row, seventh from the end," I snapped. "In plain view."

"No!" he exclaimed. "Is it really you?" "It is."

"Well, I'll be! You could have fooled me. Well, well." He clucked. "So that's really you."

"I think we've established that," I said, sitting down.

"We all get heavier," he said, "and the old hairline really goes." He glanced at me and then at the picture. "Too much Yale Club," he said, laughing, "and not enough golf club. Well, how about a look at the budget." He rubbed his hands to-

gether. "We found a few holes in Mrs. Bancroft's household accounts, but they're being plugged."

"I heard," I said sourly, "with chicken croquettes."

"We have a little trouble with people in your income bracket," he continued. "We find they're secret spenders. Now, what we want is a nice typical budget. Food, Rent, Clothes, Utilities, Insurance, Medical Fees, Recreation, Charity. Nothing offbeat, dead-beat, or eccentric. It throws us off. I hope we can count on you, Bancroft."

I opened my desk drawer, took out my checkbook and budget entry book, and shoved them across to him. "There it is," I said, "documented, inflated, and legible."

He donned a pair of tortoise-shell glasses. I followed his finger down the pages, and he didn't miss an item. Finally he looked up at me. "Seems to be about right," he said slowly.

"What do you mean, *seems to be*?"

"Well," he said, "the Yale Club seems to cost you plenty. And then there's this item marked 'personal allowance.' It's not really a family-type item."

"Razor blades, cigarettes, aspirin," I intoned.

He snapped the book shut. "You know," he said, "I'd like to have a look at the Yale Club. It might give us a kind of John Marquand touch. How about lunch there?"

"I don't eat lunch," I said hastily. "I have tomato juice sent in."

"Maybe we could drop in for a Scotch and soda about five."

"Me and old Ed Anderson," I said, "are on the old wagon."

He stroked his jaw thoughtfully. "There might be an angle here," he said, almost to himself.

I blinked at him innocently. "An angle?"

"Frankly speaking, Bancroft," he said, "what we like to have whenever possible is a note of sacrifice from the head of the family." I looked at him blankly. He rolled on sonorously. "We usually find that the breadwinner pours on a little gravy for himself. With Anderson it was a few short beers. Well, what we like to do is point out that the money they spend on themselves will buy the little woman a Happy Home sewing machine or a down payment on our roofing. Something solid. Two conventions ago I got a guy to give up smoking. I just told him that his wife's new living-room curtains, Happy Home synthetics, were going up in smoke. He felt terrible about it. Now what I'd like to do with you is break down this 'personal allowance' and 'Yale Club' thing and see what we can work out." He made a washing-his-hands kind of gesture and stared at the ceiling.

"But I can *afford* to belong to the Yale Club, and I've had an allowance ever since I was seven years old!"

Ainsley shook his head at me. "Bancroft, the note of sacrifice is pretty standard with us. We've redecorated your home, but we want you to go on from there. You could call it *noblesse oblige*. There's a whole line of appliances yet to come. Now the payments won't be too hard on you, but the way I see it, you're going to have to give up something to swing it."

"Look," I said eagerly, "I have a running gin game with our adman. How's for my giving that up? I'm in to him every week."

"No," he said slowly. "Keep your allowance, but dump the club. Cutting the old school tie for our new air-conditioning unit adds up to something. It would be a nice touch."

"I'll have to think it over," I said gloomily.

"You do that. Meanwhile I'd like to see how you earn that sugar." I gave him the visiting-fireman tour of the plant. When we got back to my office he leaned over and dug me in the ribs with his elbow. "The machines do all the work. No wonder we go soft, huh?" He went back to the class picture. "Time marches on," he chuckled. He picked up his hat. "Have to run. These spreads take a lot of leg work." He patted his flat belly. "See you."

Suddenly a great sense of futility washed over me. I rose and put the Yale class picture of thirty-six into my desk drawer. Then I sat again and spent the rest of the day feeling sorry for myself. The late-afternoon shadows were falling when Ainsley called up.

"Bancroft," he said solemnly, "I have to see you again."

"I'm just leaving," I hedged.

"This is important!"

"Okay," I said, "but make it fast."

Twenty minutes later he was staring at me sternly across my desk. "I've been to the Yale Club," he said slowly.

I glanced at a spot over his head.

"I thought," he went on implacably, "that I could find a few of your cronies, get a run-down on you as a clubman."

I examined my cuticles.

"Bancroft," he said, rising, "they don't know you at the Yale Club. They have never seen you at the Yale Club. You don't *belong* to the Yale Club!"

"That's right," I said.

He gripped the edge of my desk and bent toward me. "You *budget* for the Yale Club. You're supposed to spend time there!"

"That's right," I said.

Ainsley made a sound like a distressed mother hen. "Secret spender," he said. "There's no telling where this may lead us. Look, Bancroft, I'm no inquisitor, but



I have a duty to the home office. If a man says he belongs to the Yale Club and he's head of our model family, he's got to belong to the Yale Club!"

"I don't," I said.

"What do you do with the dough?" he asked nervously.

"It goes," I said.

He leaned even farther across the desk; his face was inches from mine. "Look," he said, "we've already painted and decorated your house. We've given your wife special beauty treatments. We've taken pictures of you and your kids. You're scheduled for our June convention." He sank back into his chair, exhausted. "Bancroft," he said, "let me put it to you this way. You don't owe me a thing, but as one man to another, after the Friendly Foresters, my boss is out for my hide." He wiped his brow feebly. "This could mean my job."

"Ainsley," I said, "I'll give you a break. I'll let you in on it, but if you open your trap to anyone . . ."

His face brightened. "Just so I know what the deal is," he said. "We can always cover."

"Come with me."

Five minutes later I stood with him before a dingy building on Second Avenue. There was a large sign with the word *Rejuvenate* painted alluringly in red. "It was the sign that first took my eye," I said, with more than a hint of bitterness. "Upstairs two flights."

We toiled up the dark stairways toward a pair of frosted-glass doors on which was written the legend "Magin Makes Men." I was breathing hard, but I noted Ainsley was long on wind. We pushed inside. There were two men on the bar bells and various other lean and muscular types working on the mats. As we appeared in the doorway, Magin moved toward us.

"Greetings, Mr. Bancroft," he said. "Back for more?" He glanced at Ainsley. "This time you brung your own sparring partner, huh?" He threw back his head and laughed. "We bin givin' Mr. Bancroft a very rough time. I'm all the time tellin' him to settle down and be a family man. Maybe it's bad for business, but this pace'll kill 'im." He wagged his head. "If it was me, I'd tossed in the towel already."

I motioned Ainsley to follow me into the lockerroom. Ainsley sank down on a bench while I climbed into a pair of trunks and a sweat shirt. Magin trotted in and herded us out on the gym floor. For the next two hours I caught glimpses of Ainsley's incredulous face as Magin gave me the business; thirty push-ups, a losing battle with the punching bag, disaster with the bar bells, and the endless futility of a stationary bicycle. When it was all over and I was dumped exhausted

onto the rub-table, Ainsley spoke up.

"Why?" was all he said.

"It ought to hand you a big laugh," I said breathlessly, "but I'm doing it for my wife. You've seen my wife, Ainsley. She weighs the same as she did when we got married, and she looks great. She looks beautiful. You wouldn't have any trouble picking her out of the Vassar class of thirty-seven, would you?"

"No," said Ainsley, "but . . ."

"Six months ago she saw that picture in my office and missed me by a mile. Just like you. Right after that I told her I joined the Yale Club."

"I wouldn't go through what I saw you go through for any woman," said Ainsley.

"You're not married to Ruthie."

"You won't be—long! I'm telling you, Bancroft, this muscle business is a young man's game."

I smiled cynically. "I'm a young man," I said. "It just doesn't show. Help me up, will you?"

Life is full of surprises. That night when I got home, the painters had gone and the furniture was back in place. And there were other changes, too. The skates and soft-drink bottles were back in the driveway, the kids were back in front of the television, and Ruthie was sitting in the den waiting for me. She was wearing an old blue sweater and no make-up. She looked tired and a long way from Vassar, class of thirty-seven.

"Sy, honey," she said, and patted the sofa beside her. I sat down, and she took my hand. "Well," she began, "the house is all done over, and the hordes will be advancing in a few days."

"You look beat," I said.

"I'm not," she said. "You know this morning I looked around and wondered if it was worth it. It's going to be like living in a fish bowl for ten days, and then I suddenly felt the more who came and saw us, the merrier. I've got something to show off I never dreamed of."

"Happy Homes give you an extra?" I inquired.

"Yes, they did," she said, taking my hand. "They gave me a romantic husband, Darling," she said, "I think it's the sweetest, most touching, most exciting thing I ever heard of. And if it hadn't been for Happy Homes, I would never have known it."

"Ainsley," I said. "Has he been talking to you?"

She nodded. "Imagine! Here you've been sneaking off for years getting yourself all winded and worn out to stay young for me."

"Young in heart," I said, and took her in my arms. It was a good, long, unmarried kiss. When it was over, Ruthie looked up at me and smiled.

"Happy is the home, hmm, Sy?"

THE END

# Cocktails?

it's smart  
to mix 'em  
with



**TAYLOR'S**  
NEW YORK STATE  
SWEET VERMOUTH

A LABEL YOU ARE PROUD TO SHOW

For a masterful Manhattan—for cocktails that win compliments—choose Taylor's New York State Sweet Vermouth! Blended from selected wines and 16 costly aromatic herbs, Taylor's is a true vermouth that lends real character to any cocktail. It costs so little to serve the finest



... so be sure to order Taylor's—

the Sweet Vermouth with . . .

**CAPTURED FLAVOR**

from the famous cellars of

The Taylor Wine Co., Hammondsport, New York



## SOMEONE YOU KNOW SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ASTHMADOR

Most of us know someone afflicted with bronchial asthma. Be sure to tell that friend about Dr. R. Schifflmann's ASTHMADOR, the time-tested inhalant available at all drug stores in U.S. and Canada. ASTHMADOR'S pleasant, aromatic fumes help relieve choking spasms, promote easier breathing. Three handy forms: powder, cigarette, pipe mix.

## Personal To Women With Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you, Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

## STOP FALLING HAIR

Explained in Free Literature. Anyone desiring booklet on hair growth and scalp trouble may obtain a free copy by writing  
**LANOLE SCALP CLINIC**  
12514 Hickory, Detroit 5, Michigan







A COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

# THE BUTCHER

*Tracking a frenzied killer crazed with hate, he found himself trapped by a feverish, overpowering desire for a woman he shouldn't have.*

BY OWEN CAMERON

**T**he first brassy sunlight of the August morning struck into the breakfast nook, and Harry Grass's wife moved the baby's crib aside, murmuring, "It's going to be a hot day." Her concern was for the baby. The rest of the world could burn up and never be missed.

Moving the crib awoke the baby, and Harry reacted by pushing aside his plate and leaving the table. His normal male dislike of small babies, a dislike common to bears, cats, and men, was increased by his acute sense of smell. Everything in the house, even his own clothing, smelled sweetly of babyhood.

Marda lifted her face to take his good-by kiss, asking, "Will you be home for supper?"

"I should be home around eight, if it matters."

"Andy will be asleep." Andy was the baby, and her meaning was: don't disturb the king.

Harry left the big, old-fashioned house, thinking aggrievedly that the baby was king now, where he had been king. It astonished him that bearing a child could change a woman so. Not only Marda's shape, but her viewpoint had changed, so

that Harry, his work as a game warden, and all the other things her world had revolved around were now on its outer edges. And with this one hardly dry, she was planning a second child! Last summer she had been the best of companions, by day and by night. Now she was Mother, and he was lucky not to be eaten, like the male spider.

The state car that Harry drove was in the A-1 Garage on Market Street, and he walked slowly along the dirt sidewalk, smelling and savoring the morning. This was the old town of Cedar, a generation older than the brash county seat, but across Market Street the Cedar Wood Products Mill had made a new town that roared day and night.

At the first corner, Harry turned left on a street as lazy, shady, and quiet as his own. Market Street was two blocks away, and a car turned out of that stream of traffic and parked facing him. A man climbed out of the machine, locked it, and walked hastily back toward Market. Harry Grass noted the man's size and the dark leather jacket he wore in spite of the heat, but did not think of these things consciously until, at the corner, the man looked back over his shoulder. It was

107

*Then she saw him, face haggard, eyes wild, a gun in his hand.*



*It was not like Marda to hold anything back. Her silence made him doubly uneasy, and angry with the sick anger of secret guilt.*



a long, pale, uneasy glance and it stirred the man hunter in Harry Grass. A violator, he guessed, a man who had been arrested for breaking game laws and had recognized the warden. The fellow had been up to something; there was guilt and fear in that backward look.

Harry turned to the car, a new blue sedan. He saw nothing out of the usual until he was almost past, then swerved abruptly to scowl at a dark smudge on the luggage compartment, just below the handle; a dark-brown, dry substance that Harry picked at with a fingernail, sniffed, and finally tasted. His senses gave him no definite information, but he was positive the stuff was caked blood, and to Harry that signified illegal venison. He could all but see the dead deer inside, and automatically tried the handle, but the compartment was locked.

Harry hurried on to Market Street, a highway divided by railroad tracks, and had a glimpse of the leather jacket just entering a cross street. The A-1 Garage was only steps away, his car was ready and waiting, and in little more than a minute, he had driven across the highway and to the cross street. But the leather jacket was gone, into one of the houses, or perhaps through the mill's side gates.

There was little he could have done about his suspicions except question the man and watch his reactions, but a man who had handled a dead doe might have blood and hairs on his clothing. Harry drove twice around the block before re-crossing Market to the blue sedan, where he again examined the dark smudge and tried to reason himself out of his feeling he had stumbled on a game violation.

Harry knew most of the cars and people in Cedar's old town. This one was unfamiliar, and the registration slip unreadable through the window. Most of the mill's employees were strangers, but why should a man park here and walk to work? He scowled at the car in frustrated suspicion, but there was nothing

he could do except write down the license number.

Afterward he drove east toward the mountains, but at intervals all day he thought about the blue sedan and the irritatingly familiar shape in the leather jacket. Harry was a hard-working warden, because, he said, he hated pigs. The truth was that he loved justice. The game laws were fair to all, and his dislike of men who took overlimits of fish or killed deer out of season had become an obsession. Still, he had never made an arrest without clear evidence.

Harry could not imagine a better job and envied no man. This day was usual, and he drove a hundred miles through virgin forests, talked to a dozen fishermen, ate lunch at a Forestry fire-camp, and came home at sunset. The blue sedan was still there, unchanged, except that the smudge on the luggage compartment had baked black.

At home, he kissed Marda and heard her account of the day, the baby's day. Later, he phoned regional headquarters in Red Bank, the county seat. There were no complaints for him to investigate. He sat by the phone, planning his next day's work, but his thoughts were haunted by the blue sedan. On impulse, he called the sheriff's office in Red Bank and talked to Don McLeod, a deputy he knew. Put into words, his hunch seemed thin, but McLeod said a drive in the night air sounded good.

Harry put beer in the refrigerator for McLeod, and sat at the kitchen table watching Marda, who had interrupted cooking supper to change Andy's diaper. "Lord-knows why you want another," Harry growled. "I'd rather raise goats. Smell better, and less trouble."

Marda flicked a smile at him. "It's a good thing I know when you're joking."

She tossed the baby until his howls subsided, then held him close, crooning wordlessly. Her young face was soft with love, and Harry felt a rush of emotion. Stepping behind her, he slid his arm

around her waist and kissed the nape of her neck.

"Careful," she whispered. "Don't wake him."

Harry sighed and sat down again.

McLeod arrived after dark, a small alert man with a baked-ham complexion, smelling of tobacco and sweat. He drank a bottle of beer, extravagantly admired the baby, and then said they might as well look at the car.

The deputy prowled round the blue sedan with a flashlight, learning no more than Harry had.

"Could be blood," he said. "And like you say, it's funny he'd walk off and leave the car here all day. Twelve hours?"

"Nearer fourteen by now." Telling McLeod about it, Harry's suspicions had seemed without solid foundation, but now they were stronger than ever. "I thought maybe you had a way of opening the back. I'll bet it's covered with blood and deer hair."

"Uh huh. You walk around front. Then you can't see me do anything illegal."

Harry leaned against a front fender, smelling the mixed odors of the night, telling himself there would be some evidence, perhaps even the hide. Harry was a fisherman and bird hunter, but in his lifetime he had killed just one deer. A long time ago, while he was still in high school, he and a friend had hunted vainly all forenoon, Harry at last getting a snapshot at a running buck, hearing the thump of the bullet, seeing the deer hunch itself against the shock, but without slackening speed. The two young hunters had tracked the faint blood spots for hours before coming up to the dead buck. His first feeling had been exultation, but then . . .

His thoughts were interrupted by a metallic crack and a pleased exclamation from McLeod. Harry walked back around the car, asking, "Find something?"

"No kidding," McLeod said in a queer voice. "Look."

His flashlight revealed the opened


9 OUT OF 10  
LEADING COVER GIRLS PREFER

**SWEETHEART SOAP**

ITS MORE LUXURIANT LATHER

**KEEPS ME**


**FRESH ALL DAY!**



Lovely cover girl, Eloise Sahlen, says, "Beauty is my business, and pure, mild SweetHeart is my beauty soap. SweetHeart's more luxuriant lather—so rich and fragrant—keeps me fresh all day. And, most important of all, SweetHeart Care keeps my complexion so soft and smooth!"

Change to regular care—with SweetHeart. In 7 days, see how much softer, smoother, younger your complexion looks!

**The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin**





## THE BUTCHER (continued)

car trunk crowded with bundles wrapped in newspaper and tied with light twine. Blood had soaked through the paper, and Harry thought that now someone was caught, with all this meat as evidence. He smelled a heavy, sweet, stomach-twisting odor, and at once knew why he had remembered that old hunting trip, and his mind continued with its total recall.

He had gut-shot the buck, the bullet tearing intestines and stomach, and as they dressed-out the deer, that smell had choked him, clinging like paint, so that it could not be washed off with soap and water. For weeks it was with him day and night, in bed, while eating, kissing a girl. Now he smelled it again and held his breath.

"Local newspaper," said McLeod, as if that were important.

Harry inhaled shallowly. "Cut-shot. Smell it?"

"I smell it. Go on, look it over."

The light indicated a long package, and Harry leaned forward, poking at a torn end of the bundle, for a long moment refusing to believe that what he saw was a plump hand with red-painted fingernails. Then he gagged and backed away, bumping against the deputy.

McLeod said, "Ain't that—whoa, watch it!"

Harry's supper did not entirely miss him.

The rest was foggy, a confusion of cars and people. Under the bright spotlights, the coroner worked a bloody jigsaw puzzle, and Sheriff Copleman and Porter, the district attorney, and half the county officials, it seemed to Harry, were there. Porter was an irascible, heavy-bodied man, who appeared to think that if he prodded long and deeply enough, Harry would remember some significant detail.

"I just had a quick look at the man from a block away," Harry insisted. "I couldn't see his face clearly."

"Then what made you think you knew him?"

"I don't know—his build, the way he walked." Harry moved slightly upwind from the others. Not death but the smell of blood and that other gutty smell had sickened him, and it was on all of them. There was no point in complaining. People with a normal sense of smell believed you imagined odors. They could not appreciate the shocking impact of a bad smell.

Porter kept at it. "Who did he make you think of?"

"I don't know. How many times do I have to say it?"

"He crossed the highway. Maybe someone you know over there?"

"Maybe he just looked like someone I know," Harry said. "McLeod says the car is from Southern California."

"Pasadena," Porter admitted. "Registered to Amelia Green Bennerton. A matchbook behind the seat came from L.A., but otherwise there's not a thing, not a scrap of paper or a stitch of clothing. Just four arms, four legs, two bodies, and one head."

Harry forgot to breathe delicately and gagged again. "One head? Two bodies?"

"Two women, Sibrow claims. Damned if I'd look. This man you saw park the car . . ."

It went on and on until Porter snapped, "You don't seem certain of anything."

"That's what I've been telling you. Not a single thing, except that it stinks around here."

Porter growled his disgust and turned away. Big, genial Sheriff Copleman patted Harry's shoulder.

"Alvin has ulcers, he don't feel so good tonight. Maybe you'll remember more later. Pretty much of a shock, hey?"

"The smell," Harry said, sniffing his shirt where the sheriff had touched it. The smell had transferred, like paint, and how could people say you imagined that?

"The smell?" echoed the sheriff. "Well, you go get yourself a drink and forget it for now, but be at the courthouse tomorrow, say ten. For a statement, hey?"

McLeod said, "See you tomorrow, Harry," and they followed Porter back to the blue sedan.

Harry started homeward, looking back just before he turned the corner. The bright spotlights gave the effect of a stage setting, and in one of the parked cars a radio was blasting out a dance tune. Harry went on, breathing deeply to rinse that dreadful odor from his lungs.

Marda was in the kitchen, the gas range stripped for cleaning, unworried by his long absence. A game warden worked all hours, day or night. She asked what he and that nice Mr. McLeod had found out.

"Nothing," Harry mumbled. "No, too much."

She frowned at him. "Now what do you smell? Don't say it's Andy again."

"No, he's better," Harry said, still sniffing. "I just keep thinking I smell something."

"You do, always," she said, half-vexed and half-amused. "And that's what it is, most of the time—thinking."

*She waved from the door, and he went to her quickly, frantic to see her, touch her, make sure she still was his.*





Harry let that pass, watching the quick movements of her brown arms as she worked. She was always busy at something, and the big house was spotless. Marda smiled at him absently, and Harry thought the new plumpness became her, and if she would spare time from the baby to think of him . . .

He got another whiff—whether it was real or imaginary did not matter—of That Smell, and asked, "Haven't you got some sleeping pills around? Maybe I'll use one."

She stared. "You? Usually you won't even take aspirin. What's the matter?"

"I'm jumpy, that's all. If I have to lie awake smell—thinking about things, I'll go crazy."

"What things?"

Harry shrugged, and then realized he would have to talk about it. Marda would read the story in tomorrow's *Star* and want to know what had made him so secretive.

"A woman was killed. Two women, I guess. They were in that car we went to investigate."

"Killed? You mean deliberately, not a wreck?"

"Murdered."

"Murdered! Who did it?"

Harry shrugged again. "That's all I know. Read the gory details in the *Star*."

"But who? Women from *here*, Cedar?"

"I don't know. I don't want to talk about it. I guess somebody stole the car and robbed them. There wasn't a purse, anything. But I don't even want to know."

She gave him a thoughtful, below-the-surface, wifely look that gauged the condition of his nerves, and asked no more questions. Harry swallowed the two sleeping pills in the bathroom and began undressing, now and then sniffing at his clothing or skin.

Harry was dark, with a shock of straight black hair, as if he might have a trace of Indian blood, and he peered at his reflection in the mirror, wondering what people saw who said the baby looked

like him. Andrew-Stanley-you-little-dumping, as Marda called It, was pink, with a fuzz of pale hair, and resembled all other babies and no human beings.

His thought went from the baby to Marda. Before It came, she had been slim as a boy, but her hips had spread and her breasts filled until none of her clothes fit. She was even prettier, but the point was that the change was for the baby, not for him. In fact, Harry thought she was beautiful, in a way that grew on you slowly, as if it were under the surface rather than on it. Theirs had been a fine marriage, until It arrived, the little intruder. By calling Andy "It," and in other ways, Harry tried to deny the baby existence. Marda thought this attitude was all pretense, the reverse side of sentiment, because how could anyone help loving Andrew Stanley?

Harry was testing the shower temperature when Marda knocked. He turned off the water, hearing her say, "—important."

"What are you talking about?"

"A woman, on the phone. Come, Harry, it won't hurt you."

Harry wrapped a towel around his hips and padded out to the telephone, growling into it, "Yes. What is it?"

"Harry?" The husky, well-remembered voice made his heart lift in a long, slow, breath-taking surge, and after a moment the voice went on, "Is this Harry Grass? This is Libby. Libby Sherred."

"I know. I mean, it sounded like you." For no reason he could have given, he glanced over his shoulder at Marda, standing in the kitchen doorway.

"Were you busy?"

"Not at all. What's up?"

"Harry, I'm in a mess, and I don't know anyone else to ask, and—oh, I shouldn't impose on you."

He was a little angry at himself, at the emotion not so well buried as he had supposed, and it made his tone crisp.

"What's the trouble?"

"Cal. I've had enough, finally. I'm leaving him. He—I'll tell you tomorrow,

if you could drive me to Red Bank? To Pearl's house—you remember my cousin Pearl? I don't know who else to ask, but if it's too much trouble . . ."

"I have to go up there anyhow. Glad to take you."

"You're a darling. We—I'm in Ragtown, a horrible place across the tracks."

"I know." The hungry ones in Ragtown killed many illegal deer, giggered many spawning salmon.

"It's the last shack on the road, beside the mill fence. I'll watch for you."

"I'll find it. What happened with Cal?"

"Same old thing." She said it casually, then added with shocking violence, "Damn him! Sorry, Harry, but that's what he's done to me. I'll bring you up to date tomorrow. My Lord, it's been years."

"A little over a year, in Red Bank. You'd been to the dentist."

"You remember that?" Her laugh warmed him.

"Everything," Harry said, and then thought of Marda, and said briskly, "All right. Tomorrow morning."

There was a brief silence, and then Libby said in her low, wonderful voice, "Good night, Harry," and hung up.

Harry was confused, annoyed that she still had any power over him, but at the same time elated in spite of himself. He would have returned to the bathroom, but Marda was curious.

"Who was it? She had a nice voice."

"Nobody." It was not answer enough and he added, "Mrs. Sherred. I've known her since we were kids."

He hoped Marda would have forgotten Libby's married name, but she said in a flat voice, "Oh, your old girlfriend."

"That's silly. I haven't seen her in years."

"I was with you, remember? Her dress was too tight, and she wasn't wearing stockings and smelled of whisky. I don't know what you ever saw in her."

Harry stared at his wife for a moment,

## and SWEETHEART is my Beauty Soap

"My success as a model depends on a clear, smooth complexion. That's why I'm devoted to daily SweetHeart Soap Facials. SweetHeart Care leaves my skin soft, smooth—helps prevent chapping too."

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap

Try the Cover Girls' Facial for your complexion!

Morning and night, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin. Rinse with warm, then cool water. One week after you change to thorough care—with pure, mild SweetHeart—your skin looks softer, smoother, younger!

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin





*He backed off in horror, refusing to believe what he saw. It was like a bloody jigsaw puzzle.*

and asked, "What brought that on? You aren't jealous of her, are you?"

"Of her? But she's nasty. I hate her!"

"You don't even know her."

"I do, she's nothing but a— What did she want?"

"To take her to Red Bank. She's moving there. I'm going to the courthouse, so why not?"

"She's been living here in Cedar?"

"How should I know?" Harry was irritated. "What gets into you women, anyhow?"

Marda compressed her lips but said nothing, and Harry returned to the bathroom, a little amused by her jealousy. Women were like that, jealous of the wrong things at the wrong times. The business with Libby had ended a long while ago, when she married Cal Sherred.

Harry stayed under the shower, scrubbing until he could smell nothing but soap. Marda was already in bed, asleep, or pretending to be, though the slightest whimper from Andy would bring her to his crib.

As a rule, Harry fell asleep quickly, but tonight he lay awake for a long time, and his first sleep was light and uneasy. He dreamed one of those exhausting

dreams of pursuit, in which he sometimes ran and sometimes drove after the blue sedan. The chase led endlessly along dirt roads, through mountains and valleys. At times the blue sedan was far ahead, tiny in the distance; at other times he raced close behind it. At last he drew up even and saw, with the baseless horror of dreams, that there was no driver. A woman sat on the back seat, as on a bed, combing her hair. Her head was bent, her face hidden, but he knew it was Libby, and his fear increased, and he thought, *But she's dead!* Then she lifted her hair, and he thought her look, her smile, were for him, but he was invisible to her; she saw someone beyond him. He glanced over his shoulder, but there was no one there, and when he turned back to Libby, the blue sedan was gone, a racing dot far down the valley.

The sleeping pills finally took hold, and he slept a deep, drugged sleep, waking hours past his usual rising time at dawn.

After a hurried breakfast, he drove across the tracks to Ragtown, past the mill's main gate and along a rutted road that followed a high fence. During a part of one summer, Libby had been his girl. He had been nineteen then, and it happened to him as it often happens at nine-

teen. But he did not know that then, nor would it have helped much if he had. He lurked near her house at night, he telephoned, he wrote crazy letters, and in every other way made a fool of himself. It had never been like that, so bad, with Marda or any other girl; perhaps Libby had spoiled him for others.

She had not been the prettiest, even then, but something, perhaps her vitality, had drawn the eyes of men. It was more than that with Harry, and when she moved with her mother to Seattle, he wanted to die. He wrote wild letters she never answered, and in time he grew older, or wiser, or simply exhausted, and it was over. Her mother died, and Libby returned to Red Bank to live with her cousin Pearl, but she was just another girl. He saw her several times, and at a party kissed her, but it was like kissing any girl—exciting, but nothing more. Then one day he met her on the street, and without warning it was worse than ever.

Harry had been tacitly engaged to a girl, not Marda, but he simply forgot her. He was older and did not do the crazy things, but in a way it was worse, although he had not supposed others had guessed how bad it was. Apparently Marda, a typist in the regional office at that time, had guessed.

For a few weeks Libby was his girl again, and then one evening she told him she was going back to Seattle to marry Cal Sherred, who was then in the Navy. That night Harry got really drunk for the first time in his life; generally, the smell of whisky was too much for him. It had taken months, but he had recovered, and this time he was completely cured. When Cal and Libby came to Red Bank, it meant nothing. He met her now and then, but he was cured; he could look at her and talk to her casually. Last night only the unexpected sound of her voice had startled him. The fire was out, though the ashes might stir in the wind.

Harry had heard that Cal Sherred was a Skid Row bum, working as little as possible, drinking cheap wine in the dives, in and out of trouble. Still, it was shocking to think of Libby in Ragtown, in one of the tar-paper shacks, among the goats and dogs, the big-bellied slatterns and their shiftless men.

She waved to him from a shack as disreputable as any, stepping back as he stopped the state car, but not until she had glanced quickly right and left, as if for someone else. This was not like meeting her on the street, and Harry wanted to be friendly, but not too friendly. She must not imagine there was any of the old feeling left.

When he paused at the door, she called, "Come in, Harry, but don't look



around. There was no point in cleaning up the joint."

After the blazing sunlight, the room was dim, and Harry could see little more than her outline, standing over two cardboard boxes and a suitcase.

"That's all," she told him. "I packed yesterday."

He carried out the boxes and returned for the suitcase, stowed it in the car, and turned to see her standing in the doorway, looking just the same until he saw her discolored right eye.

"What happened to you?"

Libby shrugged. "Cal. He was in a bad mood."

"He hit you?"

"Didn't he! That's my Cal. That's why he has a wife."

"You mean it's happened before?" Harry was shocked.

"Not this bad, and it looks worse than it is. I bruise easily."

"But he hit you! What kind of a heel is he?"

"He'll never do it again," she said bitterly. "I'm stubborn, or I wouldn't have stuck it out this long. Forget it, Harry, it's all over. I'd better have a last look around."

Harry followed her into the shack. Libby pulled open the drawers of a chipped dressing table, almost the only piece of furniture, saying tiredly, "Not that there's much I could overlook. Lord knows he never bought me anything."

"Is this Cal's?" Harry asked, his tone causing her to glance quickly at him, at the dark leather jacket on a chair, under his hand.

She nodded. "Practically part of his skin, but all of a sudden it's too hot to wear. Why?"

"When did he leave it?"

"Yesterday morning. First time he'd been home for a week. He took money, and— But that's all over!"

Harry fingered the jacket, telling himself there were hundreds like it, thousands of big men like Cal Sherred, and

disliking a man did not make him a murderer. Then he saw a dark smear on the side, as if a man had absently wiped his hand there. The stuff was dry, almost black but slightly iridescent, and flaked off as he moved the jacket.

Libby said in a dreary whisper, "Let's go, Harry."

Harry turned to her, but she was so forlorn that he checked his question and instead said, "Don't feel bad. Things will be better. They'll work out."

"No, not ever. Ah, Harry, what happened? What made it turn out like this, Harry?"

"What?"

"Is it better with you? Are you happy? At home, I mean—your marriage?"

"It's good," he said emphatically, and added, "We'd better get to Red Bank. I'm past due at the courthouse."

When they drove away, she did not look back.

It was noon before Harry arrived at the sheriff's office. The girl behind the counter said McLeod was at lunch, and Harry sat down to read, for the third time, the *Star's* account of the double slaying, under the lurid heading: FIEND BUTCHERS TWO WOMEN.

The facts were few, if not simple. The victims had been identified as Leonie Howard, wife of a local physician, and her sister, Amelia Bennerton, a resident of Pasadena, who for two weeks had been a guest of the Howards. Mrs. Bennerton had been shot through the head with a .22 or other small-caliber gun. Mrs. Howard's head was missing, but she had been identified by surgical scars. The bodies had been dismembered some time after death, according to the coroner, probably by two persons, and the parts wrapped in back copies of the *Star*, tied with fishing line, and weighted with lead such as fishermen use, presumably for disposal in the river.

On Thursday evening, the two women had dined with a friend, from whom they had parted about seven. They did not

return to the Howard residence until approximately nine P.M., at which time they were seen with one or two male companions. Dr. Howard had come from Holy Rosary Hospital near midnight, to an empty house. This was not unusual, and he supposed Mrs. Howard and her sister were spending the night with a friend. Not until the next day, when Mrs. Bennerton had been traced from Pasadena to her sister's home, did he learn of the tragedy. The movements of the women between the hours of seven and nine had not yet been traced.

While Harry was still reading, McLeod sat down beside him, complaining, "Porter expected you at ten. What held you up?"

"Something came up," Harry said.

"He was sore, but I smoothed it over. You'll have to wait till he comes back from lunch."

"I wanted to talk to you, anyhow," Harry rattled the newspaper. "It says here that a witness saw the women with a man. Can he identify the man?"

"She—Marian Pedrick. Lives next door to the Howards. She saw a man, but she's as coy as you are."

"I'm not coy," protested Harry. "I just wasn't sure. You haven't picked up anybody, yet?"

The deputy shrugged. "Chasing our tails. Here's what we got. Doc Howard's wife and her sister were having a good time. Mrs. Howard is the stay-home type, but her sister liked to step out. Nothing scandalous, but last week they picked up a couple of soldiers at the Top Hat, bought 'em dinner and drinks, danced till closing time, and went home—alone. But it looks like they picked up the wrong men this time."

"Then there were two men?"

"Maybe. Sibrow says parts of the bodies were disjointed, parts chopped any way, and Marian Pedrick says the man she saw talked to somebody in the car. You know where Doc Howard lives?"

"No. I know the doctor, though. We



## NEXT TIME—GET A WHITER, BRIGHTER WASH WITH ECONOMICAL BLU-WHITE!

• Thousands of women have discovered how Blu-White gives a whiter, brighter wash. And with much less work. You simply pour in these new, thin, instant-dissolving flakes. Then add enough regular soap or detergent for full, rich suds. There's no extra blu-

ing rinse. For Blu-White blues—evenly, without streaks or spots—never over-blues. And it washes, too—to make white things dazzling white, washable colors sparkling. Blu-White is so economical! And kind to hands as pure, mild beauty soap!



Get BLU-WHITE Flakes Today!

*He had an animal's razor-edged nostrils. The police saw facts, but only he could trace the smell of fear*

had him deliver our baby," he explained.  
"Uh huh. Know old Doc Tuttleman?"

"Once I caught him with twenty-three trout," Harry said sourly.  
"The judge let him off."

"Never pays parking fines, either. Old Tut and Howard were partners before Tut retired, and they built next to each other. Tut's in Europe, but his niece, this Marian, is there, and verifies that Howard was home when his wife left, about four. He went to the hospital a couple of hours later. We know Mrs. Howard and her sister had supper at the Stockman's Hotel, but Lord knows where they went after that. Probably picked up somebody in a bar, but maybe twenty miles away. They came home around nine, according to Marian Pedrick, and both women went into the house, maybe for more cash."

"This was when she saw the man in the leather jacket?"

"She's not too positive about what he wore," McLeod said, glumly. "One man got out of the car, walked around into the headlights. She thinks there was somebody else in the car. The women came right out, and according to the coroner, were killed within the next half hour. Autopsy showed they'd had a drink, too, so our best bet is a bar. Did the paper say their purses and clothes and everything else was gone? Motive, probably robbery with a little sex for frosting. There's plenty of fingerprints on the car, but we still have to fit them to somebody."

Harry asked slowly, "If there was another witness, do you think you could keep her out of it?"

"Out of a murder case? Who is she?"

"You can keep her name out of it. This man is dangerous, and I want her safe."

McLeod said crisply, "We know how to handle these things. She knows Leather Jacket—something about him?"

"Will you keep her out of it?"

"Look, Harry, you've said too much. You'll have to tell the rest of it, whether you want to or not."

"You think so?"

McLeod's pink face flushed scarlet.  
"Damn right, I do!"

The two men stood up, eye to angry eye. In his own work, Harry had often wondered at the hostility of the average man to official questions. Abruptly he realized he was guilty of the same thing.

"Hold it," he said, forcing a smile. "I know you have to see her, but I hoped . . . Do what you can to keep her out of the newspaper, will you?"

"Sure, I will. You know I'm reasonable, even if my hair is red. Who is she?"

Harry said carefully, "She's married to a man who's not much good. He hangs around Skid Row, drinking cheap wine and brawling. He's been in trouble around town. On Friday morning—she hadn't seen him for a week, she says—he walked in on her around seven A.M. This was right after I saw the man park the car. He was worked up, and when she asked what he'd been doing, he hit her. He also took what money she had, before he left. He was wearing a leather jacket, which he left there. There's something that might be blood on it. She says he did own a .22 pistol."

McLeod's blue eyes popped slightly.  
"Maybe you've got him locked up for us, too?"

"His name is Cal Sherred. He'd be capable of killing her if he thought she'd set the police on him. If you want to see her, we can drive over in my car."

"If!" exploded McLeod. "This is what we've wanted! I'll go tell—No, let's you and me talk to her first. Let's go!"

Pearl's cottage was on the west side of town, two blocks from the old high-school building, on a quiet street. Pearl, who worked at a summer resort, lived there only in winter. She was Libby's cousin, but she had long ago forbidden Cal Sherred the house.

At first Libby was nervous under McLeod's rapid fire of questions, and looked to Harry for encouragement. Once she cried, "But he couldn't do a thing like that no matter how drunk he was!"

"Sure," McLeod told her soothingly. "We're just checking. You say you don't know where he spent Thursday night, but where did he usually stay?"

"Sometimes he'd get a cheap room, and

other times he'd . . . Oh, I don't know."

"Did he have any women friends?"

"He'd better not let me catch him." Then she absently touched her discolored eye and said dismally, "Why kid myself? When he'd be gone a week, he wasn't a hermit. And those two women—"

"There must have been some person he worked or drank with."

"No. He got mean when he was drunk. He didn't have any friends. Once he had me, but no more."

"Uh huh. Now about this pistol. You say you bought it for him. Where? When?"

"At Grayson's, here in town. Three years ago. For a Christmas present. But I haven't seen it for more than a year. He sold it or traded it for a bottle."

"Uh huh. He's been in trouble around here?"

"Nothing like this. He thinks people are picking on him and gets into fights. He's always wanted so much and never got anything, or it turned out to be no good. Partly it was bad luck, but mostly his own fault, only he couldn't admit that. It was a dirty trick the world had played on him, so he took it out on me. But you don't care about that."

"Why not? What happened when he came home?"

She said woodenly, "I was asleep. I knew there was something, some trouble, the way he acted, and he'd been drunk and slept in his clothes. I knew it was bad, but not—Oh, he couldn't do a thing like this!"

"Somebody did, though. Did he say anything, any hint about what might have happened Thursday night?"

Again she gently touched her black eye. "He said if anyone asked, I hadn't seen him. I thought he was in trouble, fighting again."

McLeod made a noise of sympathy, but she had forgotten him. Looking at Harry, she said fiercely, "Harry, you can't know what it's been like. With him it stopped being what any decent person would call love a long time ago. Yesterday was the worst, the very worst. And



he'd taken my money, I didn't have a soul to go to, with Pearl away, and then I remembered you lived in Cedar now."

Harry said angrily, "Why didn't you leave him long ago?"

She shrugged. "I kept hoping. He can be so . . . But it's over now."

"He won't bother you again. He won't be hanging around town anymore."

"He'll come back. He always does."

"Not if he's mixed up in this."

"You don't know him! If he made up his mind, he'd come after me." For a moment she sounded almost proud of Cal. Then her mood changed, and she said furiously, "Oh, he did it! You see? He was drinking. Those two were out for a good time, and he was willing. Soft women with money. Served them right—No, I don't mean that. I hope they take him and hang him!"

Gas him, was Harry's mental correction. Cyanide dropped into a bucket, and how long can you hold your breath? Not long, and then your wife is a widow.

McLeod asked, "He was dishonorably discharged from the Navy?"

"He stayed AWOL to be with me. They put him in the brig and then fired him, which was what he wanted."

"His prints will be on file," McLeod said. "How about pictures of him?"

Libby found four snapshots of Cal, light-streaked pictures which McLeod grumbled over though he kept all four. He told Libby she would have to come to the courthouse for more questioning but not to worry, her name and address would be kept secret.

"It doesn't matter. He'll guess where I am," she said. She made herself ready without argument.

Getting ready was merely a matter of wiping off lipstick and painting on fresh, and touching her hair with her hands, but when she walked into the courthouse between Harry and McLeod, men turned their heads to watch her.

Not because she is such a beauty, Harry thought. This was less tangible, yet stronger. A long time ago, he had

imagined Libby was like Mary Queen of Scots, who had been willing to follow her lover round the world in her nightshirt. Libby was capable of the same complete, unreserved love for a man, and she had given it to Cal, offered him everything because she did not know how to give less, and he had thrown it away.

Harry wanted to wait for her outside the district attorney's office, but McLeod suggested a ride.

"I want to know if Marian Pedrick sees anything familiar in these snapshots. I'll bet a month's pay Sherred is our baby. The time fits, and he's a tough boy when he's drinking. If the blood on his jacket types up with either woman's and his prints are on the car, we'll wrap it up for Porter."

"Maybe I should wait," Harry said. "Porter wanted to see me, too."

"He's forgotten you're alive. Don't worry, we'll get back before he's through with her."

McLeod led the way to one of the sheriff's autos, then drove across town toward the river, through a growing district of new houses. Harry looked back and worried aloud, "I hope Porter doesn't bully her."

"He won't. Pretty girl, isn't she? Those two houses on the hill, see 'em? Tuttleman bought the whole hill to keep peasants like you and me out."

There was no sidewalk, but a wide strip of pink concrete ran in front of Tuttleman's house, and stairs of the same material led upward to a pink stucco palace. The house and even the trees and shrubs had an air of impermanence, like a movie set.

"Maybe we should go around to the back door, huh?" said McLeod, plodding up the steps. "Us peasants."

His ring was answered by a slender, blonde girl, who nodded at the deputy and gave Harry a quick, cool glance that made him wonder if his face was dirty. His first impression was that she was very young, but she was perhaps thirty. Her

slimness, the delicacy of bone and hair and feature, had fooled him. He smelled a very faint odor of perfume and under that, faintly, the warmth of flesh, as though she had just come from working in the sun.

"You remember me," McLeod said a little truculently, as if daring her not to. "This is Harry Grass, a game warden."

"A game warden?"

"Uh huh. Look at these, will you?"

McLeod gave her the four snapshots of Cal Sherred.

Marian Pedrick frowned over the pictures. Once she looked up quickly at McLeod, who was peering past her at the interior of the house.

She asked, "Who is this man? You think he is the one?"

"What do you think?" McLeod countered. "Look familiar?"

She hesitated. "I only saw him briefly in the headlights. I wouldn't care to be too positive and maybe involve an innocent person."

"But you think he's the one?"

The girl's grave blue eyes, which drooped slightly at the outer corners, searched the deputy's face, then Harry's, but there was no way of knowing what she looked for or if she found it.

She said slowly, "I want to be fair. I wasn't snooping, you know, or I'd have noticed more. But I think—this one." The picture showed Cal standing beside a motorcycle, wearing the leather jacket. "Who is the man?"

"Just a guy," McLeod said vaguely.

"Is he—you have arrested him?"

"Not yet. But you and Harry, here, have picked him. His name is Cal Sherred. Does that ring a bell?"

Marian Pedrick looked at Harry with new interest. "You mean, do I recognize the name? No. Is Mr.—Grass, isn't it?—the one you told me about? The one who saw the man in the leather jacket parking Mrs. Bennerton's car?"

"Uh huh. I thought maybe Sherred

**BEAUTY**  
*is my business*  
says lovely cover girl  
**ROXANNE**



and **SWEETHEART** *is my Beauty Soap*

"My skin must be lovely all over—because I often pose in revealing evening gowns. That's why I use gentle SweetHeart Soap for my daily baths. It leaves my skin so soft and smooth!"

**9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap**

Enjoy gentle SweetHeart Soap for your daily baths. See—just one week after you change to thorough care—with SweetHeart, your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger!

Get the big bath size!

**The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin**



was a patient of the doctor's. Would Mrs. Howard have known him, in that case?"

"Oh, no. She wasn't interested in Max's—in Dr. Howard's work. You aren't going to bother him?"

"I'd like to show him these pictures. He's home?"

"Yes, but must you torture him? He's had too much of that now, and I can tell you anything."

"It's rough, but it has to be," said McLeod. "We want to catch this bird. The doctor will understand that."

Marian Pedrick looked past them, at Howard's stone house. "I know that, but . . . You'd have to know him, know how sensitive he is, to understand. I wanted him to come here, let me take care of him. Or at least bring a nurse in. Max needs someone to protect him from people. I could look after him, and I certainly don't care what people think, as long as— Would you suggest it? Coming here, or letting me come over there, I mean."

"Sure. He shouldn't be in the house alone."

"Exactly," she said warmly. "Please persuade him of that. Naturally, he wants to be alone, and even sympathy hurts him, but he should know I'd understand."

"Yes, ma'am," McLeod said. He led the way down the stairs, saying to Harry under his breath, "Class, huh? If you like the cool ones."

"Very nice," Harry agreed, but he was thinking of Libby.

"Like one of those Chinese vases, worth a fortune only so fragile you're afraid to handle it. Though she can't be so delicate, doing all the work in that big house."

The deputy was obviously impressed by Marian Pedrick, and at the same time slightly resentful of her.

Harry asked, "Don't you suppose Mrs. Sherred is ready to go home by now?"

"Quit worrying. She'll wait for you."

"Why should she wait for me?"

"The way she looks at you, boy, she'll wait."

Harry gave him a startled look, but said nothing.

Dr. Howard's house was smaller than Tuttleman's and in much better taste: dressed stone, over which vines were cautiously feeling their way. The deputy had to ring twice before Howard opened the door.

The doctor was as tall as Harry and much heavier, with a boyish air that appealed to his women patients, but today he showed every one of his forty years. His shoulders sagged, his eyes were bloodshot, and Harry caught the faint sourness of a sick man. Dr. Howard had brought Andrew Stanley into the world, but now he looked at Harry without rec-

ognition, stunned by what had happened to him.

He greeted McLeod politely but a trifle incoherently, and led the way to a small room, combination library and physician's office, where he poured drinks. He did his best to appear normal, even casual, but his hand trembled and his smile continually tried to twitch into a grimace of pain.

Neither the pictures nor Cal's name meant anything to him; he listened almost blankly to McLeod. Harry felt embarrassed, as if he were intruding, but McLeod seemed perfectly at ease.

Dr. Howard complained about the morbid people who drove slowly past the house, sometimes stopping to stare.

"But most people have been decent," he admitted. "Even the newsmen. Except the one who wanted my picture."

"Miss Pedrick said she would like to help," McLeod said. "You shouldn't be here alone like this."

"Yes, Marian. Naturally. A wonderful person."

"Looks like a doll," said McLeod warmly. "But if she takes care of that big house, she's a worker. Why not let her take over?"

"I've thought of it. Marian is . . ." The doctor's mouth twitched, and he paused to control it. "But I really don't want to see anyone. All this—incredible! Leonie—my wife—to think of her and such a— Good Lord! We were happy, we had a pleasant life, you know, like other people. One morning everything is natural, normal, there she is. And next day, a nightmare! You read about things like this, they happen across the tracks, to Indians and people like that, but people like us, normal people, leading decent, quiet lives . . ." Howard broke off with a vague gesture, looking earnestly from Harry to the deputy, as though trying, and failing, to communicate in a foreign language.

"Things happen," the deputy said. "Look, you get a nurse in or let that Marian look after you. She wants to, and you need it."

Howard's mouth was working again, and he covered it with his hand. "How can I go back to my office? If I wait a year, there's still that, people staring at me, whispering about Leonie, what happened to her."

"Folks forget. Surprise you how soon."

The doctor shook his head. "And I don't relax. I keep asking myself if there was something I should have done."

"You take it easy, Doc," McLeod said.

"I might have gone to dinner with Leonie and Amelia. You see? And I can't sleep. I— Physician, heal thyself, hey?" His grin was ghastly.

McLeod finished his drink and rose, saying earnestly, "Dr. Howard, don't stay here alone. A man can think himself into some bad, black holes. If you had a patient in your fix, you'd give him a shot in the arm and put him to bed, wouldn't you? Well, then?"

Dr. Howard visibly gripped his jumping nerves, muttered an inaudible reply, and led the way to the door. He shook hands with both Harry and the deputy and thanked them, but not as though he knew what he was doing.

In the car, McLeod said, "Pretty rough on the doc. I've seen his wife a couple of times. Not bad-looking."

Harry glanced at his watch. "We've been gone almost an hour."

"Don't worry. Your girlfriend will wait."

Harry reacted angrily. "Girlfriend? None of that talk! I've known Libby for years! She's a friend, a friend of the family, and I'm only trying to help her."

"Why not?" asked the deputy, not quite smiling.

Harry rode to the courthouse wondering what he had said or done to give McLeod such an impression. Certainly Libby had once been the one, the only one, but that was over. He was happily married, except for the temporary irritation of Andrew Stanley, and even if Libby were free, it didn't matter to him. He was helping her, as he would have helped any old friend.

At the courthouse, McLeod left him in the corridor for five minutes or so. He returned to say that Libby would be along at once, and added, "Porter and everybody is sold on Sherred. There's an All Points out for him. He was around town, broke, on Thursday, dropped out of sight until Friday afternoon, when he had money, plenty of it. This morning, he's gone—read in the paper we'd identified the bodies and were after a man in a leather jacket, see?"

"He might head for Seattle. He used to live there."

"Uh huh. We're checking. Sherred has been in trouble before—assault. D & D. stuff like that. Pattern of violence, like they say. We don't— Here she is."

Porter bowed Libby out of his office. She nodded at McLeod, but came straight to Harry, taking his arm and holding tightly, as if for support and strength. Neither spoke until they sat in Harry's car, and then she said wearily, "What an ordeal! I'm so glad you waited."

Harry patted her shoulder comfortingly, and she turned toward him, lifting her hands to his face, offering her mouth. He kissed her, almost casually, but then without warning it happened for the third time, as if he had stepped too close to



the edge of a sand cliff and the earth had broken under him, plunging him straight down before he could even think of saving himself. For a moment he held her tightly, no longer for her comfort but his own, as if by holding on he could pull her down with him this time.

He pulled away roughly, saying in a thick voice, "I'd better take you home."

"I shouldn't have done that. You're a married man." She was contrite, or mocking.

"And you're a married woman," he muttered, fumbling with the ignition key, glancing guiltily about.

"Not for long," Libby said. "One way or another, I'll be free of him—soon."

Pearl's cottage was not far away, down Court Street, a right turn at the old high school. Harry stopped the car but did not get out. He would not look at her, but he was conscious of her faint odor. She even smelled differently than anyone else, not of soap or perfume, but a slightly spicy, clean, exciting smell.

Libby stepped to the sidewalk, hesitated with her hand on the door of the car. "Harry? You're not mad at me?"

"Of course not," he said, still afraid to look at her, thinking, *Not again, I won't go through it again.*

"You won't come in?"

"Work to do," he said shortly. The only safety lay in staying away from her.

She said in a low voice, "I'm so glad you're happy, Harry. And she's got you, she's happy. Oh, I wish—"

"Wish what?" he asked harshly.

She shook her head, murmuring, "Nothing," at the same time gently closing the car door. It made a wall between them, and he dared look at her.

Libby whispered—to herself or him?—"I wish I was in her place," and quickly ran across the sidewalk, up the steps of Pearl's cottage.

Harry gripped the wheel fiercely, as if holding his body back from following her, and after a moment drove off reck-

lessly fast, as if fleeing from an enemy.

He drove to the regional office, determined to think of nothing but his work, but the place was buzzing with talk of the slayings by "The Butcher," as the newspapers called the killer. Harry was a part of the case, a sort of celebrity with all sorts of inside information. He escaped from that to drive along the river road, talking to fishermen and checking licenses and limits, but the automatic activity left his mind free to think of Libby, to hear her low voice echoing, *I wish . . . I wish . . .*

He came home early, exhausted, as if he had run all day. Marda wanted to know in detail what had happened at the courthouse—and with Libby, though she did not ask the direct question. Harry told her everything, almost everything, but whenever he mentioned Libby, he saw a shadow in her eyes, as if she guessed the omissions. Or perhaps she sensed the queer constriction of the heart he felt every time he thought Libby's name, a sensation beyond his mind's control. This time it was really bad, the worst, and he savagely told himself, *Stay away! Don't see her. Stop thinking of her.*

Harry said he was tired, and went to bed early, but not to sleep. He tried to hold his thoughts on his work, on Marda, on his love for her and his happy life with her, but it was no good. Whenever his control relaxed on the edge of sleep, his mind sped straight to Libby, and against his closed eyelids he saw her face, the steady, brave look, the slightly crooked smile. He remembered the past, the first time he met her, the long summer when she was his girl. Most of the memories were bitter or ended badly, like the time she moved to Seattle or the night she told him she was going to marry Cal.

When Marda came to bed, he pretended to be asleep, and they lay stiffly side by side, yet apart, as if there were a sword between them.

Once as he slid toward sleep, he thought

Libby came again to tell him she was marrying Cal, and he felt the old sickening shock and muttered, "No. I won't go through that again."

Marda asked, "What?"

"I didn't say anything."

"You were saying you couldn't go—something."

"Was I? Must have been dreaming," he mumbled, making his voice thick and drowsy.

But she knew he was awake now. "Has Mrs. Sherred changed much?"

"I really didn't notice."

"She was never anything but—but a cheap little harridan," Marda said spitefully. Harry said nothing, and after a moment she added, "Mrs. Schatzman was in Red Bank today."

Mrs. Schatzman was the neighborhood gossip, and Harry tensed a little.

"At the courthouse, the assessor. She say you leaving with a woman—*Her?*"

Now it comes, thought Harry. Mrs. Schatzman had seen him kiss Libby. He said, "We were there together, and I took her home. After I got the idea her husband was the man, The Butcher, I . . . But I told you all about that."

"It seems to me the police could have taken her home."

"Well, they didn't," he retorted, growing defensively angry.

After a long silence, instead of the accusation he expected, Marda said, "Good night, Harry."

He heard her breathing become slow and regular as she invoked sleep, and uneasily wondered how much Mrs. Schatzman had seen. It was not like Marda to hold anything back; she was straightforward as a child, though at times this seemed only a step from incredible complexity.

Marda had been a secretary in the regional office. On her days off she often went fishing with Harry or another warden, but as a boy might. In shirt and bluejeans, her blonde hair cut short, she even looked like a boy. Her



9 OUT OF 10  
LEADING COVER GIRLS PREFER  
**SWEETHEART SOAP**  
"ITS MORE LUXURIANT LATHER  
**KEEPS ME FRESH**  
**ALL DAY!"**



Lovely cover girl Pat Barnard says, "Beauty is my business, and SweetHeart is my beauty soap. For SweetHeart's more luxuriant lather, so delightfully fragrant, keeps me fresh all day. And gentle SweetHeart Care keeps my complexion soft and smooth as a rose petal!"

Change to regular care with pure, mild SweetHeart. In 7 days, see how much softer, smoother your complexion looks!

**The Soap that AGREES  
with Your Skin**

actions matched, and none of the men made serious passes at her.

Harry had known her casually for two years when he asked her to go duck hunting with him. He would have taken few men and no other woman, but Marda was a cheerful, undemanding companion. He had written for reservations, but when they arrived late at night, the temperature below freezing, there was only one room, one bed. Marda had said carelessly, as a man might have, "What difference does it make where we sleep?"

While Harry hesitated, she turned off the lights, undressed, and climbed into bed.

"Hurry up," she said. "It's cold in here."

The next day Harry looked at her more often than at the sky for ducks, wondering why he had ever thought of her as boyish. Their marriage followed naturally, and she was the best of wives, at least until Andrew Stanley intruded.

Now he tried to tell himself that she did not value him as a man, as Harry, but as a symbol. But his sense of justice would not permit that lie. Marda's love and loyalty were not merely for home and marriage, but for this house, this Harry, this little dumpling. Yes, and he was happy, he told himself, he wanted only what he had now, and besides, Libby was not free; soon and now were not the same thing. She would not divorce Cal until he was caught, his trial over, thought Harry, who supplied others with his own sense of what was right and just. But if she were a widow . . .

Slipping toward sleep, he imagined something happening to untangle all the knots. She would be free and he would be, without injustice to anyone, and he would go with her to . . . somewhere. Libby, at least, could be set free so easily, and almost dreaming, he saw Cal on a street in a strange city, shooting at the policeman who tried to arrest him, and the policeman aiming carefully, firing, Cal falling, and people running, screaming, and the bell rang, jerking him wide-awake.

It was the telephone. Before Marda could stir, he was out of bed and trotting to it on bare feet, convinced that Libby needed him.

He said anxiously, "Yes?"

"Harry Grass?" A man's voice, a whisper.

"Speaking. What is it?"

"This is Cal Sherrd." It was stunning as a voice from the dead. "Hello? You still there? Listen, Libby always said you were a good guy, and there's nobody else I can— You'd be helping her, too."

"I see," Harry said stupidly.

"Listen, I got to talk to you. I— Libby says you're a good guy. She likes you,

always did. Give me a break, will you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Help me," Cal said impatiently. "You know the jam I'm in. You don't give a damn about me, but Libby—will you?"

Harry's mind was working again. "The best thing you can do for her, and yourself, is give yourself up."

"No, no! Will you listen, for heaven's sake? I didn't do it! When I saw the paper— Only I might've guessed they'd try to pin it on me. I'm the goat, I— Listen, I can't talk here. Give me a break!"

Harry said cautiously, "What do you want?"

"Know the old high school? I figured it all out. You meet me there tomorrow night. Nine o'clock. Drive in the yard and park by Richter's Market and walk to the third window, that's on your left. Then wait, but if you try anything, I got a way to take care of you. Libby always— oh-oh."

Cal's hoarse whisper had grown louder, but now it stopped short. Harry could hear the man's ragged breathing and asked, "What is it? What's wrong?"

"A guy I know just came in. He can't see me in the booth, but I got to shove." Cal sounded on the edge of complete panic, the unreasoning fear that sends a lost hunter running blindly until exhaustion fells him.

"You're in Red Bank now?"

"Never mind. You meet me, nine o'clock. I got to trust you, and Libby says— You want to see her? It's okay. She's in Ragtown, but don't tell her you talked to me. Don't tell anybody, or I'll know what to do about it!"

"If you're innocent, if you didn't kill those women, why hide?"

"I know them, those cops," Cal said bitterly. "I been pinched before when they wanted a goat, but nothing like this. They'd wreck me, they'd— Oh, I can take anything they can dish out, but they're not going to pin this on me, not while I can— Listen, I got a gun, you or nobody else is going to take me, so don't try anything funny."

A .22? wondered Harry, but he said, "I'll meet you. I'll help you if I can, but if you—"

Cal interrupted. "Okay, be there," he said hastily, and the line was dead.

When Harry returned to bed, Marda asked, "Who was it?"

"Complaint about spotlighting," Harry lied. "A man."

"I knew that from your voice. You shouldn't go around barefooted, you'll start sneezing."

"And wake the baby, I know."

"I was thinking of you," she said quietly.

Harry was silent, thinking of Cal, who was guilty, if facts meant anything, who had forfeited his own life by brutally killing two women. The man was terrified by the consequence of his act and instinctively denied the act, as did all those who wanted mercy but never justice. But there was such a thing as justice, and he was guilty, no matter how he lied.

Not for a moment did Harry consider telling McLeod about the telephone call. The police would spread a clumsy net, Cal would see and avoid it, and opportunity would be lost. If Cal had a gun, so did Harry, and he was an expert marksman. He began to feel a quickening of the blood, the man hunter's fever, as he did after hours of waiting to trap a spotlights when he saw a distant gleam of light and knew the quarry was up.

It was a long while before he fell into restless sleep, and in the morning he was heavy-eyed. Marda remarked on it. "You tossed and muttered all night. Is something wrong?"

"Nothing I know of."

"Oh. Where are you working today?"

Sunday was a game warden's busiest day. Harry had no intention of working, but he said, "Around Horse Creek, I guess."

It was one of those coded marital conversations. Marda had really asked, *Will you see her again today?* And his coded reply had been, *I won't even be near her.*

Sunday or not, the sheriff's office in the courthouse was busy. Waiting for McLeod, Harry looked over the country's Black Museum, dusty odds and ends of all kinds, guns, knives, clubs, a little heap of ground glass, the noose from an old lynching, a stuffed rattlesnake.

Harry remembered the Rattlesnake Killer, a man who had set out, one bright spring morning, to kill his wife in a way that would appear accidental. He started with the snake in a box strapped to her leg but, he wearily confessed later, its bite did not even make her ill. The woman had struggled, and he hit her with a hammer, but she still moved and breathed, so he tried to smother her with a pillow, but apparently this was not possible, although he had been taught in school that Othello had managed it. Next he tried to electrocute her, but the wire only burned her flesh, and as the morning passed, he grew afraid that some neighbor might look in, and carried his unconscious wife to their car, driving aimlessly about the countryside for hours, a man in a nightmare.

He could not stop, could not repent and turn back now, and ran over her



with the car, but she still breathed hoarsely, and he began to think she was unkillable, that if he went on with this dreadful work through all the days and nights to come, she would go on living until she could open her bruised mouth and accuse him. At last he threw the still-living body down the shaft of an abandoned mine and told an improbable story of a picnic: she had wandered off for wild flowers and had not returned. The first law officer he talked to knew he was lying, and he soon confessed. His wife was taken out of the mine, still breathing, but she died without regaining consciousness.

Now the man and his wife were forgotten, their memorial a badly stuffed snake, not even the original. The man's problem had been to get rid of his wife by apparent accident, and this might be death by drowning, by illness (poison), or even by falling down a mine shaft, but a woman who shuns water must not drown, a picnic must be planned as a real picnic, not as murder, and illness must not be too sudden. A woman who was known to be fond of fishing might fall from a boat and drown in the swift currents of the river, and if Andrew Stanley was with her—

Harry stumbled suddenly over the thought, like a new piece of furniture in a familiar room, tripped over in the dark, and he hurled it away violently, almost hysterically. He had not, would never think such a thing! Good Lord, what was happening to him? But it wasn't me, he cried out mentally. I wouldn't even dream such a horrible thing!

A heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and he swung around, striking away the hand before he recognized McLeod. With the deputy was a dark girl in a tight sweater.

McLeod said, "Hey, boy, you're jumpy."

Harry gestured at the case of exhibits. "Just giving myself the horrors."

"I know what you mean," McLeod

said, grinning, and told the girl, "Thanks, Miss Petersen. We'll get in touch with you."

She twitched away down the hallway, and McLeod watched her, speculatively, saying, "That babe is as proud of her shape as if she invented it. Maybe she did. You can't tell, these days. You know her?"

"No," Harry said absently. He had not been planning Marda's death or even wishing it, but his subconscious had realized how much easier everything would be if both Cal and Marda did not exist. Easier for her, too, he thought bleakly, seeing the future as a pit into which they were sliding. No matter what he said or did, a part of him was secretly plotting, ignoring decency and honor, to have Libby. Down there in the cellars of his being, nothing else mattered, so why not admit it?

"No," he said again, this time with a different meaning.

"She lives at the Arica, a so-called hotel," said McLeod. "Sherred sold his .22 pistol to the old guy who owns the joint. Thursday, this dame saw Sherred prowling around the lobby, and the gun's gone."

"It's pretty sure he's guilty?"

"Nobody else. Once we find the place where he cut them up, and the fishline and weights, Porter's case is made."

"You think he had an accomplice?"

"No sign of one, so far. Anybody who's cut up a deer or butchered a pig can disjoint a body. The few pals he had along Skid Row can account for their time, and witnesses put you at home, Mrs. Sherred in Ragtown, and Doc Howard was—"

Harry was shocked. "You suspected Libby helped him?"

McLeod shrugged. "We check everybody. Like you wouldn't be the first guy to 'discover' a killing he'd done himself, thinking that was smart. But you're both clear, and Doc was at the hospital till midnight. Anyhow, there's no gossip about him, he's never even pinched a

nurse, and when a guy kills his wife, he has to talk himself into it, and somebody always overhears. Though there's not a married man who hasn't been tempted."

Harry said, too quickly, "Not me!"

"I won't admit it, either," grinned McLeod. "Still, there's always some married man trying it. But like I said, we checked everybody, people you wouldn't dream of, and it's all Sherred. Motive, robbery. Mrs. Bennerton always carried lots of cash. The gun's his, he's mean when he's drinking. Even if we didn't have you and Marian to put him on the spot, it fits him and nobody else."

Guilty, thought Harry. The verdict was unanimous, but he asked, "How about Mrs. Howard's sister? I mean, maybe an enemy who'd followed her up here."

McLeod shook his head. "We went all through that with both of them. Doc's wife was a widow when he met her, with a little money of her own. Howard has a big practice and worked all the time, so she went around alone or with other women, but to places like the Dinner Club, the Historical Society. You know the type."

"You said they'd picked up men in night clubs."

"That was the sister. She was a little rowdier, but no scandal. She's divorced, but her ex is back East. She runs one of these nursing homes, down South. They were both nurses. The Bennerton woman liked her highballs and dancing, and I guess Mrs. Howard got a kick out of going with her, but neither of them had a boyfriend who might get jealous. No, it's Sherred, Harry. Tough on his wife, but she might as well face it."

"She'll make out," Harry said. "Well, be seeing you."

As he left the courthouse, he ached to see Libby, warm himself in her smile, drown in her eyes, hear her lovely voice, but he made himself drive the other way, across town, all the while dismally wondering how long he could



## WONDERFUL FOR "WASHBOWL" WASHINGS! BLU-WHITE is all you need!

• LINGERIE is fresh, soft, fragrant. HANKIES come out dazzling white. STOCKINGS last longer, the popular lighter shades hold their original tint, when you use Blu-White Flakes for your daily washbowl washings.

And Blu-White is all you need. The NEW thin flakes dissolve instantly. Safe for all your washable silks, nylons, laces. Blu-White is as kind and gentle to your hands as a pure, mild beauty soap... and so economical!

See how lovely, fresh-looking Blu-White keeps your things. Get Blu-White Flakes—today!



stay away from her. It must be like this with drug addicts, he thought, with no cure except by a man's own will, and how can you will away the only brightness of life?

He climbed the pink stairway to Dr. Tuttleman's house and rang the bell. Nothing happened, and he was about to ring again, when Marian Pedrick opened the door, nodding without friendliness.

"What can I— Oh, Mr. Glass, isn't it?"

"Grass," Harry said. "Sorry to bother you, but I wanted to ask—you're certain the man in the snapshot was the same one you saw that night?"

"I'm not in the habit of making careless statements," she said coldly.

She was so neat, so poised, so lovely and jewel-like that she made Harry feel awkward. Nothing was out of place, and yet there was no polished, artificial look about her. It was as though the delicate perfection was not surface only, but the extension of her inmost self. Harry smelled the faintest hint of perfume, nothing else; most women loaded themselves with the stuff. Harry approved of her, but he understood why McLeod admired, yet at the same time resented, her. She had a way of making a man feel like a clumsy animal, merely by looking at him.

He said apologetically, "I just wondered how sure you were. See, I know him slightly, his wife's a friend of ours, and if there was the slightest doubt—"

"You saw him, didn't you?" she asked sharply.

"Not too clearly, though I'm pretty sure. I just wondered how you felt."

The blue eyes looked at him searchingly, and she said in a low voice, her small body tense with emotion, "I'll tell you how I feel! When I see what all this is doing to Max, I wish that man were dead."

"It's tough on the doctor."

"I do my best to help him, but he's so sensitive! He punishes himself. He thinks that if he'd gone to dinner with his wife, she'd be alive now. But of course, he wouldn't leave a patient who needed him. That's the sort of doctor he is. My uncle says he's too conscientious, but it's his nature."

"Sure," Harry said vaguely.

"When I think of what a trial and all that will do to poor Max—"

"Sherred's wife, too," Harry said.

"It's wrong!" Marian Pedrick's voice did not have the husky, warm, careless quality of Libby's, and even in emotional stress was clear and controlled. "If there were any justice, I mean real justice, that man would be punished and finished now, without the horrible farce of a trial, and then the rest of us could try to for-

get and go back to living our lives normally."

"That's right," Harry agreed, though not for her reasons.

She nodded, pleased. "Yes, and it would be so much better for his wife, too. Do they have children? Well, that's one good thing."

They were almost on a friendly basis, and Harry said, "Well, thanks for talking to me. I wanted to be sure—you know, that there was no doubt of his guilt. Dr. Howard is taking it pretty hard, is he?"

She spoke absently, frowning past him in the direction of Howard's house. "If people would only leave him alone. There's another car stopping, probably a reporter who wants to . . . Well, let him ring. Thank heaven, I've got Max over here where I can protect him from such people."

There was temper under that cool surface, Harry thought, liking her for it. He squinted at Dr. Howard's stone house.

"It's a woman in slacks," he said.

"Oh! A colored woman?"

"Could be."

"There was supposed to be a dinner, and just because no one told her not to come— How can people be so stupid? Are you leaving? Would you mind telling her to go away?"

"Sure," Harry said, and went briskly down the steps, thinking, Guilty and guilty, and not a word of doubt from anyone. Guilty, no matter how he lies about it.

At twelve minutes to nine, he drove into the dark yard of the old high school. He spent most of the day in the Horse Creek area, after all, simply to be out of Red Bank, knowing that if he stayed, he could not keep away from Libby. But distance could not keep his thoughts from her, and the old fever was back, worse than ever this third time, so that all day he had seen her face in moving water and heard her voice in the forest noises.

In the schoolyard, he parked facing a blank wall, the side of Richter's store. When he switched off the headlights, darkness swooped down on him, and it was a moment before he could see the building, brick walls with glassless windows and empty doorways. Years ago the interior had been destroyed by fire and water, stripped clean by wreckers, and no one wondered why the walls had been left standing. They were an accepted part of the town, like the erratic clock in the courthouse tower.

The shell of the building was in a district of small, not new homes, each with its lawn and shade trees, owned by respectable, hard-working people, like

Libby's cousin Pearl, people who would not know, much less shelter, a ruffian like Cal. Still, he must be watching from somewhere close by, timid but at the same time savage. Harry was unworried about possible danger; he had arrested night hunters who were savage and conscienceless as any wolf.

Harry's flashlight was in his pocket, his .38 Special tucked into the belt of his trousers. At one minute to nine, he walked briskly across the paved yard toward the third window on the left. The glassless aperture was more than five feet above ground level, so he could not see the floor inside but could look up past the roofless walls at the stars. Below each window was a small slit, guarded by heavy wire netting, and by using this as a step he might be able to see into the building, but Cal would be in the deeper dark, Harry's own head and shoulders a target.

Under the window, he called softly, right hand on the butt of the revolver, "You there?"

"Not so loud." The hoarse whisper came from the window, but Harry could see nothing.

"I'm alone," Harry said. "I'll come inside and—"

"Stay where you are! I'm pointing a gun at you."

"The police know where you got it."

"So what? The guy cheated me. He didn't give me half what it was worth, so it wasn't stealing, just— Oh, they figure it's the gun killed those women? Don't I get the breaks! But I didn't, they can't pin it on me!"

Harry said, coaxingly, "Then give yourself up. I'll take you to Don McLeod, a deputy friend of mine. He'll give you—"

Cal cried out, "No! You tell them."

"Tell them what?" Harry strained to see into the window.

Cal went on in a rush of words that Harry scarcely listened to, trying to fix the man's position by his voice.

"They want to pin it on somebody, anybody. But not on me! I was under the bridge, and— No, I better start back. On Thursday, I had a real hangover, but you think I could raise a dime for a drink? Then I got thinking about old Cappel, at the Arica, how he cheated me out of my pistol, and— But you know I took it. I was going to borrow some dough on it, and I was coming through this alley back of Reed Street, and this little guy— The cops know that, too?"

"What?"

"They'd know, he'd complain, but maybe they don't know it was me. But you see? One more thing to hang on me if they can't get me for the other. I didn't even point the gun at him. How did he know, maybe I wanted to sell the



gun." Cal's voice stopped abruptly. "You there?"

"Here," Harry said, thinking, So he can't see me.

"Better be. He said two bucks was all he had, the liar, but I just wanted enough for a drink, so I picked up a half gallon of muskey and took it out to the old bridge. You can build a fire under there, and it's like a cave, the fire, and drinking a little, and the cars rattling over the bridge."

Cal sounded almost happy, recounting these joys: no cares, a jug of forgetfulness, no critical watchers. Harry told himself, He's no good, to himself or anyone else.

"I was asleep when this car woke me," Cal said. "My fire was out, so it was late, maybe three o'clock. Nobody hardly uses the old road, only fishermen, and the first thing I thought was the cops, and I lay flat and still. Then the lights went out, and this guy walked down to the river. I saw he was alone, but still, I figured I better get out of there. You getting this?"

"I'm listening." Harry pointed his flashlight at the window, without turning it on. The movement was unseen. Cal's voice rushed on.

"There was one good drink of wine left, and it made me feel better. The guy was almost down to the river, the car was there with the motor running, so I just got in and drove it away."

"This was the blue sedan?" asked Harry, his interest caught at last.

"Yeah. Later, I figured the guy wanted to see if he could get down to the river. He wouldn't want to get stuck with that load. I wonder what he thought when the car started off."

"What did he look like?"

"It was dark. I never saw his face."

"How was he dressed?"

"How's anybody dressed? Pants, a light shirt, I think, and—just clothes."

"What time did you come to the bridge?"

"I don't know—dark. What difference

does that— Oh. The paper said I was seen with them, those women. That wasn't me. This guy maybe took off his jacket, or if there was two guys . . ." Cal's voice trailed off, then he asked bitterly, "Don't you believe me?"

"I can't help you unless I know the truth, all of it."

"This is the truth, I swear it. Anyhow, I got to thinking maybe there was something in the car I could use, but I didn't want to stop on the highway, so I turned on a side road. I thought maybe there was something I could peddle for a drink. I was beginning to need one, only I didn't know how bad."

Harry saw the faintest pale movement in the lower corner of the window—Cal's forehead, perhaps. He said, "Go on, I'm listening."

"Just don't try anything! There wasn't a thing up front, and I unlocked the back. I couldn't figure what the stuff was, so I carried one bundle around to the light. Geeze!"

Harry was no longer listening carefully. He measured the distance to the nearest door, wondering if he could move fast enough to pin Cal in the corner, with only the window as an awkward way out.

"It was somebody's arm, the fingernails and all, and it was like those crazy dreams where you can't move or yell, and I just stood there, afraid to hold it and afraid to drop it. You got a cigarette?"

"No. I don't use them. Then what?"

"I can make one. Well, I didn't know what to do. I never thought of them blaming me, I just didn't want any part of it. I got back in the car and just drove around, trying to think. I couldn't leave the car on the highway, or too close to my place, either. I figured it was early, I'd be okay."

The pallid blur at the edge of the window vanished, a match flared, and Cal's voice went on from a different position. "I didn't recognize you, I read

that in the paper. It felt like everybody was watching me, I was half-crazy, all fouled up inside, and when I— Anyhow, I hopped a freight back to Red Bank."

Liar, thought Harry. "You went home and left your jacket?"

"Well, yeah. You seen Libby?"

"No," Harry said, at once regretting the useless lie.

"How'd you know about the jacket?"

"It was in the paper."

"The paper? Libby went to the cops?"

"They came to her. Didn't you see today's papers, with your picture?"

"You think I can buy a paper whenever— My picture? What's she trying to do to me?"

"She had no choice when they questioned her."

"Don't tell me," Cal cried angrily. "A wife can't testify against her husband, that's the law." He was silent, then said bitterly, "She never brought me anything but grief."

Harry took a step aside, gripping the revolver butt, and tried to start the man talking again.

"You haven't explained how you were seen by—" Harry checked himself before mentioning Marian Pedrick. Cal had killed two women and would not hesitate to kill another if he thought the blonde girl was a danger to him. To cover the near slip, he asked, "How did Libby get that black eye?"

"What?" Cal's voice was sharp with suspicion. "I thought you didn't see her."

"McLeod told me. You should have taken the car to the police, but it's not too late. You can—"

"No! You tell them. Tell 'em to find this guy. And tell them I've got a gun, I won't be pushed around." Cal's voice changed, and he said, "Why, damn her, I'll— Stay where you are and count to a hundred before you move! Hear me?"

"Wait. Let's be sure I've got this straight."

"You have. Start counting."

"There'll be questions. I'll have to get

## BEAUTY is my business—

says lovely cover girl BUNNY COOPER

"I make my living as a model, so my complexion must be soft, smooth and clear at all times. That's why I never miss my daily SweetHeart Facials, for SweetHeart Care leaves my skin soft and smooth . . . helps prevent chapping too."

The Soap that AGREES  
with Your Skin



## and SWEETHEART is my Beauty Soap

9 out of 10 Leading Cover Girls use SweetHeart Soap

■ Try the Cover Girls' Facial! Massage pure, mild SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin with an upward and outward motion; rinse with warm, then cool water. One week after you change to thorough care—with SweetHeart—your skin looks softer, smoother, younger!

in touch with you," Harry argued desperately, trying to hold the man.

"I'll phone you again. Now count!"

Instead, Harry ran for the nearest doorway, gun and light in his hands. He snapped on the flashlight. Its beam stabbed at the corner where Cal had crouched, then around the barren interior. There was not so much as an empty box to cast a shadow, and the light caught Cal's running shape as it plunged through the opposite doorway.

Harry sprinted across the cement floor, gun up, praying for one shot, but when he broke out of the walls, the street was empty of movement. Then his light caught another edge of Cal's flight, as he dodged around the corner, but when Harry reached that point, there was nothing. Cal might be around the next corner, or lurking in the shadow of a hedge. In most of the houses, shaded lights glowed, but the streets were lighted only by single bulbs at mid-intersection, hung high out of the reach of small boys with rocks.

After a long moment of indecision, Harry turned back, pausing hopefully inside the window where Cal had been, but there was nothing there except a match broken in two, the stub of a brown-paper cigarette. He ground them angrily under his foot, and went back to his car, driving slowly around several blocks. Cal would not be in the open, and Harry felt an increasingly heavy sense of opportunity lost, though even now he did not admit to himself his intention had been to shoot a man. It just might have worked out that way.

His thoughts churned within him, and he was honestly startled to find himself passing Pearl's cottage. He stepped hard on the brake. The lights were on, the shades up; that was so like Libby, even in this discreet neighborhood. While Harry stared hungrily, she came from the kitchen and looked at the window, almost as though she could see him. It was all the impulse his mood needed.

Libby opened the door, startled, said her eyes, but pleased, said her smile.

"Harry! I hoped you'd come, all day, but I'd given up." Her expression changed, she asked quickly, "Is it Cal? Have they caught him?" she meant.

"No, I was passing. Can I come in?"

She hesitated, glancing past him at the street. "These snoops would love to tell Pearl I have men visitors late at night, but just for a minute. I'm so glad you stopped."

Harry closed the door, leaned against it. "Libby, will you come with me?" His own hoarse voice sounded strange.

The hunger on his face was so plain that she stepped back and said warningly, "The neighbors! Come where?"

"Anywhere—Canada, Alaska. I can make a living anywhere. I'll take care of you."

"Go away with you, you mean? I don't—Harry, have you been drinking?"

"No!" he said angrily. "You'd never have any more bad times, and I'd have—Will you?"

She looked at him intently. "You do mean it."

"You know I do. And don't say it's sudden."

"No. But your wife, all that? I thought you were so happy."

"A couple of days ago, I was," Harry said dismally. "If anybody had asked me, I'd have said I had it all, just the way I wanted it. But I want you more. Let me worry about Marda—Lord knows, I do."

"Yes, but she wouldn't simply sit back and let you go."

"She will. She'll look at me as though I'd hit her and never look at me again."

"Women don't let their men go so easily."

"She would, but it wouldn't be easy. On me, either. The two of us have been—But none of that matters now. Will you go? You'd be happy. You're not something I want today and will forget tomorrow. Not after all these years."

"I know, but maybe it's too late for us, Harry. Maybe—"

"Not yet, it isn't!" he cried hoarsely. "By tomorrow morning we'll be halfway to Canada."

She was startled. "Tonight? You mean, leave tonight?"

"Don't you see? Now, right now, is the time, like a door open. Tomorrow, an hour from now, somebody closes the door."

Libby said bewilderedly, "But, there's so much . . . It's impossible! The police wouldn't let us, for one thing."

"I don't care about them!" he said violently. "It's now!"

She had moved closer and touched his arm gently, soothingly. "No, Harry. Think it over. But later, if you still feel this way . . ."

"You know how I feel," Harry told her. "You know how it's always been with me. Right now I don't care a hang about Cal or Marda or the law or any of it. Tomorrow . . . It's not because of *him*? You're not sorry for him?"

"For Cal?" She laughed without mirth. "That's dead. If anyone is sorry for him, you are."

Harry gaped at her. "Me? Sorry for Cal?"

"Anyone in trouble. Remember the fights you had because some poor kid was being kicked around?"

"That's different. Will you come with me, Libby?"

"When this is over, then you ask me again."

"You mean it? You'll go? No matter how it comes out? Even if he gets off some way? It's happened."

She said bitterly, "The way I feel has nothing to do with what he's done to anyone else. If I cared even a little, do you think I wouldn't fight to help him, no matter what he'd done? That's dead and finished. When we can, if you still want me . . ."

Harry's heart felt as though a hand had squeezed and then released it. He lifted his arms, hers went around his neck, and he kissed her hungrily, blindly, but in a moment she pulled free, going all the way across the room, saying in a shaking voice, "If anyone saw that . . . Please go, Harry. Tomorrow, will you come tomorrow? We'll get out of here, go where we can't be watched."

"Who'd be watching?" Harry asked, hoarsely. "Listen . . ."

But she had her way. From the sidewalk, he looked back at her, standing in the doorway, seeing her quick glance go up and down the street. He thought of Cal, terrified and desperate. He would have run back into hiding. He would not be prowling the streets, but still . . .

"Libby, shall I leave you a gun?"

"No! What for?"

"If you're afraid, the way you look around every time you step outside. It would be, you know it would be . . ." Harry could find no way of ending the sentence except with *all right to shoot Cal*, and he stopped talking, feeling confused and exhausted. The events of the day and night had suddenly become too much for him.

Libby said, "When he comes, I'll handle him."

"When he comes? You think he will? You said you were afraid of him."

"But I can handle him. Don't worry about me. Good night, Harry, before you get me talked about."

She watched Harry's car out of sight, then re-entered the house, closed the door, and yawned, coming to her toes and raising her arms high with a catlike gesture froze midway, and she stood in a listening attitude a moment. She moved silently, swiftly to the kitchen door, opened it slightly for a glimpse of the room, then pushed it wide.

Cal leaned against the sink. He had not shaved for days, his clothes were wrinkled, his skin gray with dirt. Seconds ticked off before Libby said harshly, "I thought it was about time for you to show up."

"You," Cal said tonelessly. Never breaking his glance from hers, he struck a match for the brown-paper cigarette



in his mouth, and for the first time she saw the pistol.

Harry drove slowly homeward. For a few minutes he had known with the certainty beyond logic achieved only in dreams, drunkenness, and insanity, that the solution to all problems was flight with Libby, but now he saw it was no good. He was tied by a thousand threads, not only to Marda, to Andrew Stanley, but to Cal and to people like McLeod and Porter, even to poor Doc Howard. The threads could be broken only one by one.

"But she'll go," he told himself aloud. "I'll get it all straight, and she'll go with me."

He looked within for exultation, but there was only weariness, as if the day had been a thousand hours long.

He told himself that the wise thing, the sane thing, would be to notify McLeod at once that Cal was still in or near Red Bank. The alarm would be raised, the search would be concentrated here, and only a miracle would save Cal from capture. But he drove on out of town, knowing he was past doing the wise, safe thing. He was two people—steady, sober Harry Grass, and someone wild and reckless, under control only part of the time. He was Cal's enemy, not for the crime of murder but for the crime of having been loved by Libby. Even now she thought of him, he was big in her life, and whether he was free or in jail would not change that. Only one thing would, Harry thought, remembering Marian Pedrick's words: "If there were any real justice, Cal would be punished now, finished now, so that the rest of us could go back to living our lives."

"It can still happen," he said aloud, to himself and to Marian. "I'll find him. I'll get another chance at him."

When he came home, old Mrs. Schatzman was in the kitchen with Marda, waiting for late news about the murders. Like everyone else, she imagined Harry had all sorts of inside information, but

she preferred juicy rumor to dry fact. Was it true that the bodies had been mutilated by a sex fiend? Was it true that Dr. Howard had been carrying on with his wife's sister, and she had been pregnant? And was it true . . . Harry talked to her while he ate a sandwich and drank a glass of milk. He was bone-tired, talking was an effort, but it saved him from looking at Marda, of thinking how he must destroy her. Not physically—he would die himself, first—but deserting her would be destruction of all the solid things she lived by.

Now and then Marda gave him a slantwise look, but he could only guess at the thoughts behind her carefully arranged face. He knew so little about her, really, but then a man most of the time could not understand himself, his own motives. Mrs. Schatzman left with her pouchful of news, and Marda went with her as far as the front porch. Harry started for the bathroom, but stopped to look down at Andrew Stanley, asleep in his crib. The smell was much better.

The baby's eyes opened, he looked at Harry and then chuckled moistly. Harry poked with his finger, saying wonderingly, "What's so funny?" The baby's small, warm hand clutched the finger with astonishing strength, and a sensation like an electrical current surged up Harry's arm to his heart. He jerked his finger away as if the contact burned, and the baby's face puckered, and his howl brought Marda running. Harry gave her a horrified, accusing look, as though she had sprung a trap on him, and fled to the bathroom.

The shower washed none of the confusion from him. What was wrong with him could not be cleansed away by soap and water, and he told his somber image in the mirror, "Marda, and now *him!*" Andrew Stanley was no longer It, the intruder, but his son, himself and yet not himself, his own private miracle. Not that it changed anything.

Harry recalled a line he had read:

*Truth is nothing else but our greatest desire.* At the time it had seemed cynical. Truth, like justice, should be above man's desires. But now he understood. Truth was whatever a man would sacrifice everything to gain.

He asked the mirror miserably, "But you think it's easy? You think I like it?" The face in the mirror said nothing, only watched him disapprovingly.

Later he and Marda lay side by side, not touching. She sensed the change in him, sensed that something bad was happening, and Harry ached to comfort her, but anything he said or did would make matters worse. She would say, You don't love me. She would understand nothing else.

He deliberately pushed her out of his thoughts, and let his imagination have Libby. Oddly, his dreaming never went beyond the point of setting out with her beside him, as though they went from Red Bank to nowhere, no future. He fell asleep soon, but in the morning woke tired as though he had not rested at all.

At breakfast, he was gloomily silent, and Marda had nothing to say; not sulking, but instinctively withdrawing into the shell of self for protection. She didn't even ask the usual question about where he would work that day.

When he left the house, Harry drove toward Red Bank, at first slowly, then faster and faster, needing to see Libby, touch her, smell her, taste her, reassure himself through every sense that she had not changed overnight, that she was his, and worth all the rest of it. It was early, but before he rang the bell, he heard her moving inside the house. She looked as though she had rested no better than Harry, but he did not see that, only what he wished to see, his one hope and salvation. He needed a word or look of love, but she led the way into the kitchen, where she was brewing coffee, and set out another cup, touching her hair and murmuring that she must look like the devil.

Harry had the feeling that she was

Beauty is  
my business.

Baby model JOAN RUGER  
is bathed with SWEETHEART Soap

• This little sweetheart, Joan Ruger, is a model at just 8 months. Her mother guards Joan's beautiful skin—she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Joan's daily baths.



9 OUT OF 10 LEADING COVER GIRLS  
USE SWEETHEART SOAP

• Try the Cover Girls' Facial—morning and night—for your complexion. Use gentle SweetHeart in the big bath size, too—for daily baths. You'll like SweetHeart's oval cake; it dries faster—helps avoid wasteful "melted soap." Get SweetHeart today!



**SWEETHEART**

The Soap that  
AGREES with Your Skin



postponing contact, both actual and intangible, but he had to get close to her, share her thought and heart.

He said, "Last night. You meant it?"

"Of course."

Still there was no real contact, and Harry began, "You're strange, as though—" He broke off, staring at the broken match and the brown cigarette butt on the floor, where sink and wall made a corner. He glared at her incredulously.

"Here?"

"What? What's here?"

"Cal! You're hiding him!"

He plunged past her, never considering that Cal was armed and he was not, and rammed open the door of the bedroom. The unmade bed was empty, and without wondering why he looked there rather than under it or in a closet, he swung back to Libby, who stood uncertainly in the kitchen doorway, shouting at her, "Where did he go? How long has he been here?"

"How did— Who told you he was—" she stammered, and guessed, "They caught him? No, or you wouldn't be looking."

Harry caught her wrist, "Where is he?"

"I don't know. He was here, just for a minute last night, but I— You thought I'd hide him? That animal?"

She told him about it, Harry listening bewilderedly trying to accept the fact that Cal had come and gone without violence, without even mentioning the meeting in the old high school. Then he asked questions, and listened more carefully, trying to hear with Libby's ears, see with her eyes, know with her heart. It had been a queer conversation between the murderer and his wife, with murder scarcely mentioned.

"He didn't see you kiss me," Libby said. "But even when he swore he'd kill you, and me, too, he didn't stamp and yell the way he usually does. It was like he was thinking of something else, something more important."

Libby should have been afraid, Cal desperate, but they had merely bickered, and Harry listened with growing uneasiness. She spoke of Cal with bitter anger, but the overtones were wrong, somehow. She had not even asked the important questions—where Cal was hiding, why and where he had killed the women, if he had an accomplice—as if these things did not really matter. Then what did matter?

She had accused Cal of infidelity with the two women (this, and not murder, Harry noted, as though murder were the minor part) and told him she was no longer his wife, that she was through with him, that she would not help him if he came crawling to her on hands and knees. Harry guessed she had expected

Cal to beg her to help him and been a little disappointed when he did not.

Bit by bit, word by word, he built up a picture of Cal's brief appearance, but even if it was the same picture Libby saw, how exact was that? And even if he got every word, there were the eloquent silences between man and wife.

"Did he follow—" Harry began once, checking himself before saying, *me here*. "Didn't he say where he'd been? How did he find you?"

"He guessed I might be here. He's scared, he's changed. This is too big for him. He can't just hit somebody to get even." She sounded pleased.

"What else did he say?"

"Nothing, really. Just crazy threats."

"He didn't lay a hand on you?"

"He'd better not. But he wouldn't let me get near him."

Why should she want to? Harry wondered. Listening, he heard her taunting Cal, as if deliberately trying to enrage him, but she repeatedly said, a little puzzled, as if his violence was something she understood, that Cal was changed, subdued even when he cursed her and, once, threatened to hit her with the pistol. That was when she had tried to touch him. After that, he had gone, as if he were afraid of her. But he would be back, Libby said, completely certain.

"I would have told you about it," she insisted. "I wanted to think it over first, that's all."

"Think what over?"

"Oh, you know. We won't tell McLeod, will we?"

"Why not?" He scowled at her, trying to see past the words to her thought.

"You see?" she cried. "That's why I hesitated to tell you. You're too honest. Because he'll come back!"

"Then McLeod or—then I'll be waiting for him."

"No, that's just it," she explained patiently. "I'll get the truth about those women, where he's hiding, all of it. Last night I couldn't—he'd seen you here."

Harry, jealously listening for faint overtones, once more blamed himself for not shooting the night before. Now she was thinking about Cal again; this morning it was Cal, not Harry who filled her thoughts. Not that she loved the man—this was war, nothing else, and Libby wanted to beat Cal down, triumph over him somehow. But why?

"So that I can laugh at him," she said, vindictively.

A very bitter war, Harry thought, and said dismally, "We should have gone away last night."

"That's the worst thing we could have done."

"Everything I look at seems the worst."

"He'll come back. Where else can he go? You won't tell McLeod?"

"No, not right away. But he didn't say he'd be back. What makes you so sure? Maybe it's just what *you* want."

"I do want it. I want to pay him back for a few things."

Harry looked at her unhappily. "I'm jealous of him. He had you so long, he's part of you, and— You'll go with me when this is over?"

"All you have to do is ask me then."

"What if he walked in here tomorrow, free? Or if he was freed in a few years and came after you?"

"That's likely, isn't it?" She was beginning to sound angry. "I'm through with him. And you know how I feel about you."

He shook his head, unaccountably depressed. "All I know is how I feel about you."

Libby came to him quickly, kissed him long and lovingly, and the warmth of her body, the firm, seeking mouth, melted away his doubts and ate up his uneasiness, but before that was quite accomplished, the doorbell rang. It was McLeod, with questions for Mrs. Sherred. Nothing new, he said, just a few angles that needed clarifying. Under the deputy's amused eye, Harry squirmed with a combination of guilts, and awkwardly said good-by.

The moment he was alone, uneasiness rushed at him again, like wind through an open door. He wanted solitude and time to think, but at the same time he did not want to leave Red Bank. Cal was in Red Bank, and it seemed to him now that Cal was the core of his problem. Libby still thought of Cal—she would think of him, even if it was only to hate him, as long as he lived—and what did you do about that?

He found a parking place across from the bus station, but before he could get out of the car, a woman was leaning in, saying urgently, "Mr. Grass, could you drive me home? There's usually a taxi here, but because I want one—"

It was Marian Pedrick, her lovely face tight with strain. The last thing Harry wanted was company, but he said with mechanical courtesy, "Sure, glad to."

She was in the car before he could open the door for her, saying in a hurrying rush of words, "Max—Dr. Howard—was sleeping, and I had to come downtown. I should have had the taxi wait, but that's expensive, you know, and I have only the house allowance. But it took longer than I intended."

Harry swung the car away from the curb, sparing a glance at her. She had been hurrying, perhaps even running, from the quick rise and fall of her breast, and the day was hot, but she



was immaculate as ever. She was easy to look at, with her straw-blonde hair and pale-blue eyes, her figure like a young girl's but the poise of a duchess. She sat up straight on the seat, her back away from the cushion, and talked as if they were old friends, perhaps in relief at getting a ride.

"It's so good of you," she said, smiling at Harry. "I don't want poor Max to wake and find me gone, and there is always the chance that Mr. McLeod or some newspaper person will stop by."

"You certainly take good care of him. Is he any better?"

She shook her bright blonde head. "He's even talking about giving up his practice, going to some other place. Don't you think it's best to face things, Mr. Grass?"

"Every time," Harry said. "He was pretty fond of his wife?"

"They'd been married eight years. Though frankly, she wasn't good enough for him. Not—not serious enough." She smiled. "I'm quoting my Uncle George. He thinks no one in the world is like Max. Do you know Dr. Tuttleman?"

"I know him by sight," Harry said noncommittally.

"Uncle is a wonderful person, but domineering. He doesn't believe women should drive, so neither my aunt nor I learned. That's awkward, at a time like this. He won't let Max give up his practice, but I must make him see that right now Max mustn't be bullied. He's on his way home, you know, though I wish . . . But why bore you with my problems? You have your own."

"We all do," Harry agreed. The hill with its pink stucco palace loomed ahead.

"Uncle George is a wonderful person," she repeated, as though reminding herself. "He's taken care of me since I was a little girl, even since my parents died."

Harry knew enough about Tuttleman to feel sure that for every dime spent on Marian Pedrick, the man got twenty

cents in value. He changed the subject. "You didn't stop at the courthouse today?"

"That was one reason I went downtown. They wanted Max to look at some jewelry, to see if it was Leonie's, but I wouldn't let him go, and of course I'd know. It was nothing like hers."

"I wonder if they're any closer to catching Sherred?" Harry had been afraid to ask McLeod the question, having the feeling that the deputy might read his guilty knowledge on his face.

"Apparently not. That dreadful man."

"I know," Harry said. "I feel the same way."

Her glance at him was unsmiling but warm. This time she had not made Harry feel clumsy or uncouth. That was something she could do or not, as she chose.

Harry braked the car beside the strip of pink sidewalk, and she stepped out quickly, Harry already forgotten, pausing only long enough for a bright, impersonal smile, and a thank-you. Then she was running up the steps like a young girl, and Harry was back alone in the circle of his own confusion.

He drove downtown again, bought a copy of the *Star*, and hid himself in the rear booth of a restaurant, where he chewed pie and tasted doubt, sipped coffee and swallowed unease.

All along, he remembered, Libby had said that Cal would find her. Was that why she had gone to Pearl's cottage, to make it easier for him? And if she went to Alaska or the end of the earth, wouldn't it be the same, wouldn't she, consciously or unconsciously, leave a trail for him to follow? At Ragtown and here, she continually looked this way and that as if expecting to see someone, and who else but Cal? She didn't love him. It was a war, nothing else, but it would not be over until Cal was defeated or destroyed, and wherever she went she would be looking over her shoulder for the enemy, because the war between them was unfinished. Harry foresaw bleakly that no matter what she gave him, it

would not be enough if she continued to think of Cal, even if of ways to punish him.

And if Cal's story were true, if he got out of this somehow and came after her and, instead of resisting her, surrendered to her, what then? She had left him before, hadn't she? Harry's only salvation, he told himself hopelessly, was for Cal to be finished, to be dead. Then it would be ended.

Thinking of Libby made his flesh and its framework ache. He wondered if it was like that with her, too. Cal dead, that was the only answer, the only way to be sure whatever was between them was ended.

And how do you manage that? he asked himself acidly. You had one chance, do you expect another?

He played with the idea of hiding near Pearl's cottage, lying in wait for Cal to return, but you didn't lurk in a quiet district like that without being reported. Why was Libby so sure he would return? Yes, and why had she tried to keep the first visit secret? The thoughts raced blindly, wildly, around Harry's skull, like birds in a house, and he tried to read the newspaper, to give his mind something else to feed on. There was nothing new in the rehash of the double murder, and the international situation was unchanged. There had been a local fire, and a house robbery by a hungry thief, who had taken canned goods and cleaned out the refrigerator. A vagrant had been picked up on suspicion.

Harry's thoughts would not stay with what his eyes read but pursued Cal out of the old school building, along dark streets to—where? Not far from the old high school and Pearl's cottage, or from a telephone booth, and there were not many in Red Bank.

With his mind's eye, Harry saw the booth just inside Richter's Market, next to the old high school, and the pieces fell into place. A man in hiding needed food, and the



**With Blu-White . . . your wash comes out shades whiter . . . shades brighter!**

No matter what you hear or read about any soap or detergent, the fact is this: your wash will be *shades whiter, shades brighter* when you use Blu-White with your regular soap or detergent.

Next washday, pour in NEW, thin, instant-dissolving Blu-White Flakes. Add enough regular soap or detergent for full, rich suds. Blu-White blues and washes at the same time. You must have the whitest, brightest wash ever—no matter what you've washed with before, or return package to Manhattan Soap Co., New York—for *double your money back!*





house robbed had been within sight of the old high school, which meant . . .

He felt a mounting, exultant certainty as he drove to the old high school, but it died when he walked inside. There was no hiding place, nothing at all but a few boards flat on the cement floor. But if not here, then nearby, Harry told himself, and drove slowly around three or four blocks, searching for something indefinite—an empty house, junk piled on a vacant lot.

The solution came to him like a light turned on, and he tramped hard on the gas pedal. His thought was like a triumphant shout: *The basement, there had to be a basement!*

The flat boards on the floor covered the basement stairs, and a crack marked the trap door. It was fastened on the underside, but Harry got a fingerhold, lifted recklessly, and a staple gratefully gave way.

At the foot of the steps, a corridor branched two ways, and Harry turned left, gun in his right hand, flashlight in his left. The small, barred slits at ground level let in faint light, and Harry moved quickly, without caution, now and then shining the light into a dark corner. He found Cal asleep on a heap of rags, in what had been the boys' locker room.

Cal slept on his side, knees drawn up, mouth slightly open, his face smooth, seeming unmarked by time or care. Harry stood over him, smelling the sour body odor, feeling no triumph. Until that moment he had been moving too fast to plan ahead, but now he spied the pistol beside Cal and saw how simply it could be ended. No one on the street could hear the light crack of a .22. He had only to shoot Cal with his own gun, press it in Cal's hand, and walk out, leaving the trap door open to tempt curiosity. What more natural than that a desperate man should kill himself?

He stooped for the .22, and the movement or slight sound woke Cal. Harry stepped quickly back, worked the action of the pistol to make certain there was a shell under the hammer, and said conversationally, "I'm an expert with one of these."

Cal sat up, saying groggily, "I was asleep. What time is it?" His face at rest had been almost boyish, but now sullen lines began to form in old grooves, and he muttered, "Grass. You devil."

"Anything you say. You killed those women, didn't you?" Harry wanted that admission.

"Get out," Cal said sullenly. "You and that wife of mine. Don't worry, I'll have something to say about that."

"You'd better hurry," Harry warned. "You killed them, or helped kill them. Either way, they'll gas you—if I let them."

Cal showed a flicker of interest. "If you let them?"

"I might help you if I get the truth. You did it?"

Cal yawned elaborately, said nothing. "You're guilty, admit it! The truth!"

"Why should I waste it on you? What were you doing at Pearl's place? You said you hadn't seen Libby."

Harry's voice was loud, too loud. "You stole the gun for a reason—you killed them! Who'd believe that other lie? You killed them. You're a mad dog."

Cal shrugged contemptuously, and Harry despised himself for talking too much, putting off the thing he had to do. He picked out the spot above Cal's ear where a man might be expected to shoot himself, then remembered the bullet should range upward, and crouched slightly. It was not a simple act to shoot an unresisting man, and he prodded Cal with words.

"You know Libby is going away with me? You'll be dead, and we'll be together in Canada."

"That's what you think."

"She thinks so, too."

"Just talk. I know her better than that, and if I wasn't in this mess—" He broke off and surged to his feet, crying, "Keep away from her, I tell you!"

That was the time to shoot, but Harry stepped back, and Cal did not rush him. The rage drained away, his shoulders sagged, and he whispered, "She's mine, she'd never . . ."

Incredibly, his face puckered like Andrew Stanley's, and a tear was squeezed out on his dirty cheek. He rubbed at it, looking with hopeless hatred at Harry, who in that moment realized he had been stalling. If he stalled from now on, he could not pull the trigger. The pistol was useless as a block of wood. If Cal had admitted guilt—But that was wishing. Cal pitied himself and despaired of justice, but denied his guilt.

It was a weakness, not a virtue, Harry thought, but he could not shoot and knew why. Not for pity, there was no mercy in him, but there was a thing called justice. Guilty, was the verdict, but his own vote at least had not been disinterested, Cal's story had not been tested, and there was such a thing as justice. Still he hesitated. There was justice, but there was Libby. If he spared Cal and had rightly guessed her feelings, maybe he was losing her. How much was justice worth?

But even that possibility could not give him power to pull the trigger, and he said slowly, "Turn around. Lead the way out."

Cal stumbled along the corridor, not knowing or perhaps not caring that he had been a finger's breadth from dying.

Ahead of them, a figure moved on the basement steps, and a voice called, "That you, Harry?"

McLeod! Harry was speechless. He saw himself coming this way alone, after a shot McLeod would have heard, with Cal's body still bleeding in the locker room. He scarcely heard the deputy's next words. "I saw you on the street, but you wouldn't stop. Your car was outside, and I thought I heard somebody talking. Who's that with you? Good heavens! *Him?*"

After that and for the next two hours, there was no time for thinking in the boiling confusion of reporters, photographers, official and unofficial questions, congratulations, more questions. He escaped at last, with McLeod's help, and drove straight to Pearl's cottage.

He went there not because he wanted to but because there was something he had to know. It was like suspecting an illness was fatal. A man would not want to ask the doctor, but he'd have to know.

When Libby opened the door, he said bluntly, "They caught him a while ago."

She inhaled sharply but said in a steady voice, "It had to happen. Is—he hurt?"

"No. He didn't resist," Harry said.

Libby sat down on the living-room couch, and Harry stood facing her. She glanced quickly at him, then studied her hands, and Harry wanted to do nothing else but sit beside her, put his arms around her. But he shook his head stubbornly. It was a thing he had to know.

Libby said almost inaudibly, "At least he can't get himself into more trouble."

"He's safe," Harry said a little bitterly, and his tone or his words brought another quick look from her. "I want to know if—But I won't find out unless I tell it straight. I caught him, I talked to him."

She was shocked. "You did? How?"

"I guessed he was hiding in the old high school. He said he—"

"And he gave up, just like that?"

"I had a gun on him. What choice did he have? Will you stop interrupting? You don't make this any easier for me. I talked to him, and the poor fool loves you."

Watching her narrowly, he saw the planes of her face shift without settling into any one emotion. She said, harshly, "He said that? Cal did?"

"He did." More or less, Harry thought.

"With me pointing a gun at him, not knowing but that it might be the last thing he'd ever say. The biggest trouble of his life, but he thought of you."

"I don't believe it. He never thought of anyone but himself."

"It's true. So now what?"



She would not meet his eyes. "It's a little late."

"And he says he didn't do it, didn't kill Mrs. Howard and her sister. What do you think?"

This time she said nothing, only shook her head. Harry was angry, at himself or her, he did not know which, and it made his voice rough. "Stop lying to yourself, why don't you? You'd never go far, with me or anyone else, with him alive. Would you? Do you know you never said you would? You always said, 'Ask me then.' Nothing final, you see?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You don't want to know! Maybe part of you wants to get away from Cal, but another part knows you never will. Because down deep, you don't want to, no matter what you say."

Now she looked at him, saying in a strong voice, "Harry, that's crazy! Once, yes, it was wonderful, but this last time I made up my mind—"

Harry cut her off wearily. "What's your mind got to do with it? What's my mind got to do with the way I feel about you? Why kid yourself—you know he'll come back, when and if he can, and you wait for him. Don't you? Be honest with yourself this once."

Libby stared at him blindly, shaking her head in a meaningless gesture, her expression changing from rejection to resistance to astonishment to hope. Abruptly, she covered her face with her hands.

Harry looked down at her dark head, feeling lost and alone. He said, "I'm a fool, but you had to see it."

She did not hear him, did not know he was there. He went as far as the doorway and paused there to say, "I'll help him all I can. But I guess there's nothing I can do for you, is there? Or me."

Her head moved, but remained lowered, and he went to his car, feeling like one who has come through a battering surf alive but no more. He drove away, across town and aimlessly

into the country, seeking solitude as a hurt animal does.

By dark he was better, numb and weary but able to think and face people again. It was after nine when he came back to town and entered the courthouse by a side door. He got word to McLeod and managed to talk with him privately. The deputy was tired, and answered Harry's question curtly.

"Talk? Not him. Too wise."

"He doesn't even deny killing them?"

"He won't tell us his name. Why?"

"It's because you're a cop," Harry said. "He won't talk to you, but he told me he's innocent."

"They all do, Harry."

"Parts of his story sounded reasonable. But if he won't defend himself, why should I?"

"That's right. Well, I'm going home and get some sleep."

"Me, too," Harry said, and then knew he had to go on. There was such a thing as justice, and a man had to act by what he believed in. "No, listen. Sherred admits taking the gun. He was going to peddle it for a jug, but instead he held up a man for a couple of dollars. He hid out under the old bridge, got drunk and slept there. Around three A.M. a car drove off the highway, a man at the wheel. The man got out, walked down to the river, apparently to see if the lane was passable, and on a drunken impulse, Cal got into the car—the motor was running—and drove off. The way he tells it, he thought there might be something in the back worth stealing."

McLeod let him tell it all, but his expression was skeptical. Afterward, he asked sharp questions and then told Harry, "He must have thought that up in a hurry, but maybe he did drive down to the river himself. We'll drag there for Mrs. Howard's head. He was trying the story for size, but it won't fit. He didn't know Marian Pedrick had seen him with the women."

"She wasn't certain, at first."

"She's sure now."

"People make mistakes," Harry said stubbornly.

"There's the gun, the money he was flashing, the blood on his jacket—and what was he hiding for?"

"From policemen. He believes you'll railroad him. I told you why he took the gun, and he got some money from his wife. At least you should check his story."

"We will, when he tells us one. Look, Harry, we know what we're doing. You helped plenty, all the way, but for Pete's sake, don't start playing detective."

"I had to try to help him, that's all."

"Okay, so you did, so you can tell his wife you did, and she'll be grateful."

"That's not the reason. It's—well, justice."

"Justice is our business, Harry."

"No, you're the law."

"Same thing," said McLeod, yawning. "Good night, Harry, and glad to see you any time, if you talk sense or not."

"Thanks. You think they'll convict—gas him?"

**W**ho knows? But it's a good bet," said McLeod, and left.

Harry returned to his car. He had done all he could. All anyone could ask of him. In the back of his mind was a small spark of hope. If Cal was executed, that would be over and Harry would have nothing to reproach himself with and Libby would be free, in the only way she could ever be free of Cal.

But he knew he was dodging something. He had done all anyone could ask of him, but not all he demanded of himself. He spoke aloud, arguing with the inner watchman.

"It didn't mean anything. And it's late. I'm tired."

He sat staring ahead through the windshield a moment, like a man listening, then growled, "All right, be a fool."

After he had driven across Main Street, he could see a blaze of light on the hill where the pink stucco palace stood. Dr. Tuttleman would want the place lighted



Lovely  
cover girl  
Norma  
Richter

9 OUT OF 10  
LEADING COVER GIRLS PREFER

**SWEETHEART SOAP**

ITS MORE LUXURIANT LATHER

**KEEPS ME FRESH**

**ALL DAY!**



"Beauty is my business," says Norma Richter, "and SweetHeart is my beauty soap. For SweetHeart's more luxuriant lather, so exquisitely fragrant, keeps me fresh all day. And SweetHeart Care leaves my skin so soft and smooth!"

Change to thorough care with pure, mild SweetHeart! In just 7 days, see how much softer, smoother, younger your skin looks!

**The Soap that  
AGREES with Your Skin**

# THE BUTCHER (continued)

at night so that people could look up and admire.

Slowly, feeling that he was about to make a fool of himself, Harry climbed the pink stairway and rang. Marian Pedrick looked, as usual, as if she had just come from a critical inspection of herself in the mirror. She wore a print dress and a flower in her hair, and in the artificial light could have passed for a slightly prim sixteen. Her greeting was courteous but not warm.

Harry said, "I know it's pretty late, but— You know they caught him? Sherred?"

She nodded, standing in the doorway with her hand on the knob. "Mr. McLeod came for me."

"You identified Sherred as the man you saw?"

"I had no choice. He was the man."

"Sherred says he was asleep under the old bridge when a man drove off the highway, left the car, and walked down to the river. Sherred had been drinking, and stole the car, not knowing what was in it. So he says. Your evidence makes that a lie."

She said coolly, "If he's a friend of yours, I'm sorry."

"Not a friend, but— Do you wear glasses?"

Her response was automatic. "No. Eyeglasses are like crutches, and if more people realized— Really! You didn't come here to talk about my eyes?"

"In a way. The other day you mistook a woman in slacks for a man, at Howard's house, by daylight. How could you be so sure of Sherred, at night?"

She said without inflection or apparent interest, "Really."

"At first you weren't positive. Now you're willing to take the stand against Sherred. Why? Because you've found out there's nothing he can do about it?"

For a moment she said nothing at all, and if Harry had upset her, nothing showed in the jewel-like face. His heart sank a little. It had been a bad guess.

She stepped close to him, saying in a low voice, "I think you've been drinking. If you don't go, I'll call the police."

That capped it. Harry looked down at her helplessly, knowing he was beaten. Then he hesitated, sniffing.

Marian Pedrick asked imperiously, "Are you going?"

"You've been working in the sun again, but there's no sun," Harry said. "And the first time I came here with McLeod . . . Why, you're scared, you're sweating! Maybe you'd better call the police."

Her voice was not quite under control. "This is absurd."

"You know it isn't," Harry said confidently. Words and appearance could be used to deceive, but his nose could

not be fooled. The vague, wild guess might be right, after all.

He told her, "Sherred's not lying, but you are, to protect the man who did drive the car under the bridge. Dr. Howard? You'd do more than lie for him."

"Absurd," she whispered. Her hand, which had been resting at her throat, slowly constricted into a tight fist. "Max—the hospital—"

"He didn't kill them, he wasn't home in time. But he drove the car, he helped dismember the bodies. It has to be him."

She asked, in a hissing whisper, "Have you been to the police with this—this nonsense?"

"Not yet. They're satisfied with Sherred," Harry answered absently, his mind busy with something else. "You made up that story about the two men, and it fit poor Sherred. You killed them, didn't you? There weren't any men. You killed, you were in a terrible fix—you can't even drive."

Marian had recovered full control of herself, except that she looked older, and said firmly, "You couldn't be more wrong. Doesn't one need a motive to do such a horrible thing? You don't suppose I wanted poor Mrs. Bennerton's money?"

"Then who did the killing? You know full well Doc Howard drove that car to the river."

She said crisply, "I didn't tell all the truth, but you're all wrong. I'll show you what— Come downstairs with me."

As she moved past him, Harry caught her arm, and she gave him a strained smile and didn't pull away. They went down the stairs to a small side door of the garage. Marian closed it again when she flicked on the lights.

"You have to see this to believe me," she said, leading Harry between two parked cars to a room-sized space fitted as a workshop. There was a bench, tools on the wall, a sink, chairs, and in a corner beside a narrow flight of steps that led upward, a pile of boxes and odds and ends of furniture.

Marian paused at the workbench, her look at Harry candid and unworried. "Poor Max! He's suffered so much, without something like this. Your suspicions are so wrong, but—I suppose it was my fault for telling even a small lie."

Harry nodded at the workbench. "Your uncle is a fisherman. This is where the lead weights and line came from. What did you do with Mrs. Howard's head?"

If he had expected to jolt her, he failed, but he tried again. He still lacked any solid evidence for McLeod.

"Were they killed down here or upstairs? No matter how you scrub, there are microscopic traces, you know. And the gun—if it was your uncle's, you

wouldn't dare lose it or he'd start screaming. You know what ballistics is?"

Her composure was almost perfect. "Let me show you this, and you'll see how wrong you are." She turned to the bench, and Harry moved closer, distrusting her, but she said, "No, I decided that wasn't a safe place. That topmost box—can you reach it?"

Harry reached for the box, and when he turned, a bench drawer was open and she was pointing a target pistol at him. His first feeling was chagrin at being so easily tricked, and she sneered at him. "You fool!"

Harry held the cardboard box like a shield. "Put that gun down!"

"I shoot very well." She was growing young again, her smile almost gay.

"Don't be crazy. You wouldn't shoot."

"That's exactly what *they* said." Her giggle made Harry's scalp tingle. "But I did, you know."

"You'll only make things worse."

"How could I?" she asked reasonably. "I don't want to, you know, I hate it, it makes me really ill, but there's nothing else to do, is there? I can't let you go to the police."

"They know. They'll be around looking for me," Harry said.

She was not fooled. "No. You said they didn't. You mustn't go to them, and it doesn't hurt, I'm sure it doesn't."

Harry was fascinated by the round, pitiless eye of the gun. He said uncertainly, "You wouldn't be so foolish."

From the darkness of the narrow stairway beside him, a man's voice said, "He's right, Marian dear. It would be foolish."

Harry was startled, but Marian had better nerves. The gun did not waver as Dr. Max Howard stepped into the light, and her tone was casual.

"Letting him go would be the foolish thing, Max. This man guessed the truth."

"Guessed?" Dr. Howard sounded weary. "He knows now."

"He did know. We can't let him go, Max."

Howard's skin was yellow, eyes sunken, the plump, prosperous shape sagging. "We—you can't go on killing people, either. There's a better way, darling."

"There's no other way, dearest. We can't allow him to leave. We must be logical, Max."

"Logical and reasonable," agreed Howard. He turned his head, giving Harry an exaggerated wink of reassurance. "This man—Mr.—uh—?"

"Harry Grass. My wife is— You delivered our son."

"Yes, of course. You're a policeman, aren't you?"

"A game warden."

"Of course," said the doctor, as if that made everything clear.



It was a crazy conversation, Harry thought, but he had only to glance at Marian to be serious. She was cool, determined. She had killed twice, the third time would be easy.

Howard said soothingly, "Let me explain matters to Mr.—ah—Grass, Marian darling, and then I'm sure I can persuade you that my plan is the only practical one. You see, Mr. Grass, Marian is my old friend George Tuttleman's niece. We've been friends a long, long time."

"But you married *her*," Marian cried bitterly. "She had money, and what did I have? Nothing! I was somebody's poor relation."

"I'm not so cold-blooded as that, Marian darling. I—"

"But you love me! And I'm not ashamed of it, or of anything I've done."

"No," Howard said in a tired voice. "Besides, it's too late." He turned again to Harry, who listened but watched Marian and the pistol. "Last winter my wife spent some weeks with her sister in Pasadena, and Marian and I . . . With Dr. Tuttleman away, we were together a good-deal. Something happened. It wasn't anyone's fault."

"We discovered we loved each other," Marian cried.

"Yes, we discovered we loved each other," Dr. Howard said, in that exhausted voice.

Listening to their voices, hers possessive, his weary, Harry understood. The doctor had been lonely, Marian a spinster seeing life and youth slipping from her. But not any man would do; she had dreamed of Max Howard too long. Then for a brief while she had him, and she was the tiger that tasted blood. He belonged to her; she would not let him go. Harry wondered if it happened to everyone like that, the love all on one side. He pitied Marian Pedrick, having survived the same terrible fever, and thought, There might be blood on my hands now.

"We tried to break it off," Howard

said. He glanced at the woman and added without conviction, "It was too big for us. My wife thought of Marian as, say, a young niece, but her sister was more worldly and suspected. She was the one who laid a trap for us, I'm sure of that. Their dinner date for Thursday had been set well in advance, and they talked about it a good deal, the time they'd leave and all that. A few minutes after they had gone, about four o'clock—I was due at the hospital, but—Marian came, I stayed."

He paused, shaking his head dismally. Marian took up the tale shrilly. "I'm not ashamed of loving Max. I'll be anything and everything to him. But they had set a tape recorder, and to have them sit snickering while they played it back, all the things I'd said! It was horrible. They came later, when Max was at the hospital, and made me listen to—things no one else should hear."

A shiver made her small body writhe, and Harry could guess at the words recorded and how they would sound in cold blood to this woman, crushing all her control, all her defenses.

"If I'd been here—" said Dr. Howard, and then sighed. "It was a wicked thing to do to anyone like Marian. My wife said she would sue for divorce, make the recording public, smear Marian—"

"It was what they would do to you!" Marian cried. "That's what I couldn't bear, that's when I—"

Howard interrupted smoothly; "That's why I killed them. Not then, later."

The autopsy made him a liar, Harry thought, and so did Marian. She stared at him, uncomprehending, and he nodded at her vehemently.

"Yes, that's how it was, Marian darling. I've been thinking it out. It can all be . . . You knew nothing about what had happened until it was over. Then you tried to protect me. No one will blame you for that."

The big lie, Harry said to himself. He could see Marian thinking it over, but the pistol never wavered.

"Then I had to—to do something with them," Howard went on, more to Marian than Harry, as if she were the one to be convinced. "I hadn't thought about that beforehand, you see. But I thought I could weigh down the—the bodies so they'd never be found in the river and perhaps drive the car into deep water. It might never be found. And I thought that sometime before morning I'd telephone the city police, not worried, really, just suggesting a party, perhaps. Then that poor fool took the car. He's been on my conscience, too. I couldn't let him suffer for what we—I had done."

"He was *sent* to us," Marian said. "He's no good to anyone, otherwise. I learned all about him."

Ignoring her, Howard looked at Harry, as if inviting questions. The story was weak. Unless half the hospital were lying and the autopsy bungled, the women had died long before Howard came home. He had some quixotic idea of taking the blame, but the truth would come out under police queries. Harry had most of it just listening. The doctor had come home to find Marian covered with blood, perhaps hysterical for once in her life, after vainly trying to cut up two human bodies. He had taken over then, and once the blood and mangled flesh were out of sight, she had recovered her poise while his nerve failed. She faced policemen and reporters, stood between them and the doctor.

Harry spoke. "Did you throw your wife's head in the river?"

"No. Mar—I tried to burn it in the incinerator, but . . . It was no good."

Marian said, "He doesn't believe you, Max, and the police won't. And how would it help us, if they did?"

"Help you. And they'll have to believe it. They won't be able to ask questions."

"Max! What are you saying?"

"The strain. I simply can't stand it, Marian. But I'll arrange things so that you're all right."

"Don't even hint such a thing. We're

**BEAUTY**  
*is my business—*

says lovely cover girl JANET RANDY  
"I often pose in revealing evening gowns, so my skin must always be soft and smooth all over. That's why I use gentle SweetHeart Soap. It keeps my skin so smooth—helps prevent chapping."



*and*  
**SWEETHEART**  
*is my Beauty Soap*

9 out of 10 Leading Cover Girls use SweetHeart Soap

Guard against chapping! Start using the cover girls' beauty soap! Get pure, mild SweetHeart in the big bath size for daily baths.

The Soap that AGREES  
with Your Skin



# THE BUTCHER

(continued)

together. We have each other, even if—"

Briefly, she had forgotten Harry. He threw the box at her, lunged after it, catching the hand that held the gun, swinging her around between him and the doctor. Muscular reflex fired the pistol, the bullet slapping into the wall, and Marian screamed wildly, "Max!" kicking at Harry's shins and trying to bite his hand. He twisted her wrist viciously, she dropped the pistol, clawing at Harry's eyes, and Howard darted forward to snatch up the weapon. He stepped back, and Harry tried to use the struggling woman as a shield. It was like trying to hold an insane cat, but abruptly she stopped fighting and panted, "Come close, Max. You'll have to shoot him in the head."

Harry held her against him tightly, trying to guard his face behind her blonde head, and said, "Don't be a fool, Doctor."

Howard shook his head. "I'm not going to shoot you. Did you think that?"

"Max!" cried the woman. "Shoot him!"

He told her gently, "My way is best. I'll leave a note. I'll make them realize you had nothing to do with it."

For answer, she bucked so violently it was all Harry could do to hold her. Dr. Howard stepped back, between the two cars. The small door opened and closed, and Marian screamed out his name despairingly.

"He's gone," Harry said stupidly.

Marian whispered, "Oh, Max. Please, darling. Please, please."

Harry half carried, half dragged her up the dark inner stairway to the house. All the fight had gone out of her, and she stumbled along unresistingly, only in the kitchen she stiffened and held back, raising her voice in a wild, agonized wail. "Max! Max!"

When Harry pushed her into a corner of the kitchen, beside the telephone extension, she stood rigid a moment, then slowly, jointlessly, slid to the floor and sat there in crumpled disorder. Her lips fluttered, making no sound Harry could hear, but he guessed she was saying, "Max, Max," over and over.

McLeod was not at the courthouse, and Harry talked to Jake Brown, another deputy.

"This is Harry Grass. I'm at Tuttleman's house, on the hill," he said carefully. "Marian Pedrick, she's old Tut's niece, killed Mrs. Howard and her sister. Dr. Howard helped get rid of—"

The deputy interrupted. "What? What are you talking about?"

"Those two women who were butchered. Sherred didn't do it. See, this Marian was having an affair with Howard. His wife set a tape recording, caught them together. I don't imagine it's still

around, but it must have been something. Marian blew her top and shot both women after an argument. Then she was stuck with the bodies, but Howard came home—came to Tuttleman's, I mean. Marian had started to cut up the bodies. He finished the job and would have dumped them in the river, but Sherred stole the car, and—"

It seemed to Harry that he was explaining everything lucidly and calmly, but the deputy bellowed, "What the devil are you talking about? Are you drunk?"

"No. Listen, will you? This Marian, she killed both women. Got that? She's here with me, at Tuttleman's. Howard is at his place, writing a confession that he did the killing, and then I guess he'll shoot himself. But all he did was finish cutting up the bodies and try to get rid of them. I guess it was too much for him, working on his wife like that, and he cracked, he—"

"Hold it. Is this crazy stuff true?"

"All of it. I'll bet Mrs. Howard's teeth are still in the incinerator, and—"

Brown shouted, "What's this about Howard shooting himself?"

"Well, he's got a gun."

"You stop him! We're coming."

"I can't, I've got this one to watch. Besides—"

The deputy had hung up, and after a long moment Harry said to the dead line, "Besides, I don't want to."

He looked at Marian, lost in some cold, lonely world of her own, and told her, "Think it over. You wouldn't want me to, either."

She did not look up, did not hear him, but sat hugging herself, looking old and scrawny. She wasn't whispering now, and her head was tipped to one side in a listening attitude, though the crack of a .22 would not carry this far from Dr. Howard's house.

"I'm sorry," Harry said, meaning it. "Maybe I'm the only one who'll know what it was like with you, and I'm sorry for both of you. But he doesn't need it, any more than his wife does. And I'm sorry for Libby. I should be sorry for

myself. Lord knows why I'm not."

He thought about that, astonished. He felt sad, a little empty, but he was cured. and in the only way possible—by his own will and act. Libby was someone he had known a long time ago. She was nothing more, she would never again be more than that.

On impulse, he picked up the phone and gave his own number. Marian still sat stiffly on the floor, straining to hear the small noise that would be the end of the world.

"Hello." Marda's voice was clear and not at all huskily exciting, like Libby's, but it warmed him, brightened his weariness like the lights of home on a snowy night. What would it be like, he wondered, never to hear her voice again, or see her again, or wear her love like armor against the world? The thought did something to his throat so that he could not speak.

"Hello?" she said again impatiently.

"This is Harry. How is everything?"

The tone of her voice changed subtly. "All right. You won't be home?"

Now and then he sat out all night to trap a spotlihter, and she left the way open for that excuse, but she would not believe it.

"I'll be home. I'll be late, but I'll be there."

He said it humbly, but her cool tone did not change. "I'll have something for you to eat."

"You go to bed. I'll find something."

"I'll be awake, anyhow."

It wasn't what he wanted to say, and Harry was silent a moment, then told her, "I'm still in the middle of that business—you know, Mrs. Howard and her sister, and I . . . Oh, I'll tell you all about it later. But it's over, and I won't be around Red Bank so much."

He meant it for explanation and apology, but it was awkward, incomplete. Yet Marda understood, perhaps from his tone, perhaps through some wifely extra sense, what he meant: he was himself again, he was cured.

She said only, but in a warmer voice, "I'm glad. And I'll wait up for you."

There was another, longer silence. Neither could think of more to say, but each waited for one more word. At last Harry asked, "How's Andy?"

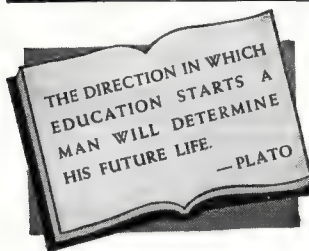
"Just fine. He's asleep," she said happily. "Well, you hurry home."

Harry hung up, aware that he had pleased her by the question, made everything all right, though not sure why or how. Abruptly, he remembered Marian, but she had not moved. She crouched on the floor, empty of life, a hollow skin, a mummy. From far away across town, he heard the wail of a siren grow and grow.

THE END



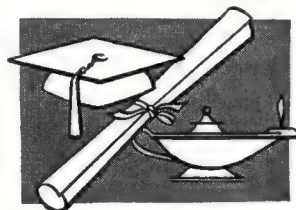




# COSMOPOLITAN

## DIRECTORY OF CAMPS

### SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, 572 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., Alice Canfield, Director

#### BOYS' CAMPS



#### AN IDEAL VACATION

Fun, happiness, new friendships. Training in neatness, promptness, courtesy, alertness. Emphasis on correct posture, health, character growth. Regular Academy personnel. Exceptional recreational, housing, dining and health facilities. 1200-acre wooded campus. All land and water sports. NAVAL and HORSEMANSHIP SCHOOLS (boys 14-18). WOODCRAFT CAMP (9½-14). Optional tutoring for older boys. Separate catalogs. 33 Lake Shore Lane Culver, Indiana

### VALLEY FORGE SUMMER CAMPS

"At the Nation's Shrine" An unforgettable summer of fun and training at America's National Shrine. Senior Camp (14-18); Pioneer Camp (7-14). Swimming, riding instruction, mounted hikes, woodcraft, scouting, and modified military training. Separate Band Camp (13-18) under renowned Musical Director. Starlight concerts. Individual instrument instruction. Catalog Box 13, Wayne, Pa.

**Susquehanna** Boys 5-16. Mountain camp on private lake. New Milford, Pa. 36th Year. 825 Acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship. 35 camp owned horses. Own farm. Fine lake swimming. All sports. 4 age groups. Skilled leader for each 4 boys. Personal development our aim. Booklet. Robert T. Smith, New Milford, Pennsylvania.

**Chenango** On Otsego Lake, Cooperstown, N. Y. 41st season. Boys 6-15. Excellent riding. All water sports. Skiing and aquaplaning with Chris Craft. Baseball, tennis, riflery. Shop. Small groups, personal care. Registered nurse. Otsego, sister camp. Give age. L. Fishery, Packmanek Lake, N. J.; Mt. View 8-0711; A Larbig, 0474-J.

**Chimney Rock Camp** For Boys In N. Carolina, near Asheville, heart of the Blue Ridge. Best leadership, program and equipment. Individual attention. Jr.—7-11. Sr.—12-18. All camp activities. Sailing. For 36 yrs., choice of discriminating parents. Free booklet. R. B. Suggs, Jr. Dir., Box C, Chimney Rock, N. Carolina.

**Lake Pocahontas Camp** In Virginia 31st Season. Boys 6-16. Located on large private lake in Southern Appalachians. Modern equipment; cabins and lodges. Trained Counselors. Swimming, canoeing, archery, riding, crafts. Tutoring. Nurse. Cat. Wm. H. Edmondson, Dir., Box 310, Glade Spring, Va.

**Koochi-ching** Marvellous Northwoods location. Minnesota-Canadian Border. Boys 8-15. Four separate camps. All athletics, land and water sports, sailing. Unsurpassed fishing. Famed canoe trips. Excellent food. Friendly mature staff. Booklet. John L. Holden, 2536 Salem Avenue, Cincinnati 8, Ohio.

**Wentworth Camp & School** Boys 8½ to 19. Fun plus character training under regular Academy personnel. Optional tutoring. Indian Tribe, Ozark Mountain Camp, riding, canoeing, sailing, swimming, fishing, crafts, riflery, military. Also H.S. & Jr. College. Write: Wentworth Military Academy, 234-C Main St., Lexington, Mo.

**Fairwood** Torch Lake, Traverse Bay region, Michigan. Boys 7-17. 36th season. Land and water sports, riding, sailing. Superior staff, program and facilities. Four-Way Lodge for girls affiliated. Booklet. M. C. Eder, Director-Owner, 5699 Belmont Avenue, Cincinnati 24, Ohio.

**Lake Geneva Naval Camp** Boys 8-17 have nautical fun. 90 acres on picturesque L. Geneva, 75 mi. Chicago. Sailing, swimming, riding, golf, fishing, etc. Naval and Indian lore. N.W. Naval Acad. fireproof dorms. 6 weeks. Write for Catalog. 23 S. Shore Drive, Lake Geneva, Wis.

**Farragut Naval Camps** Summer of adventure on Toms River for boys 8-18. Campers grouped according to age. Trips on 63-foot flagship. 42 activities. Remedial reading, testing, guidance. Approved summer school program. Moderate fee. Catalog. Farragut Naval Camps, Box FC, Toms River, N. J.

#### BOYS' CAMPS

**Shaw-Mi-Del-Eca** Only camp operated by Greenbrier Military School. Near White Sulphur. Three age groups—three gyms. Cabins. Large well-equipped crafts buildings. All sports. Mature counselors. Two nurses. Remedial reading. Horseback riding included in fee. State boy's age. Catalog, address: Mrs. R. M. Harris, Bus. Mgr., Box C-5, Lewisburg, W. Va.

**Castle Heights Summer Camp** For boys 7-14. Offering all facilities of Castle Heights Military Academy's 250 acre campus. All athletics including boating, fishing, swimming in filtered water in modern pool. Nurse, physician, well-equipped hospital. For booklet address: Colonel H. D. Armstrong, Pres., Lebanon, Tenn.

**Camp Sea Gull** The Seafaring Camp of the South on N.C. Coast. 50 sail and motor boats. 33 fine buildings. Ocean fishing, 60 ft. Cruiser. Exceptionally mature instructors licensed by U.S. Coast Guard. Safe. All sports. Boys 7-17. Catalog. Wyatt Taylor, Director, Dept. C, Arapahoe, N. C.

**Awosting** Bantam Lake, Connecticut Boys 6-16. 3 age groups. 55th Season. 100 acres, 90 miles to N. Y. All land and lake sports. Marksmanship, photography, newspaper, shop, sailing. Bicycling program. Overnight trips featured. Mature staff. Nurse. Cabins. \$425 all-inclusive. Catalog. Mr. & Mrs. Oscar Ebner, 355-C Prospect St., E. Orange, N. J.

#### COEDUCATIONAL CAMPS

**Wihakowi** Northfield Boys (7-15) Westgate Vermont Girls (7-16) Eastgate Separate camps, some joint activities. In Green Mts. Private lake. Mature counselors. Well-built cabins. Modern sanitation. Nurse. Wide choice of sports, activities. Three age groups. Trips: Canada, White Mts., Lake Champlain. Booklet. John K. Bolte, Box C, Randallstown, Md.

**Indian Acres & Forest Acres** For Boys For Girls Thirty Years of Nation-wide Prestige. Separate Camps 2 miles apart in the White Mts. Treasure-Cove for Littlefolks—Career Colony for Older Girls. Finest facilities. Sports, arts, golf, trips, riding & ranchlife. (125 The Parkway, Chestnut Hill 67, Mass. (N.Y.C. TR 6-5861))

#### MUSIC

**National Music Camp** Interlochen, Mich. Affiliated Univ. of Mich. Talent-finding symphony orchestra, band, choir. Drama, radio, dance, art, opera. Nationally known instructors. High School, College, Intermediate and Junior Camps for boys and girls. 600 acres, 3 lakes, hotel. All sports. Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, Room 2, 303 So. State St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

#### GIRLS' CAMPS

**Camp Cowasset** Summer fun for girls on Cape Cod—all salt water sports, sailing, swimming. Riding, archery, tennis, dramatics, dancing, music, crafts, trips. Careful supervision. Log cabins among the spicy pines. Ages 5-16, 4 groups. 39th yr. Catalog. Beatrice C. Hunt, Dir., Holbrook, Mass.

**Moy-mo-dä-yo** "Sunny Woodland." 48th Season. Cornish, Maine. Where 90 girls from 5-18 enjoy a friendly, relaxing, and happy atmosphere. Swimming, aquaplaning, sailing, canoeing, land sports, dramatics, dancing, crafts, riding, trips. \$485 fee covers all activities—even horseback riding—and laundry. Mr. & Mrs. C. C. Peterson, 51-E Winslow Rd., Waban, Mass.

**Teela-Wooket** The Horseback Camps In Green Mts. of Vermont. A glorious summer of riding, fun and adventure! Beginners' mounts, show horses, hunters. Water sports, golf, tennis, archery, riflery. Dramatics, music, crafts. Trips. Rate \$532-\$450. No extras. Outfit may be rented. Booklet (give age). Mr. & Mrs. C. A. Roys, 30 Ordway Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

**Lake Greeley** Pocono Mountains Greeley, Penna. Girls 6-17. Fee includes 2 hours of riding daily with instructions, trips, crafts, laundry, dancing, music, drama, all land & water sports, riflery, nature. Flexible program. 8 weeks or month. 34th yr. N.Y. 85 mi.; Phila. 120 mi. Catalog: Carl A. Hummel, Wynnewood 5, Pa. Tel: Midway 2-5636.

**Crystalaire** Frankfort, Michigan. An established camp for girls in the beautiful dunes of Lake Michigan on Crystal Lake. Staffed with mature, character building counselors. Featuring daily riding. All land and aquatic sports. Pack trips. Crafts. Outstanding choral instruction. All inclusive fee. Write for booklet: Dr. & Mrs. F. E. Putt, Frankfort, Michigan. Tel. 7-2651.

**Camp Strawderman** In the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Girls 6-18. Real mountain camping on beautiful farm in foothills of Alleghenies. Riding, swimming, hiking, crafts, dramatics, nature lore, dancing, music. Experienced leaders. Cabins. Fee \$ weeks \$290. For booklet, address: Margaret V. Hoffman, Box C, Woodstock, Virginia.

**Ton-A-Wandah** Hendersonville, N. C. For girls 6-17. In Blue Ridge Mountains. On a 500-acre estate with large private lake. Three age groups under mature, trained leaders. All land and water sports. Riding, music, dramatics, art, dancing. Inclusive fee. Illustrated catalog: Mrs. Grace B. Haynes, Owner-Director, Box C, Tryon, N. C.

## FOR HELP IN YOUR SELECTION OF A CAMP

fill in the coupon below:

Alice B. Canfield, Director  
Cosmopolitan Education Department  
572 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 3-54

I am interested in a camp \_\_\_\_\_

For Girl \_\_\_\_\_ Boy \_\_\_\_\_ Coed \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Particular Interests: \_\_\_\_\_

Location Preferred: \_\_\_\_\_

Approximate Fee Range \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## PENNSYLVANIA

### MILITARY PREPARATORY—ESTAB. 1821

Famous graduates. Fully accredited college preparatory. Boys develop sound minds, strong bodies. Learn study habits, invaluable in college. Character building. Leadership training. Finest instructors give individual guidance. Sports, recreation, social program. Sr. ROTC. Write for catalog, picture brochure.

General E. E. MacMorland, Dept. 2M, Chester, Pa.

### THE BULLIS SCHOOL

6 miles from the White House  
Wm. F. Bullis, U.S.N.A. '24, Pres.

At Silver Spring, Md. Box C.

Address: Registrar

**ANNAPOLIS WEST POINT**  
COLLEGE PREPARATORY  
Accredited. Outstanding success. Modern fireproof buildings. Rates moderate. Summer term—June 14th. Write for catalog.

## FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

**Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study** has increased Honor Roll students 50%. Develops concentration. Fully accredited. ROTC Highest Rating. 16 Modern Bldgs., 2 beautiful gyms, pool. Excellent environment & health record. Upper School grades 8-12. Junior School 1-7. Separate bldgs., housemothers. 56th year. For One Subject Plan and Catalog, write Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 103, Fork Union, Va.

### STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

In Beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Thorough college preparation; fully accredited. Individual guidance. Band. All sports. 2 gyms. Pool. Fine health record. Fireproof buildings. Separate Junior School. Illus. Catalog write Supt. S.M.A. Box C-3, Staunton, Va. BASIC COURSE, R.O.T.C. BY U.S. ARMY INSTRUCTORS.



Founded 1860

## Western Military Academy

Faculty accepts great responsibility for academic success. Integrated program based on individual needs; career analysis for upper grades. Grades 7-12. Jr.-Sr. B.O.T.C. All athletics; boating, riding, pool. 75th year. Near St. Louis. Write Col. Ralph B. Jackson, Supt., Box C-3, Alton, Ill.

## Pillsbury Academy

Fully accredited with national reputation. Grades 6-12. Small classes; supervised study. Military training. Modern equipment. All sports; pool. Separate dormitory for younger boys. Heavily endowed; reasonable rates. 78th yr. Catalog. Lloyd Holsinger, Hdm., Box 397-C, Owatonna, Minn.

**Howe Military School** Thorough academic training in spiritual environment. Accred. college preparatory, business courses. Potential Achievement Rating gives each boy individual goal. Small classes. Jr. School. Senior ROTC. Sports, activities. New pool. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Summer camp. Est. 1884. Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., 434 Academy Pl., Howe, Ind.

## Wentworth Military Academy

Thousands of business and professional leaders started here. 4-yr. High School; separate 2-yr. College. Accred. Sr. ROTC. CAA flying. Modern bldgs., country club. Sports for all; pool. Summer school; also younger boys' camp. 75th yr. Catalog. Col. J. M. Sellers, 234 Washington Place, Lexington, Mo.

## St. John's Military Academy

Generations of outstanding Americans have trained under famous "St. John's System." Grades 7-12. Accredited. Outstanding faculty. Sr. ROTC (highest rating). Sports (teams for each age-size level). Summer camp. Est. 1884. Catalog on request: Dir. of Admissions, Box 234, Delafield, Wis.

## Morgan Park Military Academy

Superior academic program under inspiring faculty. Fully accredited; 90% enter college. Small classes. Grades 4-12. Honor ROTC; Cavalry. Band. Art, music, drama. Shop. Sports; teams for all. 81st year. Catalog. Col. C. L. Jordan, Box 234, Morgan Park, Chicago 43, Ill.

## Kemper Military School

Rounded educational, military, recreational program. Century-old tradition; modern methods. Accredited. Small classes; personal guidance. 8th Grade, H. S. and Jr. College. Approved ROTC. All sports, horsemanship. 110th yr. Catalog. Dir. of Admissions, 834 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

## EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS



Individualized Plan—  
Each Student a Class

For those with educational problems successful college preparation and general education. Our team discover causes of difficulties and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and science of study. Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 18 years' experience.

Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster  
**OXFORD ACADEMY**  
Box J-95 Pleasantville, N. J.

## FARRAGUT

College Preparatory—Naval Training  
Fully accredited. Preparation for all colleges, gov't academies. Testing, guidance, remedial reading. College Board center. Separate Jr. School, Sports, boats, bands. Summer camp & school. Write for catalog. Admiral Farragut Academy Box F, Toms River, N. J.

## La Salle Military Academy

Foremost Catholic military school under Christian Brothers. Accredited college preparation. Grades 8-12. Small classes. Senior ROTC. Beautiful 160-acre campus. 71st year. 50 miles from New York City. Write for catalog. Box C, Oakdale, Long Island, N. Y.

## The Baylor School For Boys

61st year. College prep. Accredited scholarship Boys 12-18. Semi military. Endowed awards. Ideal location. Modern facilities. New gym. Championship athletics. Non-sectarian religious guidance. Summer camp, boys 8-15. Catalog. 101 Cherokee, Chattanooga, Tenn.

**Peddie** A college preparatory school with a tradition of outstanding success preparing boys for college and for life. Grades 5-12. Endowed; fully accredited. special emphasis on remedial reading, public speaking required. All sports, golf, swimming. 240 acres. Summer session. 89th yr. Catalog on request. Dr. C. O. Morong, Headmaster, Box 3-K, Hightstown, N. J.

**Manlius** Founded 1869. Boarding School for boys. Accredited. Grades 7-12. Complete college preparation includes Officers' Training. Graduates eligible for advanced standing college. R.O.T.C. Remedial reading. 126 acre campus. Sports. Band. Summer session. Tutorial assistance. For catalog address: Robert C. Weekes, The Manlius School, Manlius, N. Y.

**Mercersburg Academy** Graduates outstanding in leading colleges. Grades 9-12. Guidance, public speaking, special emphasis on remedial reading in regular and summer sessions. Beautiful campus. Gym. Pool. 5 athletic fields. 13 tennis courts. Est. 1836. Write for Catalog. Charles S. Tippetts, Ph.D., Box C, Mercersburg, Pa.

## Bordentown Military Institute

Fully accredited. College preparatory. Business, general courses. Aviation. ROTC. Boys taught how to study; small classes; remedial reading. All sports. Junior School. 73rd year. Summer session. Write for catalog. Registrar, Box 255, Bordentown, N. J.

**McDonogh** One of the Nation's leading preparatory schools for boys. Grades 1-12. Accredited. 90% of graduates enter college. Small classes. Individual guidance. Dairy and animal husbandry, business courses. Semi-military. Sports. 80 horses, 3 gyms. pool. Robert L. Lamborn, Ed.D., Box 102, McDonogh, Md.

## Northwestern Military and Naval Academy

College prep. est. 1888. Accredited. 75 mi. to Chicago, 55 to Milwaukee. Avg. class 10. Fireproof buildings. Modern facilities. 85 acres on lake. Sr. ROTC. Basic. All sports; sailing. Operates Lake Geneva Naval Camp. Catalogs. 23 So. L. Shore Rd., Lake Geneva, Wis.

## Culver Military Academy

On Lake Maxinkuckee  
8th grade. Thorough preparation for leading colleges. Accredited. Develops initiative, stamina, courtesy, character. Leadership training. Exceptional facilities and guidance. Sr. Basic ROTC. Field Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry, Band. All sports. Catalog. 33 Pershing Lane, Culver, Ind.

## Missouri Military Academy and Separate Junior School

66th year. Grades 4-12. Fully accredited. Senior ROTC. Friendly and inspiring teachers. Small classes. Complete guidance program. All sports. Riding. Golf. 30 acre lake. 5 athletic fields. 226 acre campus. Catalog. Col. C. R. Stripling, 234 Main Street, Mexico, Missouri.

## VALLEY Forge MILITARY ACADEMY

"At the Nation's Shrine" Prepare your boy to enter leading colleges and at the same time be trained for a commission in the Armed Services. Small classes, highest academic standards. College Prep. and Jr. College, ages 12-20; all sports. Art, Cav., Infantry, Band, Senior Division ROTC. Catalog. Box E, Wayne, Pa.

## Carson Long

Boys' Military School. Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. Prepares for college, life or business. Character building supreme. 117th year. Rates \$750.00. Extras about \$300.00. Box A, New Bloomfield, Pa.

## Farragut

Study and play in Florida sun!  
Fully accredited. Prepares for all colleges and government academies. Separate Jr. Dept. Naval-military training. Boarding. Guidance for college & career. Near Gulf beaches. All sports. Band. Catalog. Admiral Farragut Academy, Park St., St. Petersburg, Florida.

## Riverside Military Academy

Outstanding record. ROTC. Winter at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Fla. Accredited preparation for college. Separate school younger boys, 5-8. All athletics. Progress guaranteed. Reasonable all-inclusive fee. Illustrated catalogue. Gen. Sandy Beaver, Pres., Box 203-C, Gainesville, Georgia.

## Randolph-Macon Academy

Military. Accredited 68th year. At northern entrance to Skyline Drive. Prepares for college through intensive study methods. Fireproof dormitory includes class rooms, swimming pool, 70 miles from Washington, D. C. Write for catalog and "Your Boy." Col. John C. Boggs, President, Box C, Front Royal, Va.

## Camden Academy

Grades 6-12. Scholarship. Leadership. Democracy. Military. Personal attention. How-to-study training. Free tutoring. Varsity and informal athletics. Various hobbies; Golf, Riffery. Horsemanship. Ideal Climate. Reasonable charges. Colonel T. F. Garner, President, Box C, Camden, S. C.

## Tennessee Military Institute

Recognized as one of America's really good schools. Grades 8-12. Over 90% of graduates enter college. Small, friendly classes. High scholastic standards. All sports, incl. golf. ROTC. On U.S. 11—40 mi. Knoxville. 81st year. Catalog. Col. C. R. Endsley, Pres., Box 313, Sweetwater, Tenn.

## Greenbrier Military School

142nd yr. The School of Achievement. 7th & 8th grades & H.S. and Jr. College. ROTC. 2300 ft. elev. White Sulphur Springs; golf & swim pool. Championship teams. Athletics for all. Band, Glee Club & Rifle team. For Catalog write. D. T. Moore, Box C-203, Lewisburg, West Va.

## Georgia Military Academy

Eight Miles from Atlanta—Mild Climate—Winter and Summer School—R.O.T.C. Highest Government Rating—Accredited—Prep School—Junior School—Aviation—Reading Clinic—Expert Athletic Coaches—Indoor Pool—Moderate Rates. Col. W. A. Brewster, Pres., College Park, Ga.

## Fishburne Military School

Grades 9-12. Accredited. College preparatory. 90% of graduates entered college in last 10 years. Small classes. Individual guidance. R.O.T.C. highest rating. All sports. Varied social activities. Non-profit. 75th year. Catalog. Col. John C. Moore, Box C, Waynesboro, Va.

## Carlisle Military School

"Develops Manly Men"—cultivates physical, mental, spiritual qualities. 7th-12th grades. Pre-aviation. Band. Mild climate. Rate \$790 (including uniform). School dairy and truck farm. For catalog and view book, address: Col. Jas F. Risher, Headmaster, Box C, Bamberg, S. C.

## Junior Military Academy

Boys 4-14  
Modified military school; kindergarten through 8th grade. Family life and affectionate care. Food from our 200-acre farm. 12 months' enrolment includes summer camp. Enter any time. Moderate rate. 35th year. Catalog. Maj. Roy DeBerry, Box C, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

## Judson School in Arizona

A ranch school for 100 boys 6 to 18, in healthful, warm, dry climate. Small classes. Accredited to all colleges. Riding. Four weeks in tuition. Tennis, swimming, pack trips, fishing, rodeos, riflery, music. 26th yr. Catalog, address: H. C. Wick, D. M. Ashley, Dir., Box C-1431, Phoenix, Ariz.



## COLUMBIA

### MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully accredited. 14 buildings, 9 built by U. S. Gov't. Two gymnasiums. Tiled pool. R. O. T. C. Supervised study periods. Weekly reports to parents. Jr. School. All sports. 50-piece band. Orchestra. Glee Club. Write for Catalog. Col. C. C. Martin, Supt., Columbia, Tennessee.

## CASTLE HEIGHTS

### MILITARY Highest Standards

Accredited. Preparation for College and Government Academies. Junior School in separate plant. Boys taught to study and inspired to excel. Senior Unit R.O.T.C. 17 modern buildings. Every boy in athletics every day. Outdoor sports year round. Endowed. Swimming pool, golf, aviation. Summer school and camp. For catalog and "22 Points," address:

Colonel H. C. Armstrong, President  
Lebanon, Tenn. (Near Nashville)

## KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

A School with a winter home in Florida

Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Winter months at Venice, Fla. Old private Military School in America. Land and water sports. For illustrated catalog and "Why Florida" folder, address:

Col. C. B. Richmond, Pres.,  
Box C Lyndon, Ky.

## BOLLES OF FLORIDA

★ Fully accredited. Distinguished academic record. Grades 7-12. Conference type classrooms. Varsity and intramural sports for all. Year-round golf, tennis, sailing. Outdoor pool. Military or naval training. Summer School. Illustrated catalog.

Registrar, Box 5037-C,  
Jacksonville, Fla.



## Brenau College

Fully accredited four-year college for women offering A.B. degree & B.S. in Ed. Ed.; also junior college, 2-year career courses, and preparatory. 76th yr. In foothills Blue Ridge Mts. Invigorating climate. 6 national sororities. Social life co-ordinated with 4 neighboring men's colleges. For Catalog address: Brenau College, Box 203, Gainesville, Georgia.

## PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE

Estab. 1821 "In The Heart of Delaware Valley" Army commission. Bachelor's degree—Arts, Sci., Bus., Engin. Individual guidance. Leadership training for civilian or military career. Graduates interviewed on campus by leading firms. Finest social, recreational, athletic activities. Sr. ROTC. 30 minutes from Phila. Write for catalog and picture brochure.

DEAN OF ADMISSIONS, Dept. C3, Chester, Pa.

### JUNIOR COLLEGES

## VERMONT JUNIOR COLLEGE

On hilltop campus in outskirts of Vermont's capital city. Terminal, transfer courses. Associate degrees. Secretarial, medical secretarial, laboratory technology, journalism, nursery teaching, pre-professional, art, liberal arts, general. Dietetics. Music, speech, dramatics. Radio studio. Ski tow, skating, toboggan run on campus. Invigorating climate. Christian environment. Catalog.

Ralph C. Noble, Pd.D., Montpelier, Vt.



**Penn Hall** In the foothills of the Blue Ridge. Jr. Col. or Prep. School Division. Separate instruction & privileges. Jr. Col. Transfer or Terminal courses. Radio: Merchandising; Home Ec.; Sec'l.; Med. Sec'l.; Lab. Tech.; Music; Art. 98% prep. students enter college. 192-acre campus. Exhibition riding. Golf. Pool. Trips. Sarah W. Briggs, Ph.D., Pres., Box N, Chambersburg, Pa.

## Are YOU a HARCUM Girl?

Education for gracious adult living. Est. 1915 on Phila.'s Main Life. famous educational and cultural community. 2-year Academic and Vocational specializations in Liberal Arts. Dance, Drama, Music, Painting, Bus. & Med. Sec'y, Merchandising, Journalism, & Adv't., Med. Tech. Personal & vocational guidance. Catalog.

HARCUM JR. COLLEGE  
Bryn Mawr, Pa., Box C



## Gulf Park BY-THE-SEA

Fully accredited non-profit Junior College and two years high school for girls. National patronage. Personal conference plan. In addition to a strong liberal arts program, other subjects offered include music, art, speech and theatre arts, home economics, secretarial science. Sports all year in semi-tropical climate. Riding, fencing, golf, salt water sports, fresh water pool. Educational trips. Catalog. William G. Dwyer, Ed.D., Pres., Box K, Gulfport, Miss.

## Stratford College

EDUCATES IN ART OF LIVING  
Accredited Junior College & College Preparatory. Liberal Arts and Terminal Courses. Speech, Drama, Music, Art, Merchandising, Journalism, Secretarial, Pre-nursing, Medical-secretarial, Medical-technology, etc. Social and sports programs. Write for Catalog & "Intimate Glances."

DR. JOHN C. SIMPSON, Pres., Box C-3, Danville, Va.

**Sullins College** Estab. 1870  
Accredited Junior College, Liberal Arts & Terminal courses: Music, Speech, Art, Sec'l., Med. Sec'l., Merchandising, Home Ec., Phys. Ed., Ballet, Equestrian (over stable). Social programs. 335 acres. Private lake. Blue Ridge Mts. Endowed. Also 2-yr. H.S. Dept. Men-Hon grade & interests. For Catalog, write William T. Martin, President, Box C-3, Bristol, Virginia.

**Fairfax Hall** An old Virginia School for girls in the famous Shenandoah Valley. Accredited 4 years high school. 3 years college. Liberal arts, secretarial, music, art, dramatics, home ec., int. dec. Spacious grounds. Sports, gym, indoor pool. Private stable, riding rings. Catalog—mention grade and interests. Wm. B. Gates, Pres., Box C-543, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va.

**Southern Seminary and Junior College** Accredited Jr. College & High School. Blue Ridge Mts. of Virginia. Music, Art, Drama, Home Economics, Physical Education, Secretarial, Merchandising, Kindergarten Training, Equestrian. 88th Yr. Margaret Durham Robey, Pres., Box 913, Buena Vista, Va.

**Georgia Military College** Accredited Junior College.  
High School grades 8-12. 75th year. Modern equipment. Personal guidance. Sports. Quarterly registration. Designated Senior R.O.T.C. Honor School. Moderate cost. Spring term starts March 18th. Write for catalog.

Col. R. C. Thorne, Box C, Milledgeville, Ga.

**Averett** Fully accredited Junior College for girls. Liberal arts, music, art, speech and dramatics, secretarial, medical secretarial, library science, merchandising, physical ed., home economics. Sports. Planned social program. 95th year. Endowed. Catalog. Curtis Bishop, Litt.D., 402 W. Main St., Danville, Va.

## All Saints' Episcopal

For girls. Accredited 2-yr. college, 4 yr. high school. High academic standards. In historic Vicksburg National Park. Near Natchez. Separate music and art departments. All sports, riding. For "All Saints' Today" and bulletin, address: The Rev. W. G. Christian, Rector, Box C, Vicksburg, Miss.

## Marjorie Webster Junior College

In Nation's Capital. Accredited. 2 yr. terminal and transfer courses. Liberal Arts; Physical Education; Kindergarten; Secretarial; Speech, Dramatics, Radio and TV; Music; Art; Merchandising. Indoor pool, gym. Sports. Campus Catalog. Box C, Rock Creek Park Estates, Washington 12, D. C.

## Keystone Junior College

2-year accredited, A.A. diploma. Coed. Liberal arts, merchandising, lab. tech., secretarial, medical sec., pre-nursing, bus. adm., accounting, eng. Art, drama. 45 acres. All sports. Dorm. Moderate rate. Est. 1868. Begin Sept. 20. Catalog: Blake C. Tewksbury, La Plume, Pa.

## FOR HELP IN YOUR SELECTION OF A SCHOOL

fill in the coupon below and mail to:

Alice B. Canfield, Director  
Cosmopolitan Education Department  
572 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3-54

I am interested in a School \_\_\_\_\_ Boarding \_\_\_\_\_ Day \_\_\_\_\_

College \_\_\_\_\_, Junior College \_\_\_\_\_, Prof'l. School \_\_\_\_\_

For Girl \_\_\_\_\_, Boy \_\_\_\_\_, Self \_\_\_\_\_, Age \_\_\_\_\_, Grade \_\_\_\_\_

Approximate Fee Range: \_\_\_\_\_

Location Preferred: \_\_\_\_\_

Special Activities & Courses Desired: \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_, Zone \_\_\_\_\_, State \_\_\_\_\_

# Edgewood Park

**CULTURAL AND PRACTICAL ARTS**  
Two year advanced courses in fine arts, merchandising, secretarial science, medical assistant, home economics, interior decoration, costume design, kindergarten, dramatics. Accredited college preparatory. Lake, pool, winter sports, ski tow. Moderate rates. Catalog.  
Box C-10, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

**Linden Hall** Junior College and School for Girls. Cultural and Vocational. Music. Home Economics. Secretarial Studies. Fine and Commercial Art. Dramatic Art. Preparatory and General Courses. Beautiful Campus. All Sports. Riding. Swimming Pool. Endowed. Moderate Tuition. Catalogues. Address  
Byron K. Horne, D.D., Box 13, Lititz, Pa.

**Oak Grove** A Friends' School for Girls  
Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech, Grades 7-12; P.G. for H. S. Girls needing review before College; Riding included. Joyous outdoor life. Beautiful fireproof Quadrangle. Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Owen, Box 128, Vassalboro, Maine.

**Kemper Hall** Kenosha, Wisconsin  
84th year  
Episcopal Boarding & Day School for Girls. Thorough college preparation and spiritual training. Music, art, and homemaking courses. All sports. Junior school department. Beautiful Lake Shore Campus. 50 miles from Chicago. For catalog address: Box C.

**St. Katharine's Episcopal** Fully accredited. Scholastic, physical, spiritual training. College preparatory. General course. Family Life Education. Fine Arts with Ballet. 3rd-12th grades. Small classes. Sports include Golf, Swimming, Riding. Write for Catalog and "Education for Family Life." Katherine Zierlign, M.A., Head of School, Box C, Davenport, Iowa.

**Radford School for Girls** Accredited college prep. in ideal year 'round climate. Open air classes. Music, art, dramatics, secretarialship. Character and personality developed in friendly home life. Sports, riding. Endowed. Limited enrollment. Catalog. Lucinda de L. Templin, Ph.D., Principal, 4201 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas.

## HOME STUDY

## YOU CAN EDUCATE YOUR CHILD AT HOME

Kindergarten through 9th grade. Mothers can give their children a sound, modern education with Calvert "School-at-Home" courses. Easy-to-follow instructions. Guidance by Calvert teachers. Lessons, books, supplies provided. Used by nearly 100,000 children. Students transfer to other schools successfully. Start any time. Catalog. Give child's age and school grade.

**CALVERT SCHOOL** 63 W. Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 19, Md.

## BRYANT COLLEGE

SECRETARIAL (mdsg., advtg., med. and legal sec'l). Also 4-yr. degree course in Business Teacher Training; 1-yr. sec'l diploma. Coed. Traditional college life. Dorms. 17 buildings. Fraternities. Sororities. Self-help program. Effective placement service. Graduates in demand. Approved for veterans. Catalog. President, Providence 6, Rhode Island.

## RIDER COLLEGE Career Education for Men and Women

Regular and accelerated programs leading to accredited B.S. and A.A. degrees. Accountancy, business administration, teacher training, secretarial, medical secretarial, journalism, finance. Four and two year courses. Athletics. Fraternities, sororities. Dorms. Dining halls. Placement Service. Freshmen and transfer students admitted Sept., Nov., March, May. 89th yr. Approved for Korean veterans. Write for Catalogue.

Rider College, Box C, Trenton, New Jersey

## Katharine Gibbs

Outstanding secretarial training for high school, private school graduates. Special course for college women. Resident facilities. Catalog: Assistant Director, 90 Mariborough St., Boston 16; 51 E. Superior St., Chicago 11; 230 Park Ave., New York 17; Montclair, N.J.; Providence 6.

## DRAMA & MUSIC

**American Academy of Dramatic Arts** Founded in 1884. Thorough preparation for the Theatre, Radio, Television, Teaching & Directing. In senior year, public performances on Broadway. Approved for the training of veterans. Apply now for April class. Room 144, 245 West 52nd St., New York 19.

## COEDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS

## Elgin Academy

College prep. Coed, grades 7-12. Small classes. Strong faculty. Students achieve individual PAR goals through personalized guidance. Balanced activities, sports for all. Gym, pool, art gallery, music, drama. Modern dorms. Endowed. Est. 1839. Catalog. Edward P. Droste, 221 Academy Pl., Elgin, Ill.

**Westtown** A Friends' School. Prepares boys and girls for college under the moral and spiritual standards of Quaker education. Grades 7-12. Graduates in over 125 colleges. New gymnasium. Sports, hobbies, dramatics, outdoor activities (600 acres). Work program. Music, art. Established 1709. Write for catalog. Daniel D. Test, Hdm., Box 463, Westtown, Pa. (near Phila.)

## Ray-Vogue Schools

Fashion Merchandising with Modeling, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography, Coeducational. Attractive residence for girls. Entrance each month. Write Registrar, Rm. 503, RAY-VOGUE Schools, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11.

## American Academy of Art

Practical courses in Commercial & Fine Art. Faculty of international reputation. Story, Advertising & Fashion illus.; Adv. Art, Lettering, Layout, Painting. Placement serv. Vet. appr. Coed. Enroll now. Catalog. Frank H. Young, Dir., Dept. 134, 25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

## The Art Institute of Chicago

Summer School. Fine, Advertising Arts, Dress Design. Interior Decoration, Teacher Training. Degrees. Accredited. Term begins June 28, 1954.

Box 165, Michigan Ave. at Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

## Chicago Academy of Fine Arts

Enroll now—full day term, night school, part-time punch ticket in Commercial Art, Fashion-Magazine Illustrations, Dress Design, Interior Decoration, Cartooning, Drawing, Painting, Direct Project Methods since 1902. Write for free catalog. D. 720 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

## R. P. I. Dept. of Interior Design

(Richmond Professional Institute, College of Wm. & Mary) Prof. training leading to certificate plus allied college work—B.F.A. degree. Field work, practice selling, Placement service. Dormitories. For catalog and view book address: Director, 319 West Franklin Street, Richmond 20, Virginia.

## Art Institute of Pittsburgh

Practical Art-for-Business. Individual professional instruction. Commercial Art, Interior Dec., Dress and Millinery Design, Fashion illus. Student commissions. Placement service. Co-ed. 33rd yr. Appr. for Korean veterans. Feedback. Willis C. Shook, Dir., 635 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

## The St. Louis School of Fine Arts

Washington University St. Louis, Mo. Professional training in Fine and Commercial Art leading to B.F.A. degree. Students live on University campus. Men admitted to R.O.T.C. Write for bulletins. Kenneth O. Hudson, Dean, Room 30.

## Parsons School of Design

Thorough professional training in Advertising, Fashion, Interior, Textile & Flat Design, Teacher Training. Professional designers are critics. 3-year courses. Also B.S. degree & R.O.T.C. thru N.Y.U. Vet. appr. Catalogues. Box D, 136 E. 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

## TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

## Indiana Technical College

ENGINEERING, B.S. DEGREE IN 27 MONTHS. Aeronautical, Chemical, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical and Radio Eng. (Inc. TV and Electronics). G.I. approved. Earn board. Demand for grads. Enter March, June, Sept., Dec. Catalogue. 734 E. Washington Blvd., Ft. Wayne 2, Ind.

# IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN A PROFESSIONAL SCHOOL

Fill in the coupon below and mail to:

Alice B. Canfield, Director  
Cosmopolitan Education Department  
572 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

3-54

I am interested in a professional school offering courses in:

I can attend classes during the day \_\_\_\_\_ evenings \_\_\_\_\_

I prefer a homestudy course: \_\_\_\_\_

Length of course desired: \_\_\_\_\_

Location preferred: \_\_\_\_\_

Approximate fee range: \_\_\_\_\_

Remarks: \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



## HOME STUDY

# SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

Write 120 words per minute.  
Age no obstacle—LOWEST COST

Famous Speedwriting Shorthand. No symbols, no machines; uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for a better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service; also by executives, students, etc. 120 words per minute—50% FASTER than Civil Service requirements. Over 200,000 taught by mail. The very low cost will surprise you. Typing available. 31st Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET TO:

**Speedwriting**  
Dept. 5903-4, 55 W. 42 St., N. Y. 36

## WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write the way newspaper men and women learn—by writing. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

**NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA**  
Suite 5454-C, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

FOR REAL JOB SECURITY—get I.C.S. training. Job related. 277 subjects. Industry approved. Personal instruction. Low cost. Rapid progress. Diploma. Use spare time to win promotion, more pay. Free book "How to Succeed" plus catalog (Specify subject.)

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
Box 2521-D Scranton 9, Pa.

## PHOTOGRAPHY



## How to Make Money in PHOTOGRAPHY

Unique, low-cost LEARN-BY-DOING method and INDIVIDUAL attention train you quickly at home in spare time. Start making money in photography at once! We show you how. Our 440 page, 1st FREE color book gives full facts. Write TODAY! Also Resident Training. G.I. Apprv. **NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY** Dept. 95, 10 W. 33 St., New York 1, N.Y.



## NURSING SCHOOLS

### Pennsylvania Hospital

Men's School of Nursing prepares H. S. and college graduates. 18 to 35 years old, for Registered Nurse Examination. 3-yr. course. Maintenance and allowance. Leroy N. Craig, R.N., 4401 Market St., Phila. 4, Pa.

## MEDICAL ASSISTANTS



### MEDICAL · X-RAY TECHNICIANS

#### An Approved College

Well-equipped laboratories—superior faculty. Graduates in great demand at excellent pay. College dormitories. Co-educational. Free nationwide placement. Write now for Catalog C.

**COLLEGE OF MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY**  
1900 LA SALLE AVENUE · MINNEAPOLIS 4, MINNESOTA

**Northwest Institute of Medical Technology** Founded 1918. Coed. Practicing M.D. Faculty trains technicians in 9 mos. X-Ray, Electrocardiography in 3 mos. Big demand, good pay. Free placement service. Classes start Jan., Apr., July, Oct. H.S. required. Catalog. 3412 E. Lake St., Minneapolis 6, Minn.

**Gradwohl School of Laboratory and X-Ray Technique.** Big demand for graduates. Diploma course includes Clinical Microscopy, Hematology, Bacteriology, Basic Metallurgy, Electrocardiography, X-Ray Techniques. Accredited. Coed. Enter any month. H.S. required. Placement service. Catalog. R. B. H. Gradwohl, M.D., Dir., 3516 Lucas Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo.

## HOTEL TRAINING

# Which of These Success Stories Will Come True for YOU?

## "How I Became a Hotel Hostess"



**Sara O'Farrell, Buyer, Becomes Hostess-Housekeeper Though Without Experience**

"I answered a Lewis ad and enrolled. Although without previous hotel experience, I was placed by the Lewis School as Resort Hotel Hostess-Housekeeper immediately after graduation. Now I am Hostess-Housekeeper of this hotel, with a splendid salary, nicely furnished room, the same meals guests enjoy. I feel fortunate to find work I enjoy."

## "How I Stepped Into a Big Pay Hotel Job"



**Harold L. Beals Becomes Resident Manager Although Without Hotel Experience**

"I worked at many different occupations—but none offered the substantial future I longed for . . . until I took the Lewis Course. I have been employed by a catering company as Accountant and Assistant Manager. Now I have accepted a Resident Manager's position with an excellent salary plus a bonus of 10% on the profit."

## "I'm a Success after 40"



**Sylvia E. Parsons Succeeds As Manager of Apartment Hotel As A Result of Lewis Training**

"I secured a position as Assistant Manager in a 262 apartment hotel, even though I have not yet finished my Lewis Training. Now I have been appointed Manager. I can't tell you how grateful I am to the Lewis School for making this possible—particularly since I find pleasure in every minute of my work."

# You Can Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position Certified To "Make Good"

Lewis training qualifies you quickly at home in leisure time or through resident classes in Washington for well-paid, ever increasing opportunities, in hotels, motels, city and country clubs, institutions, apartment house projects. Thousands of Lewis graduates from 20 to past 50 are "making good" as managers, assistant managers, stewards, executive housekeepers, hostesses, and in 55 other types of important positions. A happy, ever-growing future awaits you in this business where previous experience has proved unnecessary and you are not dropped because you are over 40.

**FREE BOOK GIVES FASCINATING FACTS**—Our FREE book, "Your Big Opportunity" explains how easily you can qualify for a well-paid position. It tells how you are registered FREE in the Lewis National Placement Service; how you can be a Lewis Certified Employee—certified to "make good" when you are placed in a position! MAIL THE COUPON NOW. Lewis Hotel Training School, Rm XC-218, Washington 7, D. C.

COURSE APPROVED FOR ALL VETERAN TRAINING

**LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL**  
Room XC-218, Washington 7, D.C.

**38<sup>th</sup> SUCCESSFUL YEAR**

Send me without obligation your Free Book. I want to know how to qualify for a well-paid position.

☐ Home Study ☐ Resident Training

Name.....  
(Print Name and Address)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

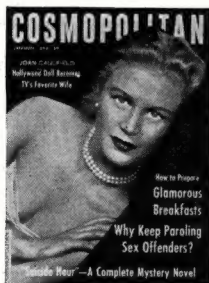
☐ Check here if eligible for Veteran Training



# THE LAST WORD

## UNCOVERED COVER

*Coral Gables, Florida:* I always buy your magazine and like it above all others, especially the stories and not having to hunt for the place where reading is continued. I must say, however, I was surprised and disgusted with your January cover. I wonder if Joan Caulfield knew



Caulfield controversy

her dress slipped. Just something more for men and boys to jeer at.

—MRS. E. P. F.

*New York, New York:* Enjoyed your January cover. Joan Caulfield certainly is one of the most beautiful girls around. All of her.

—A. GREENBERG

## MORNING FARE

*Unity, Maine:* Just to prove that I do read your magazine, I agree with Botsford on always having a good breakfast

["The Most Important Meal of the Day," January]. But as for the pictures on pages 78 and 79, I do read a different paper—not the same old one each day.

—C. H. REED

*We believe in spreading our morning cheer around. We showed enough breakfasts to brighten any given day for several families.*

—The Editors

## "SUICIDE HOUR"

*Clemson, South Carolina:* I want to congratulate you on your complete novel in the January issue—"Suicide Hour" by Mildred Davis. What I think distinguishes it is its sustained thoughm horror. And the blending of real life with the struggle of the subconscious of "Sis" is perfectly done.

—MRS. C. L. ANSAN

## A WRITER WRITES

*Edmonton, Alberta, Canada:* For many months I have been unable to carry on my own fiction writing. Incapacitated, about all I have been able to do has been to read more books and magazines than I have read in years. Included were a few copies of COSMOPOLITAN.

It has been some time since I have read it. An active writer, as you know, can't find time to read too much. I find that COSMOPOLITAN—the oldest magazine I can recall since coming to pioneer in this country forty-eight years ago—more than holds up its high standard of quality. I want to tell you though, of one

particular story. This was "Loose Ends" by Henry Kane [December]. I have always enjoyed a rattling good mystery but, alas, many of the current crop are pretty well patterned, run-of-the-mill stuff . . . the hard-boiled "private eye" who never seems able to detach himself from a slinky-hipped blonde . . . very oversensationalized violence.

It was, therefore, very refreshing to come across such a story as "Loose Ends." This is one of the best-written stories, any type, that I have had the pleasure of reading in many a long day. I would be happy if you conveyed my thanks and congratulations to Kane. His treatment was very smooth. All departments, all important factors of technique, were superbly handled by a master craftsman. Character building, dialogue, motivation, suspense, action—wonderfully balanced in a perfectly developed plot.

I have written and sold many millions of words of magazine fiction and technical articles for the better-known writer's magazines. I have done analytical work for successful authors. Thus I feel I know a good yarn when I read one.

It isn't often I write a letter of this sort. I wonder if you would care to tell me the age of your good magazine. As I recall it, in the early 1900's, it carried a fairly large photogravure section—the pin-up girls of that era—high-class photography and subject matter.

I shall be looking for more of Kane's good work. My kindest thoughts for the staff of COSMOPOLITAN. My congratulations, too, for having throughout the years maintained such a high standard of quality.

—HAROLD F. CRUICKSHANK

*Since its beginning in March, 1886, under the editorship of Frank P. Smith, COSMOPOLITAN fiction has included virtually every famous writer of our times and developed not a few. In the magazine have appeared Pearl Buck, Damon Runyon, Ring Lardner, Ernest Hemingway, Somerset Maugham, Herman Wouk, Edna Ferber. The list could be extended indefinitely. It has been and will continue to be the policy of COSMOPOLITAN to offer its readers the best fiction available. Approval from an expert like Mr. Cruickshank means a great deal to everyone on the staff.*

—The Editors

# Looking into April

## "MOTHERHOOD AND I," BY TALLULAH BANKHEAD . . .

. . . discloses the celebrated actress's least-known role—real-life mother to Barbara Nikoli, a war orphan she "adopted" in 1948. The story of their relationship is a tender, moving one everyone will want to read.

## POLICEMEN COME IN TWO MODELS . . .

. . . smart and stupid. Sergeant Mike Carmody, who has been "on the take" for six years, believes it—until he tries to buy off his "stupid" brother and makes the acquaintance of a different kind of smartness. Don't miss "The Rogue Cop," a taut, fast-moving novel by William P. McGivern.

COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 37th STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N.Y., U.S.A. RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; JOHN RANDOLPH HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; FRED LEWIS, VICE-PRESIDENT; G. O. MARKUSON, VICE-PRESIDENT & TREASURER; RICHARD B. DEBMS, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR ADVERTISING; ROBERT E. TAIG, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR CIRCULATION; R. F. MCCAULEY, SECRETARY. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA, \$4.20 PER YEAR; ALL OTHER COUNTRIES, \$7.20 PER YEAR. WHEN CHANGING ADDRESS GIVE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW, AND POSTAL ZONE NUMBER; ALLOW FIVE WEEKS FOR CHANGE TO BECOME EFFECTIVE. MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE TYPEWRITTEN AND WILL NOT BE RETURNED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY SUFFICIENT POSTAGE. COSMOPOLITAN CANNOT ASSUME RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE SAFETY OF UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS.





*Beautiful Hair*

B R E C K



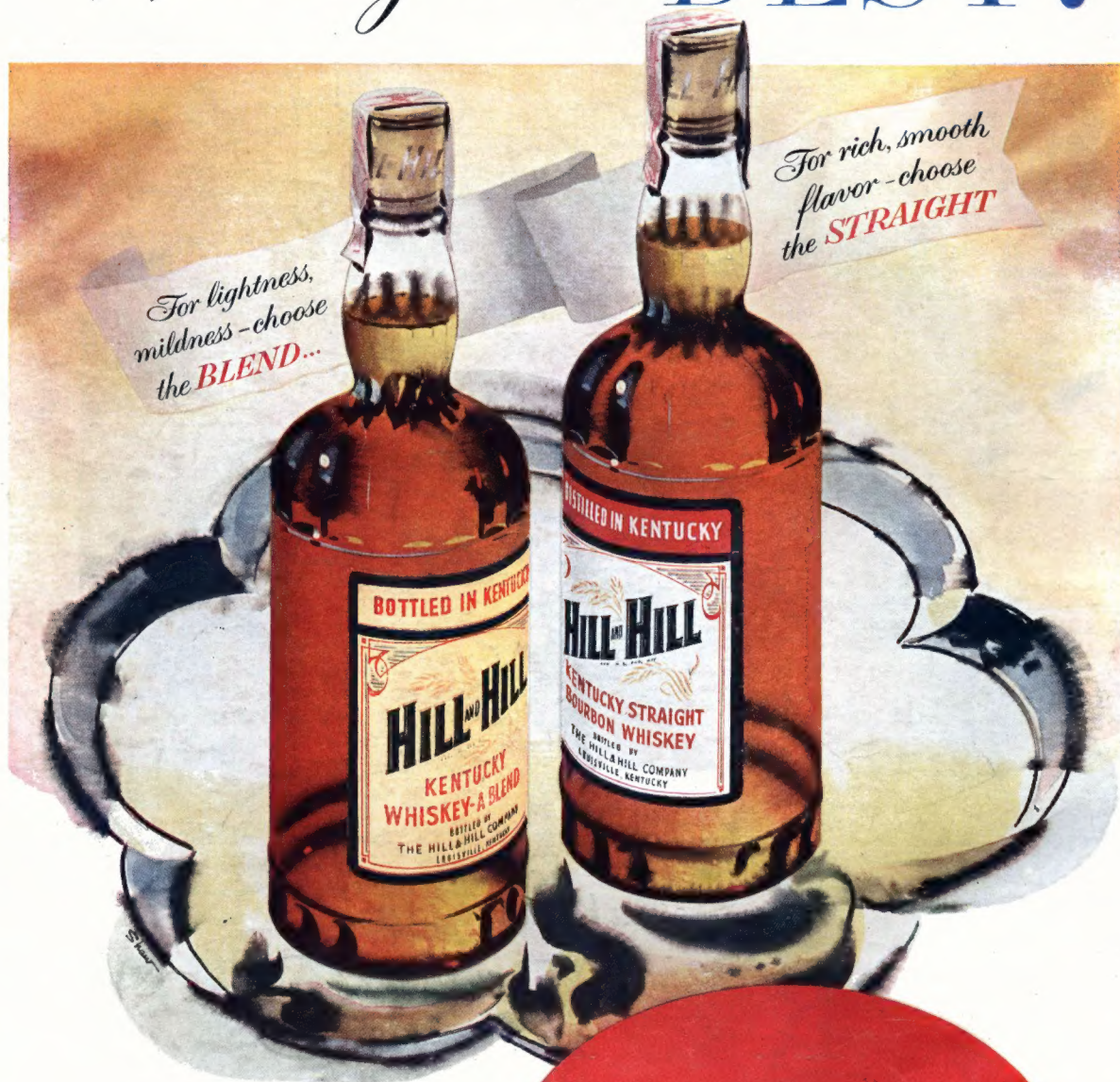
THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS. The hair of a little child shines with soft, natural beauty. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The Breck Shampoo for your hair condition will leave your hair clean, fragrant and beautiful.

*The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.*

JOHN H. BRECK, INC. • MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS • SPRINGFIELD 3, MASSACHUSETTS  
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • OTTAWA CANADA



# Whiskey at its **BEST!**



Whether you favor a mellow blend, or prefer a rich-tasting straight...you can enjoy "whiskey at its best." Just ask for your type of satisfying, Kentucky-made Hill and Hill!



Both 86 Proof • Kentucky Blended Whiskey Contains 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • The Hill and Hill Co., Louisville, Ky.